MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

JANUARY 2013 #356 $4 US-CANADA

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ABSURDO INFERNÖH MYDOLLS PROTESTANT

NOTES ON THE PERUVIAN UNDERGROUND II

DISGUISE

SECRET PROSTITUTES

PROCESSION

OFF THE HIP RECORDS

CAROL PFISTER

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: 186, 188-191, 195, 197, 202, 206, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 254-259, 260-290, 291-295, 297-306, 308-313, 315, 316, 318, 319, 322-328, 330, 332-339, 340-354
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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here are some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

MARIAM BASTANI

- HASSLER-Asphyxiate-EP
- BAADER BRAINS-New Era Hope Colony-LP
- V/A-La Lucha Continua!!!-LP
- CRIMINAL CODE-Hollowed-EP
- PREGNANCY SCARES-Facelift-EP
- BILL BONDSMEN-Nineteen/Things Fall Apart-45
- ESKORIA-Discografia 1986-1987-2xLP
- ATENTADO-Dias de Rabia-LP
- BEYOND PINK-Pride and Prejudice-LP
- CAGED ANIMAL/CLOSET CASE/NO LOVE-live

WILL BLOMQUIST

- BELGRADO-Panopticon/Vicious Circle-45 + live
- CURRICULUM MORTIS-Sentencia de Muerte-LP
- CLOUD RAT/REPUBLIC OF DREAMS-split LP
- AUNT MARY/MAN IS THE BASTARD-split 10"
- ABADDON-Wet Za Wet-LP
- ARCHAGATHUS/PIZZAHIFIVE-split EP
- ESKORIA-Discografia 1986-1987-2xLP
- RATFACE-45 / CRIMINAL CODE-EP + 45
- D-CLONE-LP / PERMANENT RUIN-Hell is Real-EP
- DEADPRESSURE/THE MOB/THE NEW FLESH–live

MITCH CARDWELL

- PUSSY DOGS-Bite Off More Than You Can...-EP
- BUCK BILOXI AND THE FUCKS-Weirdos on...-EP
- THE LEGS-AAAA the New Memphis Legs-LP
- BITS OF SHIT-Cut Sleeves-LP
- BOOMGATES-Double Natural-LP
- THE BARBARAS-LP / SOGGY-Slog-2xLP
- TOY LOVE-Live at the Glue Pot 1980-2xLP
- MASTERS APPRENTICES-45
- THE IN-SECT-I Can See My Love/Over Under...-45
- NO BAILS-Sound Proof Room-EP

ROBERT COLLINS

- PROTESTANT-Reclamation-12"
- STRANGE FACTORY-Fukushima Nightmare-EP
- RATFACE-Bleak Futures/Chaos...-45
- DIÄT-Pick a Line/No Accent-45
- CURMUDGEON-EP / FAST ASLEEP-LP
- BEOYND PINK-Pride and Prejudice-LP
- ATENTADO-Dias de...-LP / REPLICA-live
- NO CHILDREN-demo / BAADER BRAINS-LP
- SIDE FIX-demo / HAND GRENADE JOB-demo
- BLACK PIRANHA-demo / WATER TORTURE-demo

LAYLA GIBBON

- ATENTADO-Dias de Rabia-LP
- SOUTHERN COMFORT-45
- DIÄT-Pick a Line/No Accent-45
- BOOMGATES-Double Natural-LP
- V/A-La Lucha Continua!!!-LP
- CROOKED BANGS-LP / CRIMINAL CODE-45 + EP
- BITS OF SHIT-Cut Sleeves-LP / NATURAL LAW-EP
- MASTERS APPRENTICES-Undecided/Wars or...-45
- THE BARBARAS-LP / TOY LOVE-Live at the...-2xLP
- NO BAILS-Sound Proof Room-EP

DAN GOETZ

- BAADER BRAINS-New Era Hope Colony-LP
- NO SIR, I WON'T-More Politicians/No Party...-45
- SAINT LORENA-live
- CRIMINAL CODE-Hollowed-EP
- PREGNANCY SCARES-Facelift-EP
- BILL BONDSMEN-Nineteen/Things Fall Apart-45
- TOTAL TRASH-Josef K-EP
- BIG EYES-live
- V/A-La Lucha Continua!!!-LP
- THE IN-SECT-I Can See My Love/Over Under...-45

GREG HARVESTER

Away on Tour...and Lovin' it!

KENNY KAOS

- IMPO & THE TENTS-Pop Secret-EP
- GOOCH PALMS-R U 4 Sirius?-EP
- YES MISTRESS-Gonna Get Arrested/Self-Inflicted-45
- DIDDUMS-On the Radio/Fools Paradise-45
- THE BARBARAS-LP
- EX-CULT-M.P.D./No Fun on the Beaches-45
- NO MORE ART-Tough to Breathe/False Connections-45
- THE STAGS-Told You So-EP
- NO BAILS-Sound Proof Room-EP
- PUSSY DOGS-Bite Off More Than You Can...-EP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

CAROLYN KEDDY

BUCK BILOXI AND THE FUCKS-Weirdos on...-EP	THE LEGS-AAAA the New Memphis Legs-LP
BLACK BOOTS-EP / BOOMGATES-Double...-LP	EX-CULT-M.P.D./No Fun on the Beaches-45
BITS OF SHIT-Cut Sleeves-LP / NO BAILS-EP	FATAL FIGURES-Caterwaul-LP
THE PUSSY DOGS-Bite Off More Than...-EP	TOY LOVE-Live at the Glue Pot 1980-2xLP
THE SPACE PADLOCKS-Automatic Waterloo-EP	THE IN-SECTS-45 / CHEAP TIME-live

SAM LEFEBVRE

THE SUBSONICS-In the Black Spot-LP	EX-CULT-M.P.D./No Fun on the Beaches-45
QUAILBONES-Crane Wilbur-EP	BITS OF SHIT-Cut Sleeves-LP
CRIMINAL CODE-Sacred Hands/Distressed...-45	BAADER BRAINS-New Era Hope Colony-LP
CRIMINAL CODE-Hollowed-EP	KITCHEN'S FLOOR-45
NO MORE ART-Tough to Breathe/False Connections-45	BOOMGATES-Double Natural-LP

RAY LUJAN

BETTER TIMES-Better Measures-EP	GOOCH PALMS-EP / IMPO & THE TENTS-EP
BOOMGATES-Double Natural-LP	NEW CATASTROPHES-CD / TALKY TINA-CD
THE CONDORS-3 Item Combo-CD	SPIRIT OF DANGER-EP / WEED-Gun Control-EP
DIDDUMS-On the Radio/Fools Paradise-45	TOY LOVE-Live at the...-2xLP / REFUSED-live
DRY HEAVES-Medicated Youth-EP	TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET-live / REZILLOS-live

KEVIN MANION

BELGRADO-EP + live	DIÄT-Pick a Line/No Accent-45
BAADER BRAINS-New Era Hope Colony-LP	CRIMINAL CODE-EP + 45
D-CLONE-Creation and Destroy-LP	ESKORIA-Discografia 1986-1987-2xLP
PREGNANCY SCARES–EP	BLANK PAGES-Blind Faith-EP
BILL BONDSMEN-Nineteen/Things Fall Apart-45	SVART STADHJALP-Under All Kritik-EP

LYDIA PHELPS

BAADER BRAINS-New Era Hope Colony-LP	SUPER SONIC PISS-EP
CLOUD RAT/REPUBLIC OF DREAMS-split LP	BLACKBOOTS-EP
ELEPHANT RIFLE-Part Child-LP	DIÄT-Pick a Line/No Accent-45
BIBLE THUMPER-Decimation-LP	PERMANENT RUIN-Hell is Real-EP
NO SIR, I WON'T-More Politicians/No Party...-45	CRIMINAL CODE-EP + 45

FRED SCHRUNK

NO MORE ART-Tough to Breathe/False Connections-45	WEED-Gun Control-EP
BELGRADO-Panopticon/Vicious Circle-45	NO SIR, I WON'T-More Politicians/No Party...-45
BAADER BRAINS-New Era Hope Colony-LP	DIÄT-Pick a Line/No Accent-45
CRIMINAL CODE-Sacred Hands/Distressed...-45	PERMANENT RUIN-Hell is Real-EP
QUAILBONES-Crane Wilbur-EP	CROOKED BANGS-LP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

Off Documenting the Scene...

ZINE TOP TEN

Expedite Death #2	*Feedback #12*
Positive Creed # 16	*Plastic Bomb #80*
Specious Species #5	*The Trouble With Normal #113*
One Way Ticket To Cubesville #13	*Vampirigan (O Vampiro Vegan) #1*
Absolutely Zippo: Collective Chaos #49	*Neon Skiheads In Electric Wheelchairs*

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#186/November '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/January '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/February '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/August '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/October '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/November '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/March '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/August '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/September '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/October '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/November '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/December '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/February '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/March '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/August '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/September '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/October '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/November '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/December '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/January '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/February '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen & Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston & Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, & more.

#309/February '09. Ooga 'Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/ Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans & Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, Hpp, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.:'80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cokskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise Records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History pt 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Unlearn, Deaf Club Oral History, Final part of the Czech Punk History.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R, Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor. Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIs, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Bloodkrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary Part 1, Means to an End Fest Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matress Zine.

#345/Febuary '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report pt 2, The Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Barchen Und Die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spikey Jacket, Kromosom tour of Japan, Globsters, Night Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester zine, Iron Hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#348/May '12. Seein' Red, Disorder, Lebakko, Da vs. Wax Idols, Anitmob, Leprosy, Acid Baby Jesus, Crimson Scarlet, Nasa Space Universe, Apache Dropout, Konton Crasher, Negazione, Defy.

#349/June '12. Omegas Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Only Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scece Report.

#350/July '12. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyle, Chris Boarts Larsen, Maria da Piedade Morais.

#351/August '12. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's worst & best, the Tim Yo covers & the story behind Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Jyan y Diëgo, Banran.

#352/September '12. Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

#353/October '12. Brain Tumors, Effluxus, Anti Cimex, the Cravats, Unlearn, Warsong, Sick/ Tired, To Live A Lie records, Stories from the Punk Underground in Peru, Bad Daddies, Imminent Destruction records with Lastly, Desperdicio, Against the Grain, Disturd.

#354/November '12. Replica, Ancient Filth, Synthetic ID, Maximo Volumne, O Inimigo, The Splits, Ohmwar, Beatrap, Victims Tour Diaty Part II, Girth records.

#355/December '12. Red Dons, Estranged, Avi Spivak, Agrimonia, Antimelodix, Napolnariz, Breathing Light, Age of Collapse, La Armada, DHK, Victims Tour Diary Part III, Hamilton, Ont. scene report.

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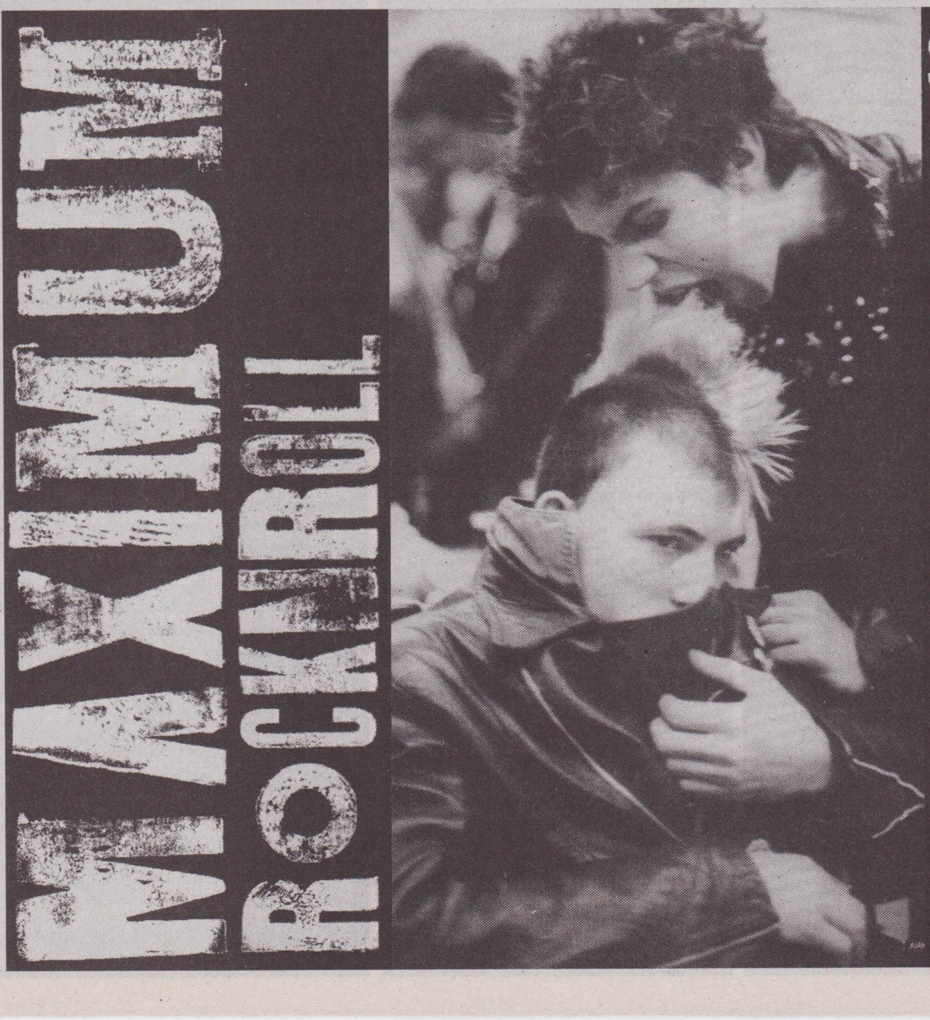

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear Guest Columnist Erik Grayson—

I recently read your column in *MRR* 354 and wanted to share some thoughts on what you wrote. I got into punk back in '92 and over the years it's always been interesting to me the amount of anger that goes into criticizing that which isn't "authentic" punk. This is a music scene and a recreational interest. No one comes out of the womb punk, but people treat it like a biological or cultural identity.

For one, if it upsets you that a non-punk professor got a mohawk, just imagine how an indigenous person whose ancestors had a mohawk feel when they see white punks with that same hairstyle? Did that punk kid study indigenous culture? Probably not. Punk rock is based on cultural theft, as are many other counterculture music scenes created by western whites. Blacks contributed reggae and rock to the world decades ago—yet their music has been stolen and co-opted from punk and ska scenes. How many punks do you know that give credit and study Black music? What about punk fashion? Chain wallets, mohawks, Asian and "tribal" tats, Hindu, Buddhist and Islamic iconography, dreadlocks, piercings that mimic tribal cultures—all of this was not created by punks in the UK or the US. Did punks take the time to study and learn about these cultures? No. While you are upset that an academic didn't take the time to learn about DIY punk, remember that most of the punk scene is clueless about all the things they have co-opted (stolen) from various cultures around the globe.

Now one might argue it's the not the same thing. We're "outside" the mainstream! We do things DIY, so it's OK when we use other people's cultures! Really? Reservations are full of people dying of alcoholism. A Native American on a reservation opens up a punk zine and sees photos of mohawked white kids passed out with a bottle of liquor in their hand (something "politically conscious" zine Profane Existence used to frequently do back in the day)—do you think they says to themselves "These punks show so much understanding of my culture! They love booze and drugs and brag about how fucked up they are—these white kids are *so different* to other white people who degrade my culture and people." Essentially, punks have turned other people's cultural appearance and significance into what you refer to as a "cartoon, a caricature"; they are guilty of fetishizing culture.

Where you refer to punks as the "other" blew me away. Being part of a music scene is a *choice*. No one chooses their skin color, their gender, etc. etc. But if you one day decided you are tired of dying your hair or you grow out of the phase of listening to underground hardcore, you can *choose* to leave that behind you. Many punks have done it and easily blended back into the society they claim is "attacking" them. The '*others*' in America are usually those who want to blend in with society but are unable to *choose* concealing their identity; aspects that bring discrimination and being treated as an outsider.

Lastly, I would like to comment on the white female professor who teaches African American studies. Yes, an outsider can be an expert on a topic they haven't personally experienced. But if one researches job discrimination and hiring practices you'll see the inconsistencies in hiring practices. For one, most managers and senior level authorities at companies and universities are white. A Republican study called the Glass Ceiling Commission found that even though people of color had Masters Degrees and work experience equivalent to whites, they were being passed up for jobs (managerial included) even when the whites being hired had less experience. (Side note: I wrote about this topic in depth in an article called "Affirmative Action for whites"—anyone interested in reading it feel free to write me). Why? Because the people in charge of hiring preferred people similar to them, regardless of experience or education.

I can share one story where a well known book publisher run by white males chose to hire a white woman to head their Black/African publisher division—even though of the other two Blacks that applied, one had a PhD and the other had two Master's. I took a Native American literature class my freshman year of college, and the woman who taught that was a white woman. Native Americans in my class told me about relatives they had who majored in indigenous studies but were unable to find jobs. I'm assuming the white female professor you refer to has a PhD or a Master's—she could probably just as easily land a job teaching a different topic. Why not let an unemployed Black person, with the same degree in Black studies, teach the class?

Please don't take my letter as a personal attack on you. This is just my criticism of the punk scene, which is largely dominated by this type of thinking.

—Ravi
PO Box 802103, Chicago IL 60680-2103
sanyasi@juno.com

Hi friend—

My name is Alvin Haynes and I'm in San Bruno county jail in San Francisco. I'm writing to ask if you can help me out in finding someone who would like to write to somebody in jail. I don't have anyone at this time and I had a friend who told me about you. So I decided to write to you, hoping that you could help me out. I'm very lonely and I would like someone to write to. Now I don't have anyone, and my mother passed away, so I'm by myself. So please write me back and let me know something. Thank you very much.

—Alvin Haynes
CJ-5-12673716-8-A-4, PO Box 67, San Bruno, CA 94006, www.sfsheriff.info
P.S. I hope to hear from you.

Dear Alvin—

Thanks for your letter and for using MRR to find a pen-friend. I sincerily hope you can connect with some people and get some letters! I'm sorry to hear about your mother and I wish you all the best! Stay strong, you have our solidarity,

—Lydia

Hey MRR!—

I just wanted to say thanks for sending me the November and December issues, they make the time fly by that much faster. A lot of the inmates here loved taking a look at them so they could take the cover art of the albums for reference so they can draw more. Also, tell Lefty Hooligan that I've been a fan of his articles for a while and I'm trying to get a copy of *End Times* sent in.

I'm not kidding when I say y'all help pass the time, as you can imagine, prison is the antithesis of all things counter-culture. It's also absolutely devoid of music, minus what couple of radio stations will actually reach it here. You can pony up $60 to buy an mp3 player though and spend money on the BOP's version of iTunes, but I hate closed source software and spending money needlessly. Suffice it to say, seeing prints and mentions of the bands who helped radicalize me brings a smile to my face.

You all are entirely too gracious and awesome. Up the punx and the struggle!
In Solidarity,
—Matt

Hey MRR—

A quick note referring the "rappers in *MRR*" letter in #355. The mag did indeed run a piece on Rob R-Rock (a straightedge rapper, dear god) in the darkest days of hardcore's '90s nadir. Can't stand hip hop myself, but now that hippie-diet fads, Nazi metal and beards are apparently acceptable in punk rock, guess the Scene's chief organ might as well cover robot music too, eh?
Yours grumpily,
—Simon, Ugly Pop
P.S. Up the ex-punks!

Dear MRR—

The seeds of this letter were first planted back when I was sisxteen in'85. My mother had divorced my father and I was being transplanted from LA's harbor area to the San Fernando Valley. Having been ensnared in the street gang sub-culture so prevalent in those parts, and already a drug casualty to boot, I was eerily akin to a war zone refugee: damaged and forlorn.

Upon initially being exposed to punk/hardcore, I felt an immediate sense of being right where I belonged. Although the fine folks who first took me under their wing weren't "edge" per se, they were recovering addicts/alcoholics and our show-going Modus Operandi was always "Straight and Alert." Yet even now, after all these years and interviewing, yeah intravenous even, experiences I cannot recall, anything else leaving me feeling even remotely as exhilarated as

LETTERS

I was after going apeshit at those bygone shows.

Sadly enough, however, I didn't quite "get" back then one of punk's core elements—if not the core element. I was pretty ADHD-ed out (before the coinage of that term even) and I was going blurringly fast. I would have most likely needed to be led by explicit example. For although I was indeed led by really cool people to records and shows and what have you, I was basically led by—Gasp!—*consumers* and we never made bands or fanzines or put on shows or anything. If I'm the proverbial horse who was led to water, then I was led to water by other horses who didn't drink either when I probably would've needed to have been water-boarded with it to wake me up to the possibilities of HC2O!

It's highly regrettable; for young lord only knows I could have quite probably exorcised some hardy demons in the type of expression inherent, I regressed back to engaging my legion in the arena in which I'd cut my teeth—the gang-warfare/drug abuse theater of pain where the soundtrack is more "Fuck the Police" than "Police Story". There are fundamental similarities to be sure, but there are crushing differences as well. Those differences get you much longer prison sentences and are the primary reason why the tendrils of this message are being spirited up to you from these vast catacombs…

I went M.I.A. from punk rock starting around '89-'90. By many accounts, if you absolutely, positively just have to skip an entire decade of the punk rock musics, then it was the perfect starting point. Or so they say. But it was completely outside the realms of punk, mostly imprisoned, during the '90s and I missed out on Los Crudos and H100s! There's no upside to that…

In 2005, with a life sentence I didn't earn and not much hope of a failed system's laws righting themselves, I was trudging along through the smoldering ruins of a lifeless existence when I ran into "Beast", a true adherent with a pretentious collection of CDs. From essentially flat-line, my pulse was immediately again quickened by the frantic chords and rabid howls.

Since then I have been absolutely consumed by all things punk/hardcore. I can't get enough to read and I certainly can't get enough music to hear. With all of the restrictions here, it's difficult, if not impossible, for me to acquire most underground recordings. As far as current bands' releases, it most likely *is* impossible. Which is why, for now at least, I must experience vicariously via reviews and whatnot the impact of Avon Ladies, Total Control, Brown Sugar, Criaturas, et al. Long live the scribes!

My plight calls to mind the old flyer with the picture of the hanged men on the gallows with the inscription: "Welcome to Poland where there is No Punk Rock".

Nevertheless, I have scratched and clawed at the unyielding hardscrabble for its scant return, sacrificing all else at the altar of hardcore so that with bloodied nubs I could page through the slim rock'n'roll pickings of the pitiful music catalogs through which I'm required to order.

I have somehow managed to piece together over the years a collection of about 53 CDs and a stack of fanzines. Together they comprise my lifeblood. Besides kicking around a soccer ball when I can, I care for little else in here.

I know in a world of instant cyber-gratification my desperate struggle for punk must seem alien to you out there. It *is* pretty horrific but I've struggled my entire life and this ain't no gripe knowhow…

I realize that I made choices. That I would choose to veer so sharply from a source of such solace seems much less perplexing if one bears in mind "Alan's on Fire" when considering the course my life has taken. Yeah, I'm not sure how bad the choking was but there were indeed great flames. But who doesn't enjoy the soothing warmth and sounds of a crackling fire?

Had others walked any distance in my boots, they may have chosen differently. My being who I am, coupled with my life's circumstances being what they were, however, conspired to bestow upon me an inclination toward accelerant baths and flint striking.

I wish I had "got" punk more completely back when I was younger and that I had never gone AWOL in the first place. I most likely wouldn't be in the dreadful circumstances I'm in now. I had more burning to do though…

The thing is, I survived the immolation and thanks to all you devoted cult ritualists out there, there's an extensive, if almost daunting amount of hardcore material to help kick the life into this life sentence.

Since returning from my extended leave of absence, I've wanted to say how thankful and elated I am that punk is still here, leaving the blush take on the state of hardcore drenched in the piss and vinegar of its regenerative power.

I had considered thanking in this message everyone individually for their wonderful kindness and generosity in giving support over the years to this unfortunate, albeit incredibly stubborn stray, but I wasn't sure if they would prefer their good deeds go unadvertised.

Besides, lest the gravity of this message be diminished, it should be clear that this ain't about name-dropping or shout-outs: this is pure expression of gratitude from one maladjusted misfit to all the others, nothing more, nothing less…*Que Vivan los Reyes de Punk Cabrones!*

Distort Poland!

—Lil Tony Gathe

[redacted] *Hey folks—*

I'm writing you a letter to talk about an issue that I have had passionate feelings about for a long time, but even more so recently, having the issue affect me personally, once again. I'm talking about poor-on-poor violence, youth-on-youth violence, etc (I refuse to call it "crime", because I do not want to box my language in with the language of the state, etc, etc…)

The story is this: I'm from Pensacola, FL originally and just relocated to St. Louis this past summer. I love it here, honestly. I live in the south end ("Dutchtown"), and it's fucking gorgeous. The house I live in is rad too and there are always great shows happening right around me, as well as a record store up the street (just today I saw the following 7"s: Power of Idea, Destroy, Riistetyt, Ataque Frontal, many Discharge releases, Zounds box set (!!!), Antisect *Out from the Void*, etc, etc. all good shit.), so many tasty authentic Mexican restaurants and red brick fucking everywhere!

But fuck, anyway, so I love it here, but there are many problems. East and North St. Louis are pretty much failed States; East being the poorest county is the US. This is the most violent and dangerous city in the states I hear, which would not surprise me. There is a very heavy atmosphere that can depress you and take a toll on your psyche if you don't struggle against it and keep busy. The police are thugs and the yuppies are… what you'd expect from yuppies. The public schools are literally falling apart and some have no heating or AC, even the city council (fuck government, but this is relevant to the level of poverty here) of East St. Louis got their city hall foreclosed on… they now meet in a public library… and yeah there is more but I don't have that much time.

So, looking at all of this, it may provide insight into the level of poor-on-poor violence that permeates this fucked up and beautiful city. It's quite sad, really. Life under capital in a scarcity economy makes beasts of us all…

So, a few weeks ago, I was walking home from a rad but tense basement show at maybe… let's say Zam. I had a feeling in my gut all night (which in my opinion is something that is correct 99% of the time, that the night may be fucked. I woke up from a four-hour nap to see it was dark and that's always off-putting when the sun was up when you went to sleep.) So I'm walking home down Utah street, kind of drunk, drinking my beer, when I notice a person in a hoodie about a block behind me, following me. Being a person who has an (often naïve) revolutionary faith in "the people," I kept walking and did not take any precautions (like walking away from the sidewalk and into the middle of the street, for instance). I got to a dark area of the sidewalk and heard footsteps right behind me, turned around and there is a revolver to my stomach (talk about gut feelings, eh?) asking for my wallet, which I luckily did not have. Upon telling the individual this, I was told to give up my jacket. Now this jacket I had was my prized possession. I spent countless hours studding, painting and repairing this beautiful piece of leather. It had been on me through countless bad and good times and many a show. I felt so fucked throwing that thing on the ground and being told to run and threatened with being shot in the back as I did so. This was not the first time something like this had happened to me, but it was by far the most traumatic for many reasons.

But the jacket is nothing in the grand scheme and is being replaced as we speak, so whatever. The point is that the society we have inherited is an institution in and of itself that fucks us all up and institutionalizes us all. Violence is the needle that weaves the cloth that is American society, and the world as a whole. We are bred to feel as what we have become: submissive and hopeless, believing this is it, that state and capital are the "End of History" (Fuck the guy who wrote that book!). Rather than realizing that we are the subjects of history, we believe we are the objects, that we yourself are not players in how this earth and humanity end up. It's fucked up and depressing and it's such a dominating feeling. Victims victimizing victims. Poor eating poor. Dog-eat-dog fucking vicious ugly cycle of self-abuse, fear and desperation. Words often fail to describe this all, and I resort to binge-drinking and blowing off "political"/organizational commitments to a cause I have been devoted to almost half my 23 years on this beautiful, fucked-up mad world.

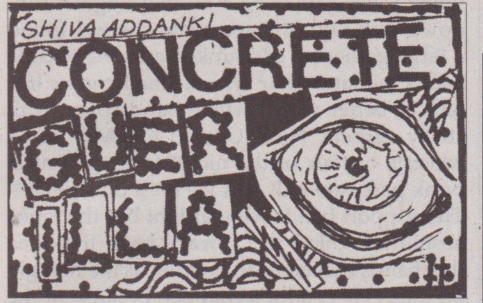
I'm drying out for about a week (it's day two…) and I can smell the toxins sweating out and I can smell also the rage and misery and stupid fucking fear and sadness and hostility that drove me to a year-long or so binge in the first place. Alcoholism is very real in radical and punk communities, as we all know, and if we want to get real things done, it may be good for us all to take a break every once in a while. "Spending Loud Night" can exhaust and ruin your ability to process and define if done consecutively too long. I'll be a hypocrite in five days but right now I am opening the heart to all you fuckers so forgive my shortcomings. I guess this letter didn't go how I wanted it to but that's the way the brain I've got under this fucked haircut works. I love what you folks do and I hope it never ends. And one last thing to the person who stole my clothes off my back:

I hope when you checked the pockets and saw the ten flyers for the anti-police brutality march that just happened, you had a moment. Enjoy the jacket and *stop stabbing your fellow poor in the back!!!*

Cheers and sneers,

—Landon

COLUMNS



Condensed Flesh

This time a year ago, the sky was shitting snow all over trees that still had leaves on 'em and I spent Halloween steppin' over snow drifts, thinking the end was nigh. This year my windows are getting slapped around by 60 mph winds and New York City is shut down. The end aint comin' that soon, that'd be too much relief for this world of sorry suckers—but we'll keep trudging on thinking we're the last ones, because that's what humans do.

I've had trouble finding something to write about this month—my mind's all blank and fried from doing nothing. In this place called school, where you are required to pay money—or ask other people to pay money for you—to read books and listen to people talk and then try to make up thoughts that someone will like so long as you say it the right way, I've been told my writing lacks clarity. Can't argue with that, looking back on the writing, I see it. So here's a little practice exercise, just for me. You get to watch. What fun. I have a few 7" singles that I could write some words about, so I'm going to do that here. As succinctly as possible.

HOAX – third 7" (Painkiller)
Metallic hardcore dirt frozen in venomous self-hatred. This has my favorite artwork of their output thus far, and my least favorite recording quality. Some metallic campiness comes in with the clarity; it had no head-room to breathe in the first two. Nothing can fully capture and crystallize the violent urgency of their live set—something that feels good to say in the age of hardcore's primarily virtual existence. They do a good job at conveying the heaviness that constant introspection imposes on daily life.

TOTAL CONTROL – *Scene from a Marriage/ Contract* 45 (Sub Pop)
My favorite single of the year—solely for the A-side track. No band is more committed to writing and playing songs that vibrate with truly warped and diseased mental states—not the glorified tantrums of adults playing hardcore. The big production gives the trembling vocals precedence over the dark, brooding orchestra under it—a lover's power struggle is magnified into a colossal affair of life and death. I'll never get down with their electro-only affairs (like on the B-side or on past 7inches), but when they have guitar and guts, they are unstoppable. A modern band that demands more than passing interest—e-s-s-e-n-t-i-a-l.

KREMLIN – "Will you Feed me?" 7" (Hardware)
Red-hot and blurry, basement-energy crashing around for five tracks of tape-compressed urgency. KREMLIN have the drunken sloppiness and stupidity to make them feel timeless and vital—and the uncontrived energy and chops to make the whole mess stick to the dirty concrete walls. The frantic tightness of the drumming in the last track, paired with the circular riff and static hiss make for a great stand-out comp track. Their sound was ripped out of coils from underground tape trading rituals, and they hack at it with enough power to kick nostalgia in the gut.

PINK REASON – "Ache for You/Darken Daze" 45 (Savage Quality)
Down and out. Morose drunken bellyaching vocals over shattered R'n'R informed by the same go-nowhere misery that made the PAGANS and MODERN LOVERS do what they did. Sounds like it was recorded at the toppa the stairs of a basement 'party' with ten falling-down drunks and the four people in this band. The guitar solos sound literally phoned in, the fella listening to the band through an earpiece and hacking away at his dollar-instrument until it goes back in tune. Perfect damaged deadbeat music, waiting for death sittin' on your hands.

DOUBLE NEGATIVE – "Hits" 7" (Sorry State)
Loud, noisy and dazed hardcore played in jarring, jolted rhythms. These anxious freaks are obsessed with power electronics and the dynamics of tension and release. These songs tremble with damaged urgency and tension. Their last two 7inches were completely useless, but they've taken it upon themselves to make up for it in spades with this three-song banger. They've gone far from the term 'meat and potatoes' and while some sensitive conservative types might feel betrayed and offended, I hope they keep it up. Their best record yet.

HYGIENE – "Hygiene/Hygene 7" (Sorry State)
On this 7" the trebly, nicotine-overdosed sound of their earlier stuff turns into what sounds like English art-school wimps half-assedly affecting militant/Oi! stylings on the first side (or drunk art-school dropouts with their tongues firmly in cheek). The B-side sounds like a studio drug-disaster, the STOOGES fed through DESPERATE BICYCLES. This is a very strange sound. Do not mistake the things I'm saying as insults, hideous awkwardness is quite the joy to listen to; it's funny whether you're laughing with 'em or at 'em. Not their strongest or most seriously engaging, but a good and interesting one nonetheless. 'DIY' music is enjoyable for its charm and humor above the chops or ability to create atmosphere—here's a good example of that approach.

DRAPETOMANIA – s/t 7" (Silenzio Statico/ Todo Destruido)
Their demo was one of my favorites of last year—this 7" was bound to be good. A lot of the high-voltage heat of that buzzy, jangly and crude demo recording is lost with a clean recording/mastering job here, which is a lil' regrettable (think about the difference between the first and second BLITZ 7inches). But, this shit rips through and through—tough, ugly street rock. Brutish, stomping rhythms, riffs and vocals meant for dancing and chanting. High-energy noise from underground. LA is still making some of the best modern punk music in the country. Don't forget that, internet freaks.

TWERPS – "I'm Stupid" 7" EP (Feeble Minds)
I kept hearing this band's name over summer and kept hearing this slab when hangin' out at friends' houses. The lead-off track would consistently catch me from across the room and pierce through conversation. Sick, catchy *punk* tunes, self-hating enough to hang with the rest of America's cynical hardcore canon but self-aware enough to make fun of it all. Jangly, sun-splashed guitar riffing cuts through Neanderthal vibes, makin' for a distinct mongo punk sound all of their own. Think about the Spits on a *vicious* hangover, punching a mirror.

FRACASO – s/t 7" EP (self-released)
Raw, uncooked, and shambolic hardcore, played like it is on all those reissues you're probably spending all your money on right now, except these freaks are 100% real and they're doing it right now. Bare bones, staggeringly inept 60-second blasts straight from some tiny room in Venezuela. This

release gives off a similar utilitarianism and anti-art attitude as the FIRMEZA 10 LPs or the WRETCHED/INDIGESTI split 7" I talked about a few months back. More noise molded from pure spirit and the detritus of tape-trading rituals.

Alright, that's it for now. Will some kind soul please tape me NO TREND's *Too Many Humans* LP, HÜSKER DÜ's *Land Speed Record* 12", and the STAINS (SST) 12"? I'll sleep better at night y' know. Get at me: eggmangel(at)gmail.com, I'll trade you something.

Go to www.concreteguerilla.tumblr.com if you're into that 01010101110000 kind of shit.

Last month I shared my fears for the future of radical DIY and alternative cultures in London. Breaking news! A collective of radical-minded and punk-minded people have started working towards establishing a long-term and permanent DIY space for London, called DIY Space For London. The collective's message is "Creating a DIY space with radical values for live music and other countercultural activities in London." I implore all of you, Americans and Europeans, but obviously Englishers first and foremost, to head over to DiySpaceForLondon.org today and start spreading the word, donating cash and generally express your support. England's Dreaming, again.

This last month we've been very privileged to have many touring DIY bands come through town. First out was WARHEAD from Japan, with local cider heroes FUK that after a few venue changes ended up playing at Boston Arms Pub in the north London ghetto of Tufnell Park. The gig was fucking great. WARHEAD, on their second UK tour, was absolutely great, and it was a massive revelation to witness them live after having listened to their EPs for years. I never ever saw such raw pure hardcore energy before! Totally taken aback, and the only thing I could do was to raise my fist and shake it as hard as I could. As for the venue, well, I actually have quite fond memories from going to Boston Arms and the one-time world famous Dirty Water club that was held there; although it's been years since I last went. One drunken chaotic night stands out—it was my friend's birthday and we went to see KILLING JOKE in central London, then got into a taxi and got up to Boston Arms just as BILLY CHILDISH AND HIS BUFF MEDWAYS began their trademark cover of JIMI HENDRIX's "Fire"... Later that night my mate did a take-over of the DJ booth and played the DAMNED singles for a good while before the bouncers managed to break in to kick him out... leaving the club soaked in beer, early in the morning, the sun was going up, then we walked to Hoxton, where we all lived at the time (this was before the area got gentrified) and got into all sorts of un-publishable mess on the way. Oh, there I went off on a tangent again... happens a lot to old timers. But it's relatively unusual for DIY punk and HC bands to play at Boston Arms, it tends to be the older and come-back punk bands that play there... you know which once I mean. But that's alright because while I do like sitting at a booth, I am not too into drinking expensive beer in plastic cups.

The next touring band was D-CLONE, and more typically this gig was at the Grosvenor pub in Stockwell, in the south London ghetto of Brixton. Basically, eight out of ten DIY punk gigs in London happen here. It's a normal, small, run-down local pub with a backroom that serves as a gig venue... and the pub does the job pretty well. The line up was pretty good too, the SKIPLICKERS came down to play and somehow got their guitar tuned as if they were D-CLONE, which was funny, but that band is seriously good, they're on the TOTALITÄR-SKITKIDS-HERÄTYS axis for sure. ENDLESS GRINNING SKULLS were in town again, but this was my first time to see them, although I got sent the LP by Andrew in the band. That LP's really good and can only be described as competent a fast hardcore attack, with that urgent sense of *the radical* that was once the very sign of DIY hardcore (at least when I grew up, but where have all the radical punx gone?). In a live setting EGS does the same but louder and faster and rawer! A really good band for sure! Finally, the next generation of raw punx, D-CLONE from Japan, played a manic set of pure deafening noise distortion, which was fucking amazingly well. I was actually worried they had turned down the "enjoy noise and D-beat" style of their early days for the new pro-tool pedal complicated breaks and turned hyper-modern D-beat shit (which is also quite good, don't get me wrong). So I was pleasantly surprised that it was loud as fuck and again amazed by the obviously very different approach to playing live music from a Japanese band, compared to the hundreds of European hardcore bands I've seen before. Basically, D-CLONE just played a massive and chaotic *rå-mangel* (as I'd say in Swedish) and it was great! I always like going to Grosvenor for gigs; the place is shitty enough to give a punk feel (haha) but it sucks that it's so far from me, but on the flip side that means struggling to get home drunk after midnight which is always fun—and those drunken *But After The Gig* adventures are always fun and unpredictable (losing mobiles, getting robbed, meeting other drunk friends, finding parties on the way home etc).

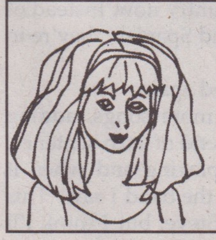
The week after Finland's answer to DISCLOSE, KYLMÄ SOTA came to England for a short mini tour that I helped arrange. Unfortunately I had no chance to go with the band on the road as planned, so I was left meeting the Finnish runkaris and seeing them play the opening night of the tour at the tiny Birds Nest Pub in the south eastern London ghetto of Deptford. Getting there was a bit of a struggle, as it always tends to be for me, always getting drunk early and then getting lost and confused and happy on the way, ending up cycling drunk past the pub a few times before realising where the hell I was going. There's been plenty of punk gigs at this pub before, but this was the first time I went, and while I was expecting a normal English run-down pub with a stage somewhere, I found a large gathering of drunken crusties outside and a miniature bar with a small corner (for lack of better word) where bands play. With sticky carpets. Nice! OK, so KYLMÄ SOTA consists of four of the nicest fucking cynical punk party animals and we hit it off right off. The support bands were alright but the Finns absolutely killed it. I always have this idea that bands that come to London as the first gig on tour expect a lot to happen because of the city's punk history, but usually what actually happens is that the usual 60 local suspects turn up and bands kind of treat the first gig as a sort of warm up show... and then I always hear that the response was a million times better in Leeds, Bradford or Brighton (where there are proper local DIY scenes, as opposed to London where there's lots of scattered punks and scenes but no real central point where all of these assorted freaks meet). Not sure if that was what happened at this gig, but I couldn't care less because standing in front of the band howling like a drunken idiot, as usual, was fucking great. Imagine having your favourite band play in your living room!

A few weeks later I saw the WANKYS and LOTUS FUCKER, with GOOD THROB and HUNGER, at the small Kingsland Road café/gig space Power Lunches. This place has also got a DIY feel to it, and benefits from not being a pub, which I as a Swede always felt it's odd for bands to play at pubs (pubs are like public drinking rooms, in Sweden we have bars and clubs, usually with a dance floor). Obviously the best thing would be a proper DIY punk bar with a live room, great music and cheap beer and no corporate beer adverts anywhere. Oh, and importantly: no security guards or any of that pro-music venue shit. Anyway, meeting my friends Dan and the WANKYS and the usual London (and Brighton) hardcore crew is always great fun, but I usually don't go out to gigs unless it's to see bands I really like. GOOD THROB and HUNGER were good as usual—complicated KBD coolness and oddness by GT with lo-fi mangel and existentialism by HUNGER. The WANKYS, whom I have seen probably fifteen times, released once and interviewed something like four times (including for *MRR*), were really great, as usual. They have a new album out—vinyl edition out already by the time you read this and the old timers just landed on US soil today for a US tour that will be over when this issue of *MRR* is

over—which someone described as the bands' "*Grave New World* moment", which is funny but not true. I had expected to just hear new songs in the live set, but instead *the Wanky Barmy Army* pulled together a pen and a paper and produced a star-studded wankotastic set list of new and old classic songs. Not having seen the WANKYS for a little under a year, it was great to be confirmed once more that they're indeed the best party band today.

Commence more beer-stained, drunken pogo as 50s punx go for it! Now LOTUS FUCKER, who was on next, produced an acclaimed demo tape a few years ago that immediately established the band as one of the worlds' leading hardcore acts. LOTUS FUCKER pushes the boundaries of hardcore and the ripples are felt right across the DIY hardcore world. This was my first time seeing LOTUS FUCKER live—and I hope it will not be the last—and while not the same as WARHEAD, LOTUS FUCKER blasts something of the same ultra-hyper-raw hardcore brutality energy. Hardcore radiance? I was totally blown away by LOTUS FUCKER as I think the rest of the crowd was. With two injured knees, hobbling along on crutches, LOTUS FUCKER singer, Dan's *will to hardcore* is unlike anything else I have seen in 25 years of punk. Having just about recovered (nearly) from a moderately dislocated knee myself, I was shocked to see my good friend Dan's total disregard of body and his reckless sacrifice of personal health to the greater good of hardcore, running into the audience and jumping around as if possessed. I already knew Dan as a great songwriter and a passionate listener of Greek, Polish and Japanese hardcore (and every other type of hardcore) but to see this passion manifested into reality was amazing to witness. I hope your knees are recovering soon, mate!

Hey, so I've got a new *More Noize* zine out, finally, and good news is that there is a US edition available via Feel It records (www.feelitrecords.bigcartel.com) which means it'll be available locally to all you *Tjocka Amerikaner* at a really cheap price (and it's exactly the same shit as the world edition!). Now if I can just get issue #10 done before the end of the year I will be very happy indeed…
slobodanburgher@gmail.com



we see through you

with imogen binnie

Hey dude. I'm in my room as I write this, waiting for Emily to email me preliminary mixes for the seven inch Eternal Otter records is gonna print up twenty copies of for the Correspondences' funeral farewell show. Living in the future is weird. Yesterday we set up amps in, like, Emily's childhood bedroom and an upstairs closet in her parents' house, Lee set up drums in Emily's brother's childhood bedroom, and then it took us all fucking day to record two songs because, don't tell anyone, but I'm not that great at playing music. Whatever. By the end of the day I felt like I was going to fall over from eating snacks and old Halloween candy all day instead of actual food, but the rough mixes sounded fucking rad so who cares.

Francesca made me a mix tape a while ago and we listened to it a bunch on tour this summer. One of the songs on it was that old song "Devil Town" by Daniel Johnston, which is like fifty a capella seconds of quiet about devil towns and vampire friends. Maybe you know it? We listened to it a lot while we were in the depths of tour psychosis and I don't even know whose idea it was- although, given the fact that it is kind of a stupid idea, maybe me?—I was like, our loud, frequently instrumental band, that plays songs that go on and on and on and on, should definitely cover this. We kicked the idea around for a while till I think Emily came up with a riff and we put together a doom-y arrangement. I dunno. By the time you read it it'll probably be up on the internet where you can pirate it if you want—correspondences.bandcamp.com

It's funny, nobody outside of Portland except our own gay friends cares about our band, but we're still doing a tiny little batch of scarcity paradigm collector scum bullshit flexi eight-inch records for our farewell show. I mean, I kinda feel like an asshole for it, but the idea is just to sell 'em at the show and be done with it. I guess that's cool. I mean, I'm stoked that Eternal Otter is pressing up records for us—that rules. I'm just like, is it punker to make more records than anybody could ever want, or less?

I guess the answer is "who fuckin' cares, bein' punk is stupid so whatever you do is stupid." Solved.

I have such a weird relationship to punk stuff. Like, when I was younger, I hung out with punkers and thought punk stuff was cool and, like, my first desperate teenage BUFU relationship (with Jen Schwartz; hey Jen, do you still read *Maximum*?) centered around playing "Song #1" and "Hold Your Ground" on beat-up guitars with her brothers and Dan Lemunyan in her parents' basement. But I was still an herb when I was in high school, and then, like, for eight years after high school I was too busy being a drunk and useless mess by myself all night in my room to get involved in the New Brunswick, New Jersey punk scene that I lived in the middle of. In fact, I think that despite, like, doing a two-week basement-and-dive-bar tour this summer and putting out a split tour tape, and having been in a million shitty bands and having an old ipod full of Sleepytime Trio mp3s and a stupid haircut; I maintain with electric clippers and a backpatch and, let's be real, a column in *Maximum Rocknroll*—I think I might not be punk?

It's hard to tell, but y'know the thing where it seems like that thing over there—whether it's herbalism or Eddie Van Halen two-handed tapping dive-bomb guitar solos or vegan pastry-making or providing legal abortions or screen printing or walking in four-inch stilettos or explaining that something someone did or said was kind of racist without getting into a nonproductive argument or web design or pinup girl makeup or driving a stickshift—like it's fucking magic, until you learn to do it, and then you're like, "Oh, that isn't magic at all, that's just this thing I know how to do." I think I have that with punk rock? Like, I'm like, "Oh, that band that I don't know about, they're Really punk rock, but this band who I have their records and I know their lyrics, they're just, like, a band I like, they're not Punk Rock." It's stupid and it's hung up on, like, exotification and teenage insecurity and old feelings about not being cool and this weird idea that punk is cool and I am not.

When the opposite is true: I am cool and punk is not (actually, I've just been talking shit so far in this column, but I think there's something to be said about the way that the cultural discourse of "cool" tends not only to be culturally appropriative, but also to reify normative cultural hierarchies. Who gets to be cool?).

Anyway I'm bringing this up not because I actually care if I'm punk (spoiler, I am actually *punk as fuck*), but because I have been trying to figure out if I should write about the Die! Die! Die! show I saw in Brooklyn a couple weeks ago. I think I should though, they have a lot of yelling in their music, count it.

I lived in a bunch of different parts of Brooklyn for like four years in the mid-oughties. I worked at that bookstore the Strand in Manhattan, where I used to just kind of leave while I was on the clock and walk around Union Square. I'd go listen to music at the giant Tower Records at 14th and Broadway and I guess the first Die! Die! Die! full length got put on a listening station because Steve Albini produced it (note: is Steve Albini punk) and I listened to it and got obsessed and have been stoked on them ever since. They are a bunch of weirdos from New Zealand whose first record was a bunch of post-punk scraping and screeching, whose second album was, like, a little bit less abrasive, and then whose third and fourth records have seen them sort of turning into My Bloody Valentine. They put out a record on Flying Nun, if that means anything to you.

The last couple times they've come through the US, I've been in San Francisco when they were in New York and I've been in New York when they came to the Bay, which meant I haven't seen them since, like, 2006, when I was dating this boy Zack and I took him to the Die! Die! Die! show with me and I was like, "I'm not gonna talk to them, they're just a band I like, I don't have anything to say to them," and he was like, "No do it," and I was like, "Nah, I don't want to," but he put his hand on my lower back and pretty much pushed me up to the singer so I was like, "Uh, what kind

of tuning do you play?"

He was like, "…Well, normal." I was like, "Oh, cool."

That was our whole conversation. I was like, "Zack, I fuckin' told you," but I think Zack was drunk and stoned and didn't care?

So a couple weeks ago was the first time I got to see them in a bunch of years and I was stoooooked. When I got to the place where the show was—Death By Audio, in Williamsburg—I hadn't even been to Williamsburg in a few years and I was like, "Williamsburg, you have become even more of a caricature of yourself than you used to be." There were literally three ATMs in front of one noodle restaurant. But I guess I become more of a caricature of myself every year too.

There was a line down the whole fucking block outside of Death By Audio and I was like, "are you serious?" But it turned out it was for a Dum Dum Girls show around the corner. I went in Death By Audio all solo and weird and kind of tired and there was a girl sitting in the little bar room across from me wearing exactly the same clothes as me: black jeans, denim jacket, cut up, t-shirt. I dunno. And I think we were both writing in notebooks? One cool thing was that, by the time Die! Die! Die! played, it was clear that the weird-girl-who-came-alone-to-see-Die! Die! Die! demographic was totally representing—there were like eight of us in the front of the room, yelling along the whole time.

Die! Die! Die! is a trio and I guess they're kind of notorious for this thing where the singer leans his guitar against his amp to feed back and then jumps into the audience and bangs into everyone and yells into the microphone. It's cool, but what I hadn't realized was the his jumping off the stage technique has become so advanced at this point that he, like, would lean his guitar against the amp, take the mic off the stand, jump down and run around, go back up and get the mic stand, bring that down on the floor, put the mic in it, go back up and get his guitar, then sing and play on the floor—over the course of one song. It's a pretty cool move, in my opinion.

Anyway they played second so they didn't have much time, but they fuckin' slayed and they only played ten songs I think, "ATTITUD" from the second record, "Wasted Lands" from *Form*, "Oblivious Oblivion," "Harmony" and "Trinity" from the new record, a couple others, and then they closed with the fuckin' song I named my blog/website thing from, "We Built Our Own Oppressors." That was rad. It's a good song to close a set in Williamsburg with because it's about fuck hipster apathy and gentrification and having a fallback plan.

Afterward I was so stoked that I was like, I don't care about any of these other bands, asked the singer if they brought t-shirts and he was like, No, and then left and walked from like south third street up to north twelfth. I still felt too stoked and didn't know what to do with myself, walked back down to like south second, and got a taco salad. Then these kids sat down by me and started having such a cute "we're rich nineteen-year-olds" conversation, saying things like "I just… all I care about right now is music" and "I could never work a nine-to-five for the man" and stuff. It was so cute that I took out my phone and tried to record it, but I was right under a TV and the recording came out not that fun to listen to.

Uh, then I went back to Tom and Julie's and went to bed.

If you want to talk about it or you're Jen Schwartz and you still read *Maximum* or if you're the girl who was dressed like me at the Die! Die! Die! show taking pictures, email me at imogen@keepyourbridgesburning.com.

Oh also—I started putting up old We See Through You columns at keepyourbridgesburning.com if you like looking at old stuff.

I also have a story about nostalgia and self-help gurus and disappointment in this anthology The Collection from Topside Press. Ingram is distributing it so most bookstores can order it- the ISBN is 978-0-9832422-1-5.

***

We arrive at The Grange Hotel about twenty minutes later. The place looks like a housing project in the South Bronx, but our room does have a couple of small beds and a bathroom, so we're happy.

As we change and dress in our hotel room paid for by the club, El Mocambo, Bill explains to us that the Squeegee Punks are mostly from Montreal. That they moved to Toronto to squat and beg and that they make more money here then in their native province.

"Damn immigrants," I mutter.

After my third shower of the day I ready myself for the gig. I spray on fifty squirts of Jovan Musk For Men and watch in amazement as Steve does the same thing. With his own bottle. Of Jovan Musk For Men.

"Jesus," says Michael, "not only do you two look exactly alike, you fucking smell the same."

I ask Steve why he wears Jovan Musk For Men, expecting him to tell me because I do, but he stuns me.

"My ex-girlfriend got me hooked on it years ago, so I've been using it ever since."

I remember my ex-girlfriend hooking me on the stuff and wonder if maybe I was looking at a clone.

When it comes time to shave, I find that Michael is in the shower and there is no mirror in the bedroom, although, there is a sink. So I wet my face and cover it with shaving cream. I then have Steve stand in front of me and mimic my movements as I remove my eight o'clock shadow. Steve's hand jumps quickly at one point and I cut myself. Damn clone.

Finally, we make our way to the show.

We arrive at The El Mocambo about six Furious George stickers later and the window is still smudgy.

As we make our way inside we meet the booker guy, Dan. He's the one who I bugged and bugged to get us a hotel room, money and free drinks. He's younger than I expected him to be, what with his gruff voice and all, but he does say "eh?" and "right" to punctuate a lot of his sentences, making him sound real Canadian.

"So George," Dan says to me as he shakes my hand, "you look a lot shorter than I thought you would be, eh?"

I explain that I'm not short, that I just slouch.

"Your twin brother seems to be exactly your height, right?" he says pointing at Steve and laughing.

I make my way inside and get a drink.

The band on-stage has a girl singing and they are pretty punk rock. We're next.

Eventually they cease playing and we take the stage and their equipment.

"What are you doing, eh?" asks the drummer as Michael sits down behind the kid's kit.

"We're using your amps and shit," I say to the guy, "Dan said it was okay."

"He didn't ask us, eh?" says the guy who owns the amp I am plugging into.

"Fuck," I mutter.

"What makes you guys think that you can just come on-stage and use our stuff, right?" asks the bass player of the band as Steve begins to tune up with the guy's tuner.

"We're Americans," I reply.

"Okay then, right?" says the drummer and with that, we have a back line.

We begin our set by telling the crowd that it's great to be here in Montreal and that we are glad that the squatters here at least have jobs compared to those in New York.

They boo at us.

We then play a couple of songs, followed by some more chitter-chatter.

"Ya know," I say to the crowd, "I can really tell we're in a foreign country now. Instead of signs being in English and Spanish, they're in English and French!"

Of course we are booed again.

We then play a few more songs, adding "right?" and "eh" to the end of each sentence. Steve does a great job playing and when it comes time to introduce the band I say, "This is our new bass player, Steve, but I think I'll call him Mini-Me!"

It's the only time the audience laughs.

Because the next thing I tell them is that they don't even live in a real country, that their money looks like it belongs in Monopoly and if it was World War Two and the Nazis invaded North America, the Canadians would have their hands up in the air faster than the

Italians.

Suddenly it begins to rain beer.

I then explain that we were surprised that when we got to the Canadian border, people's heads weren't split in half, horizontally, like the heads of Terrance and Philip in South Park.

The bottles start.

"Fuck you," yells Steve to the country of hockey and beer.

I like the kid.

"Listen you little pussies, " I say, "The only reason your country exists is because The United States of America lets you."

The spit starts. In large gobs.

Then some kid grabs my mic and starts yelling.

"Fuck you, you American Pig," he screams, "we Canadians burnt down the White House in 1812, right?"

"Which white house?" Michael shoots back.

The kid, pissed, tries to hit me. I kick him away.

"Don't any of you try to hit us," I yell at them, "We're from America. We'll bomb you."

We then start our next song, but can hardly be heard over the roar of the crowd cursing us out.

"Fuck you, right?" they scream.

"Bloody Americans, eh?" they yell.

And more and more bottles and cans are thrown at us. Some of them full.

Finally we finish up the set with the Village People's "Macho Man", explaining that it is a *real* American song, written by *real* American men.

Afterwards, Bill tells me it was our best set since our riot in Berkeley. I smile.

***

After about four or five fanzine and radio interviews, in which the interviewers try to beat up on me or no reason, we make our way to a local "punk rock" bar.

Once there, we order lots of rounds and I find myself playing a video game where you have to piece together naked ladies. Suddenly I am offered help from two beautiful Canadian women. I can tell they are Canadian because they shave their underarms and say "eh?" and "right?".

As we play the game, this one girl, Giselle, or Jizz, for short, tells me she thinks I'm real cute.

I blush.

She then tells me that she thinks the girls on the video screen are cuter. And that the one with the shaved pussy really turns her on.

"Hey Mini-Me," I yell to my bass player, who is engaged in a rather heavy conversation with a nicely busted Great White Northern Female, "this girl here, Jizz, likes 'em shaved."

"Really?" he says, "she likes shaved clits?"

Jizz looks at me.

"He's a kid," I explain to her.

She nods her head, understanding.

***

Two hours later we find ourselves breaking into an elementary school swimming pool with about twenty Canadians. The next thing we knew, most of them were taking off their clothes and going for a 3 a.m. swim. Jizz stripped down to only her underwear and I saw a set of headlights on her that could have been seen from New York.

Eventually Steve, Michael, Bill and I found ourselves in our underwear as well, swimming around in some cold ass water. I asked Jizz to swim near me, so I could feel her floatation devices, but no such luck. She informed me that she was "into girls" these days.

Later, as we dried off with our t-shirts, we were faced with the dilemma of putting on our jeans over our wet underwear. I came up with the idea of taking our underwear completely off and only wearing our jeans, thereby keeping dry. We changed by the bushes and when we walked back toward the pool, the guys in the pool saw us in our jeans and asked if we were "riding bareback".

It was then that I realized why there are so few Canadians in Canada. It's hard to procreate with members of the same sex.

After everyone got dressed and Bill and I got to watch Jizz take off her underwear and ask us if her bush excited us, most of us made our way to a place called "Speakers' Corner".

Speakers' Corner is this, well, corner. A corner of a building. In downtown Toronto. It's this big booth thing where you go in and insert a Canadian dollar. Which is, in reality, about sixty cents.

Anyway, after you insert the money, a light flashes on and tells you to speak. Basically, it's an automatic video camera thing. You speak your mind and if the people who watch all the videos which are about a minute long, like you, they run you on Canadian National Television. On the way to the place, Jizz told us she was on when she was twelve. Others told us they were on as well.

So Michael walks into Speakers' Corner, inserts his sixty cents and starts to yell that America rules and Canada sucks. Then he gets so excited he flashes the damn camera.

Mini-Me and I, of course can not stand idly by. We walk into the booth with Michael, flash our dicks and yell how Furious George rules and God Bless America and fuck Canada and their sissy accents and money. By the time the minute's up, we've used every curse and swear word we know.

Upon exiting the booth we ask Jizz with a snicker if she thinks they'll run *that* on Canadian television.

"Probably," she says, "they'll just bleep out some of the words, eh?"

***

The next morning we awake at The Grange Hotel, most of us very hung-over. I remember leaving Speakers' Corner, buying beer and bologna and throwing the latter out the window like Frisbees at the Squeegee Punks.

As I yawn and stretch in the comfortable hotel bed, I feel something really soft and round next to me. Actually, two things really soft and round. Attached to a woman's body. I look over and see Jizz, in Bill's underwear, fast asleep. It was then I remembered I'd slept with a lesbian. A Canadian lesbian. Which, I guess, is repetitive.

And I do mean "slept". What else could I do?

An hour later we found ourselves saying good-bye to our new friend with the sticky name and awesome boobs and an hour and a half later we found ourselves on the QE2, or whatever the fuck it's called again, with over four hundred newly purchased over-the-counter codeine pills.

As we arrived at the American border, I again asked all the guys if they had their paperwork and told them to say we had been recording a record if they ask about our guitars. I didn't mention drugs, because we had just purchased a shitload of them.

"Hi," says the American Guard to Bill, as we pull up to the border, "how's it going?"

"Fine," Bill replies, squinting and trying to read the signs up ahead that will point us in the right direction of the city.

"Are you all American Citizens?" he asks.

"Yup," Bill says.

"Why were you in Canada?" he asks.

"Trying to record a record," Bill explains.

"What happened?" asked the guard.

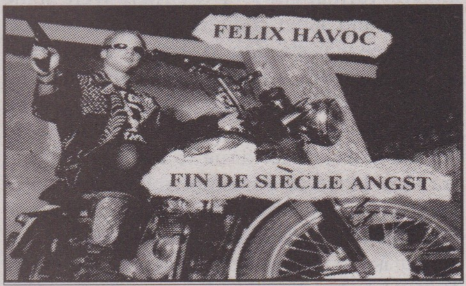
"They were way too expensive, had no sense of humor and were really stupid," I said to the guard from the back seat.

"Fucking Canadians," says the guard and with that, waves us back into our own country.

Take My Life, Please!

Endnotes:

1 furygeo@aol.com



Thanks to my parents good taste I grew up listening to a lot of '60s rock records. As a kid there were several peach crates full of records by the Kinks, Stones, Who, Hendrix, Pink Floyd, Yardbirds and the like. I have always had a very soft spot for the psychedelic rock of the '60s and the rave up jams of the early "British invasion." Not to dismiss the most excellent underground garage bands in the US that aped the British sound (Music Machine, Seeds, Shadows of Knight, Count 5 etc.), but the original British groups will always stand in a league of their own. Most people know these kinds of bands from the "classic rock" radio format. And to be honest, a lot of the stuff still in rotation on the radio is the worst examples of the genre. The two bands that have help up the best in my mind from the mid-'60s British

scene are the Kinks and the Pretty Things. I will write a full column about the Kinks someday. To me this band represents the best of British rock of the '60s and perhaps of all time. Please play "Where have all the good times gone" at my funeral. There are very few bands that can match the Kinks pound for pound for writing great songs. But this month I want to talk about the Pretty Things.

The Pretty Things are barely known in the USA outside record collector circles. According to legend they were just too fucked up and too confrontational to play the game with record companies to get the kind of commercial success of the Rolling Stones or Pink Floyd. Yet, I think they beat both more popular bands at their own game. The Pretty Things early singles are revved up lo-fi R&B that gives the early Stones a run for the money. "Rosalyn" and "LSD" are total bangers that sound hard-hitting and punchy to this day. I could only imagine how awesome this band would have been in a London pub back in the day. I love how these British bands took American Blues and early rock they knew only from collecting records, and then amped it up. It's like the raw power of early R&B mixed with a handful of uppers and crammed into a sweaty basement pub. This music has a raw, rebellious energy that puts it squarely in the lineage of punk. The Pretty Things had few records released in the USA and you rarely see them in the used bin, but there were several greatest hits LPs in the '80s and '90s and there's an excellent double LP of singles still in print on Sundazed. If you like early Stones, first LP era Who or the Kinks and you've never checked out the Pretty Things, it's time to get hip.

The Pretty Things story takes an interesting musical turn about 1967-68. There were some line up and label changes, and the musical landscape was starting to change. The British fascination with American blues was starting to give way to a new psychedelic drug influence. As sorry as their later FM radio output is, I will continue to back Syd Barret era Pink Floyd as a triumphant expression of the psychedelic rock genre. But I would argue that the Pretty Things monumental LP *S.F. Sorrow* is the pinnacle of the genre. The Pretty Things started heading in a psych direction with singles from what would be the *SF Sorrow* LP sessions in 1968. The LP released later that year is a total concept album that rises to a level that other bands were just unable to reach. This LP has an atmosphere and flow that creates a heavy psychedelic rock "vibe" that just sounds perfect. The whole LP is a conceptual story of the life of fictional character Sebastian F Sorrow. While the whole idea is a little trippy, the story explores themes of alienation and despair that are at variance with the typically mystical or hedonistic topics associated with psychedelia. "Sebastian's madness built up like a surrounding wall shutting off the light until there was only darkness" sounds more like goth or punk gloom than flower power. Certain records have a way of capturing an atmosphere or soundscape that gives them an invincible aura in their genre. Think of the dark and haunting apocalyptic atmosphere created by the Amebix in their early work, or the grim black metal ambience of the first and third Bathory LPs, these are records that just stand out in the overall mental space they create that transcends the simple assemblage of songs that make them up. For me *SF Sorrow* creates this very unique sort of mental state for psychedelic rock.

The Pretty Things recorded many more records, but I don't think any of them reached the level of this LP or the early singles. *Parachute* LP and *Savage Eye* are certainly worth picking up, but after *SF Sorrow* they fall a bit short.

I was going to lead off my column this month with a couple paragraphs of unbridled praise for the new D-CLONE LP, but because I was tapped for the enviable pleasure of reviewing it for this month's issue, I will leave off the specifics and just point out that we (at least those of us who enjoy D-beat and noise) are very, very lucky to have a band around that has not only explicitly embraced the DISCLOSE brand of progressive D-beat, but have actually looped around past the Dis-bones style and into a modern reworking of the classic DISCLOSE sound circa '95, but with hooks and breaks that make D-CLONE's violence uniquely their own. I mean, it's really a fucking fantastic record and I am in awe of their ability to continually top their previous output in both writing and performance. While I've had the pleasure of seeing D-CLONE multiple times myself I weep with envy of the East Coasters to just got to see them a few months ago (to say nothing of the kids in Japan who get to see them all the damn time!).

While DISCLOSE are unquestionably the forebears of D-CLONE's sound, I can't help but think that Korea's SCUMRAID were at least a bit intrigued by D-CLONE's visit to their shores a few years ago. Whether they were at one of those gigs or not, it's inarguable that their new demo is vicious crasher-style D-beat that bears at least a passing resemblance to D-CLONE's bludgeoning attack. I don't know if this is the recording I would choose to introduce someone to the genre, but the scrappy approach is totally infectious as Swedish bends cut through a sea of pounding toms and a deliciously sludgy bass tone while the impassioned vocals recall a young Kawakami. While they distinguish themselves with some really memorable riffs and breaks ("Killing Without Weapon" is definitely the standout track), it's the overall youthful energy and full-on enthusiasm that make this demo work for me. I know South Korea's hardcore punk scene is still young, but if this is the standard to which their bands are setting themselves then I have nothing but optimism for what we are going to see from that scene in the future. (Scumraid, scumraid@gmail.com)

Like making an excellent mixtape or blending a fine whiskey, let's flow now to a single that joins violence and noize in two very different forms. One of my most anticipated splits of the year, the VIOLENT PARTY/ CHAOS DESTROY EP pairs two uniquely quirky bands on one absolutely fantastic disc. Having only known rural Virginia's enigmatic VIOLENT PARTY from their pair of murky two song singles that left me completely floored, I was surprised to see two racks from them on this rager. Both songs are of the LEBENDEN TOTEN-meets-DISCHARGE tradition that their earlier material sprung from. Driving D-beats and a wall of bass drive a sound that is very much based around the throaty and desperate ranting vocals. This is heavy, dark stuff that is perfectly complimented by the levity-bearing load of complete nonsense on the flip. And what glorious nonsense it is!

I am an unabashed full on fanboy for CHAOS DESTROY (who are probably the most underrated band in the US, if not the world today) and this is, as far as I'm concerned, their best material yet. It's far from a reinvention of their sound, but it's all just so goddamn self-assured, letting the silences and feedback breaks speak as loudly as the songs, adding increasingly focused guitar effects and unleashing what is easily their best bass line ever ("Chaos Bullet", get into that shit!). Then "Nuclear Sky" drops and it's all fucking over. This is a band that can do dynamic instrumental stuff that you never thought they could but they did and it was fucking awesome. I really can't even describe with words how much I love this one-half of one EP, and the fact that they have an entire second LP in the can leaves me literally drooling for more of the same. This split (self-released, better look at the distros because there are only 300 of these and these kids don't like answering emails!)

While in their own twisted way I know CHAOS DESTROY are totally sincere in their love of the noize, the ULTRA VIOLENT NOISE STORM demo is so ridiculously over the top both in name and imagery that I wondered if these guys were just taking this piss à la CHAOTIC DISCHORD. Then I stopped caring because there are some sweet tunes on this thing, so fuck it. Even if this band is the CRUCIAL YOUTH of the noize-core scene, they've cranked out a brief, but really quite good set of tunes that recall nothing so

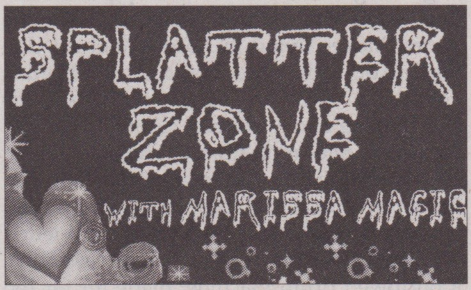
much as early NERVESKADE, especially as the singer's pissed-off wail is as good if not better than young Jakke's. That being said, there's definitely a soupcon of WANKYS and, of course, good old DISORDER in the mix as well. The fact that this demo was limited to 25 means (hopefully) that it was it is an early effort from a young band that'll reemerge with another demo with better distribution soon. There's a fine line between homage and parody sometimes, and as long as these kids are writing songs of this quality I don't really give a shit which side of that line they fall on. (self released, nolanarthur@gmail.com)

Finally (well, not really finally, but let's play like it is) I have to pimp the totally gone and totally awesome MIDNITE BRAIN 2012 West Coast tour tape. This fucking band... wow. I've been a fan of their brand of '80s Japanese HC intersecting with classic Bay Area hardcore since the first time I saw them, and this batch of new songs strides well beyond their already excellent demo. The demo sound seemed rooted in the the classic NIGHTMARE material to me, but Laura's confident vocals and the increased reliance on ripping solos add a definite air of demo-era SACRILEGE to the proceedings while keeping the speed and unmistakable air of classic Japanese hardcore firmly intact. These new songs are a total triumph, and I can't wait to hear their imminent split flexi and the hopefully inevitable future projects beyond. Given the amount of talent kicking around the Bay Area right now it's insanely difficult to pick a winner, but if I had to pick I think this might be my absolute favorite local band going these days. (midnitebrain@gmail.com)

A couple endnotes: I have not followed metal in quite a while, but I had the opportunity to catch LAWLESS (ex-ACEPHALIX) recently and their CELTIC FROST/SLAYER/MOTORHEAD primal attack absolutely blew me away. I love how their performance involved a dramatic presentation with zero pretension, and the combination of lurching riffs, off-kilter solos and expertly delivered dual vocals won me over immediately. If you're into AXEMAN or really any of the other bands in the Black Twilight circle scene you ought to check this band out ASAP. There's a three-song demo out now via Blood Divine that's well worth your attention. (Blood Divine, www.blooddivine.com)

Also, Tyler from LIFEFORM was kind enough to send me an advance of the track that will appear on their upcoming EP on Distort Reality records. I loved the demo, and this stuff is a step beyond—more raw, much darker and even more compelling than the much more "fun" earlier material. The release of the record has been briefly delayed, but look for it soon (and pick up the demo if you haven't already, fuckface).

Finally, I got a hold of a couple of tracks from the impending demo from the BROOD out of Philadelphia. Members of most of the best bands that have come out of that town in the last couple of years doing dark hardcore that walks a fine link between melody and brutality that few could pull off convincingly. Keep an eye out, it's gonna be great. Okay, that's finally all. Thanks to everyone whose reached out to me for good or ill about this column and please feel free to hook me up with demos, single malts and DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR 12"s via *MRR* or agunderwood@gmail.com.



I've always voted. The day I turned eighteen my mom had me skip school and took me to register to vote. When the next election rolled around my mom took me out of school again to go and vote. I've always seen it as a way to keep one eye on the road, something to supplement time spent in other political actions in the streets, the repetition of forgotten news stories, the talking directly to local officials, the attempts to be well informed. I've never seen it as a political action that is singular, but as one of a bunch of things. I look at it as an attempt to keep my claws in the rights we still possess, as an attempt to keep things from falling further into horror. The decision to vote or not has always been a contentious thing amongst my peers. In the past, it seemed like the only motivation for not voting that I heard was something along the lines of, "the government is fucked so I refuse to vote!" or straight up apathy, a manifestation of disenchantment and frustration. None of these motivations seemed really thought out to me, they always seemed like the words of a rebellious teenager to me, like a, "fuck you I won't!" without much thought beyond that.

I've been asking everyone who'll give me a minute, why they vote or why they don't vote? After talking to a bunch of different people, everyone had a myriad of different arguments. The ones who don't vote ranged from some comparing it to religion, some rejecting the emotional coercion aspects, some saying that there is such an excess of information that it is basically impossible to be well informed, that it's a false sense of security and so on and so forth. The people I talked that do vote cited reasons such as a necessary evil, taking advantage of a right, a continued and ongoing attempt at conserving social programs such as food stamps.

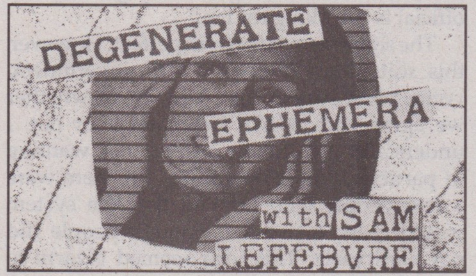
There are soooo many inherent flaws in the voting system, the electoral college system is bullshit, two party system is a joke, so on and so forth. It's all sneaky and an attempt by the government to pacify the populace, to believe that our vote makes everything ok, that voting is enough. While I think it's possible to navigate through all of these traps, more than anything it's important to remember that voting is not a standalone action in making everything "ok." For me it's an attempt at making my voice heard in conjunction with other actions; going to protests, writing about politics and on and off over the years going and talking to elected officials about different issues. Theoretically, the job of an elected official is to represent their constituency the best they can, on this same theoretical path the best way to get an official to act in the way we want them to is to remind them who they are working for. Is this a totally effective tactic? Probably not, but I feel better about trying than not. Of course the other side to this idea that a politician is supposed to represent their constituency is that there are a whole lot of different ideas of what is right and what is wrong, meaning that if a constituency has some real shitty views, they're going to hire a guy with shitty views—then remind him to represent those shitty views. Then again, I constantly fall in and out of the idea of believing that any government official is "working for me."

The shitsystem is far from perfect. However, this shitsystem (the system of government, voting) is a system that we exist in whether we agree with it/like it/whatever or not. I understand and totally respect not wanting to participate in it by voting, but there were a few people who implied that the system would cease to work if enough people did not participate. This idea seemed bizarre to me—the shitsystem doesn't care if you vote or not, if anything the lack of voter turn out is probably a plus for the government in a lot of ways. Also, historically, and still today, huge chunks of the population are barred from voting and the system keeps chugging along. Not to imply that non-voters are at fault for shitty government because that would imply that if everyone voted somehow magically government would be totally cool.

Wading through all of these ideas, motivations and arguments for and against voting forces you to look at all the terrible things the United States government has gotten away with and it is depressing; it only feels hopeless, defeating. The idea of voting as the main pathway to empowerment and/or liberation is false. At the same time, the idea of total non-participation feels like a misstep to me. My friend was talking about how voting to her was similar to being a vegetarian, with the idea that raising animals for consumption takes up more physical space and is environmentally more damaging than plants—that while being vegan will affect more of a change, even just being vegetarian will still be using less land for food, it is a physical tangible manifestation of changed habits. It's not perfect and it's not really enough, but it does make some amount of difference. In the end for me voting is an effort at harm reduction.

I went and voted, it had been a long day on no sleep and I felt frazzled and sweaty. I got back home looking stressed. My roommate

said, "Oh, you're just worried about Romney." Well yeah, I don't think it's a stretch to say a lot of people are. But now the election is over and Romney didn't win and I am so relieved. And it is disgusting that I am relieved. One of my friends said they didn't vote because it felt like condoning the terrible actions of a politician. I had never thought of it in that context—it makes perfect sense and I could see how someone could feel like that. I'm so scared of the deep republicans and on further thought still so horrified by the actions of our current president everything feels helpless. In taking in and thinking about all these things, the terribleness and evil of everything feels overwhelming and unbearable. I exist in a position of privilege where I can turn away from all of these terrible truths every once in awhile, stop the flow of facts for a second. With each option I feel like a terrible person. It's just accepting the truth that voting is causing all of these terrible things and not voting is causing all these terrible things. You can't win.



My last column contained some commentary on the recent Diat 7" on Iron Lung records. The description on IRL's site and that, which has been propagated by what little press I've seen, suggested that the group was started to play one show opening for a particular band. I found this interesting and used it as a launching pad to discuss my interest in the context of punk bands' formation. I specified in the column that I didn't intend to disparage question the credibility of Diat. In fact, I am completely smitten with the single and a very positive review will appear in the forthcoming issue of *Degenerate*. However, I was subsequently contacted by a member of Diat who informed me that the story of their formation is not accurate and requested that I correct myself. In lieu of apologizing for reiterating information provided by a credible record label, I sent Diat a handful of questions that allows them to clear the air and answer some additional things I was wondering about anyhow…

Is the story that Diat formed solely to support Total Control false? If so, why do you imagine this notion has been propagated?

If, by asking if the story is "false," you're asking if we formed the band entirely independent of any influence from Total Control and then, being friends of theirs, organized their show in Berlin and put ourselves on the bill because we were excited to play what would be our third gig ever then I'm sorry, but you're going to have to remind me what the question was because I lost myself on the road to conceit. Perhaps the marketability of or curiosity surrounding Australian music as played by such legends as TC and co. is the reason for the tale or perhaps it was a genuine result of a Kraut/Yank language barrier courtesy of Von Iffland's excitable second tongue emailing.

Under what conditions was Diat formed? Was there a goal or mission in mind since the beginning or was it more of an experiment?

Diat formed when two nervously energetic young blokes living in Europe had no clue what to do with themselves and their blanket enthusiasm so a proposition was made for cheap living and maximum riffing, leading to Neutron's relocation from Ol' Blighty (where he was having difficulty reintegrating after an Indian adventure and subsequent self-finding) to the foldout single futon in my sub-letted Berlin lounge room. Our initial percussionist, a borrowed drum machine, made for far too agreeable a band mate so with the aid of a DRUMMER WANTED poster we visited Static Shock record shop where Neutron Bum politely asked if he could stick it up. Von Iffland picked up the Xerox of Il Duce weightlifting a bimbo alongside the words, "we like Crisis, Rikk Agnew and the Wipers," uttered some words to his pals loitering around the counter and then replied with, "I'm your man, when do we start?" After months of clanging and searching for a vocalist to no avail, we sucked it up and decided we would have to do the singing ourselves. My number was called and I have endured the burden since. Oh and hey, we just added a second guitarist.

I consider your music deftly performed post-punk, but it stands out in that there is a certain burliness and aggression that is unique for the genre. Most post-punk bands are cold, but vague and mopey. Is there a reason for Diat's mean-spiritedness?

We love upset downtrodden UK punk like Crisis, the Mob, Carnage, etc., but are also wholly devoted to punk's lord and savior, Jay Reatard. Plus, we all have histories in playing hardcore so as much as we tried we just couldn't strip back the NRG enough to pull off the style we were trying to ape.

What was the nature of Diat's activity prior to the Total Control show?

Before that gig we played a couple of other ones, released a demo, recorded the Pick A Line / No Accent 7" and didn't get haircuts.

What does Diat have planned for the future in terms of releases and performances?

Coming up is a UK tour (late November), another record (a big one, but not that long) on king rumor instigator and top bloke record label Iron Lung, another single on Static Shock records (UK label, not to be confused with Static Shock record shop in Berlin, *trivia*) and our delusions of grandeur have us setting our sights on mainland Europe and maybe the home of the brave in 2013.

***

Post-music people are cretinous, counter-productive types who sadly encroach upon the punk scene with increasingly insidious ease. To generalize, they are marked by an interest in sports and craft beer although adorn themselves ostensibly in rock attire. It's as if once they embody whatever musical persona they've aspired towards, the music no longer interests them—as if they've absorbed a certain amount of art and fulfilled some predetermined quota. Then, whatever music follows is met with dismissal, or worse, flippant hostility.

Yet, they linger in the periphery of the one scene they've likely ever known, basking in a status that they at least affect, is they haven't earned.

The choice to spend time with asinine music, film or literature (or sports before even asinine art,) with an abundance of substantial, life-affirming art more available than ever, is the mark of a jaded, fatalistic attitude exemplified by what I dub here as post-music people. It frightens me and shouldn't be humored or tolerated.

As ever, Sam Lefebvre. "To achieve harmony in bad taste is the height of elegance" —Jean Genet. Suss out the hype, Iterate your manifesto. degeneratezine@gmail.com, PO Box 3272 Berkeley, CA 94703

Francisco Goya's horrific painting, *Saturn Devouring His Son*, was part of the artist's Black Paintings. He painted it toward the end of his life as part of a series of canvas and mural artwork found in his house outside Madrid. The series in general, and this work in particular, expressed Goya's despair with humanity, his distress at Spain's ongoing social turmoil, and his despondency over his personal isolation and his own physical and mental problems.

Goya's dark spirit was due, in part, to having lived through Napoleon's disastrous Peninsular War from 1808 to 1814. Napoleon called it the "Spanish ulcer," while the Spanish referred to it as their "War for Independence." A major element of the Spanish fight was a brutal "Guerra de guerrillas" (War of little wars), which elicited vicious reprisals from Napoleon's occupying forces. This was not the origin of guerrilla warfare, as Sun Tsu detailed the basics of insurgency tactics and strategy in his *Art of War*. Yet the Spanish

popular resistance to Napoleon achieved unparalleled levels of savagery. Karl Marx considered the Spanish war for independence one of the first national wars, and Ronald Fraser labeled it "Napoleon's Vietnam" in his magisterial history *Napoleon's Cursed War: Popular Resistance in the Spanish Peninsular War, 1808-1814*. Whether one of the first wars of national liberation or one of the first counterinsurgency quagmires, it was also a violent civil war, a terrible internecine war, and a bloody fratricidal war. No wonder that Goya's Black Paintings were so dark and filled with terror.

Goya's depiction of Saturn has taken on added significance. Representing the Greek/Roman myth of the god of time and agriculture devouring his children, lest one of them should rise up and overthrow him, the original work was even more disturbing in that Saturn was shown with an erect penis. Museum restoration of the painting censored this feature. The painting has been used to symbolize the notion of a movement (struggle for liberation, movement for independence, a social revolution) devouring its own children. Supposedly uttered by Danton during his trial after the 1789 French Revolution, the phrase "the revolution, like Saturn, devours its own children," was applied to the Russian Revolution after the Bolsheviks took power, and specifically once Stalin rose to power. Goya's gruesome painting of Saturn personified this idea.

This concept has gained relevance in the Bay Area with the disintegration of Occupy Oakland. OO was the most radical of all the Occupy Wall Street actions across the country. A seemingly intractable occupation of the plaza in front of Oakland's city hall, a plethora of demonstrations and marches (solidarity, pro-labor, anti-capitalist, anti-gentrification, fuck the police, decolonization, etc., etc.), periodic occupations of public land and abandoned buildings, running street battles between demonstrators and police as well as regular smashy-smashy excursions by black bloc anarchos, a symbolic general strike that actually shut down the Port of Oakland for a day; OO had the appearance of a revolution in the making. This appearance was deceptive, however.

Sharp divisions emerged in OO almost from its inception. While Occupy Oakland followed the all inclusive/make no demands template of Occupy Wall Street in general, a faction quickly emerged that declared for an Oakland Commune along the lines of "occupy everything, demand nothing" and the permanent insurrection of the Invisible Committee's pamphlet "The Coming Insurrection." The insurrectionary anarchist/black bloc extremism of the OC and the more moderate stance of OO played out in the debate over tactics, over "diversity of tactics" versus nonviolence. The OO moderates accused the OC of elevating tactical violence into an end in itself, while the OC radicals accused the OO of acting as "peace police." An uneasy truce emerged between the two sides, which in turn elicited an even more conservative tendency calling itself the 99%ers, which sought to disassociate itself from any property destruction and police confrontations. Finally, the clear absurdity of taking property and claiming it as "occupied," when the folks who had been robbed of it in the first place, often at gunpoint, were still fighting genocide and the stealing of native lands, initiated a Decolonization tendency. The Decolonization supporters immediately hurled charges of racism and white privilege at the various other OO tendencies, singling out OO's anarchos for particular scorn as white, middle-class kids from the suburbs playing at revolution.

Matters only got worse when the Oakland PD permanently evicted OO from its main occupation site at the city hall plaza. Without a base of operations, the Oakland Commune continued its 'Fuck The Police' rampages through downtown Oakland, racking up random property destruction, violent police confrontations, and additional arrests. The black bloc, initially formulated by anarchists as a street tactic, increasingly appeared as the be-all-and-end-all of the OC's practice. Boots Riley, known as the frontman for hip hop group The Coup, has been a pragmatic spokesman for Occupy Oakland, beholding to no faction, with radical credentials of his own. A strategist concerned with winning and not just losing in style, Boots made his criticisms of the black bloc anarchos clear on his blog: "The use of the black bloc tactic in all situations is not useful. As a matter of fact, in situations such as the one we have in Oakland, its repeated use has become counter-revolutionary. [...] When almost every conversation I have with folks from Oakland about Occupy Oakland, has the smashing of windows brought up as a reason people don't like that grouping, scientifically it means the tactic is not working."

The critics continued to pile on. The Oakland Commune was denounced as a "vanguard clique" by an OO breakaway group calling itself the Occupy Oakland Media. OOMedia accused the OC of "disruptive beliefs and actions" that amounted to "embracing destruction for its own sake ... actively co-opting the encampment by renaming it according to their values ... shutting down all critical conversation of violence, vandalism and 'diversity of tactics' ... alienating and swaying opinion against peaceful protesters ... [and] planning to infiltrate and instigate unrest in Oakland with or without the participation or consent of the people." This was echoed by an individual poster named OccupyTheMob who labeled OC "agents of mass vandalism" and a "racist, criminal organization" composed primarily of "a group of ideological extremists relocated to Oakland in order to foment chaos and destruction." Add to this list charges that groupings within OO mismanaged funds donated for bailing out arrested Occupiers and manipulated General Assemblies into predetermined decisions and the main gripes against the more radical tendencies within OO are apparent.

Allegations of financial malfeasance and assembly rigging, in turn, were called "baseless accusations" and outright lies. A grouping within OO calling itself the Anti-Repression Committee came forward to denounce the numerous threats being made against Occupiers who have refused to renounce vandalism and property destruction, contending that the "anarchists amongst us have been especially targeted with threats and vigilante violence." The A-RC then noted that "[w]e are deeply concerned by the increasing *demonization* of 'anarchists,' the 'black bloc,' and 'outsiders' now being conflated under the term the 'Oakland Commune.'"

Lilprole went so far as to attempt to rehabilitate the tactic of the black bloc against Boots Riley's critique in his post "Knocking the Boots?" by first pointing out that the black block has a well established place in the history and practice of Bay Area protest politics. "[W] e saw the rise of T.A.C., or the Tactical Action Committee, who also helped popularize the black bloc tactic through weekly 'Fuck the Police' marches, as well as the growth of a radical squatting scene in West Oakland, the degree in which I have not seen in any major metropolitan city in the US ... [B]lack bloc type actions helped to express solidarity and expand sites of resistance ... Lastly, 'black bloc' type actions have also been an ongoing facet of militant feminist, queer, and trans revolt in the bay as well." This extension of the black bloc outside the anarchist ghetto has meant that the tactic is here to stay, and that its use will only grow as riot and insurrection in this country increase.

Note that I have not gone into the vitriol between the 99%ers or Decolonize and Occupy Oakland or the Oakland Commune. Note that I have not delved into the puerile criticisms of "insignificant groupuscules" like the miniscule Anarchist Anti-Defamation Caucus of the Anti-Bureaucratic Bloc. Note that I haven't enumerated the myriad personal fights that mask themselves as principled political disagreements within Occupy Oakland. This welter of division and infighting illustrates one fact all too well. Whereas Occupy Oakland was once able to mobilize 10 to 20,000 people to shut down the Port of Oakland during the November 3, 2011 General Strike, nowadays Occupy Oakland's "General Assembly no longer has large enough attendance to reach quorum–requiring at least 75 people" according to an Occupy Oakland Tribune article.

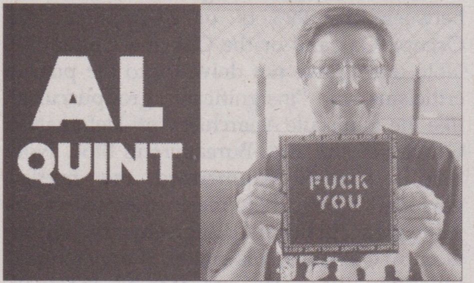
Which is a shame. OO generated a great deal of collective energy that went into work with labor, both organized and unorganized, community occupations, squatting and anti-foreclosure efforts, anti-corporate/bank campaigns, efforts to help threatened schools and libraries, debt forgiveness, campaigns to monitor police abuse, even work in communities of color. If nothing else "[d]uring the week of the raid on the [OO] encampment,

crime in Oakland dropped 19 percent overall" according to Eric K. Arnold in his article on infighting among OO factions marking OO's first anniversary on October 25. Despite the squabbling and bickering that was decisive in Occupy Oakland's demise, Oakland remains a cutting edge laboratory for radical politics and practice.

But to use the term "Oakland Commune" implies some positive comparison to the 1871 Paris Commune or the 1927 Shanghai Commune, which is embarrassing. That's because Occupy Oakland was far from a revolution, even a failed one. The metaphor of "Saturn devouring its own children" thus does not apply to the infighting and factionalism that has torn apart OO. A more apt metaphor might be a shark feeding frenzy, in which the creatures wound each other fighting over food and then proceed to rip each other to shreds. Except that OO's trivial factions hardly merit a comparison to sharks. Perhaps a feeding frenzy among venomous, vindictive piranha is more to the point.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

What a weird month. I guess y'all may have noticed I've been rather, er, pre-occupied of late. That would be an understatement. Not sure if I've already covered it, but I'm gainfully employed again. So now my secret life as a jet-setting uber collector has taken a backseat.



My friend Barry just turned 50 a few months ago. I know him from the music scene and we started crossing paths at shows in the late '80s. We're not close friends, but he's always been very nice to me. After my dad passed away, he and his wife came over to the house to offer their condolences and I've never forgotten that. He was thoughtful enough to invite Ellen and me to his 50th birthday party a few months ago. It was a fun night—open bar, great Mexican food and music that didn't make me want to pull my hair out since he had a DJ who is on one of the college stations—I'm pretty sure about that, anyway.

Barry's still a fairly active show-goer. I don't see him as much because he generally goes to club shows, like the one I saw him at a couple of weeks ago. It was OFF! (Keith Morris's new band, for the half-dozen of you who don't know), the SPITS and DOUBLE NEGATIVE from North Carolina, who I've been trying to get to play up here since first seeing them in 2007 at the No Way Fest in Richmond and being completely blown away. When they started, three of the four members were in their 40s or close to it—vocalist Kevin Collins, drummer Brian Walsby (yes, that Brian, the legendary cartoonist/illustrator) and guitarist Scott Williams. All of 'em "old-timers" putting together a new band and playing hardcore punk that initially was inspired by COC's *Eye For An Eye* album, but quickly moved beyond that. They've added noisier and chaotic elements without losing the handle on their sound or moving into increasingly pretentious realms like other bands (cough*FUCKED UP*cough). I've been lauding them—including in this space—ever since that first encounter and you'll see reviews of their two most recent 7"s later in this column. Their first album *The Wonderful and Frightening World...* was my album of the year for 2007 and still kicks my ass five years later.

Barry hadn't heard Double Negative before and was impressed with their set. The band recently got a new vocalist and drummer—Cameron from LOGIC PROBLEM and Bobby from BRAIN F≠ respectively—both of whom are younger than the members who departed and the band haven't lost a step. Bobby, in particular, is a sick drummer. I mentioned to Barry that Scott was 48 and he went up to Scott and told him how he thought it was awesome he still played music that had so much intensity. Barry told him he'd just turned 50 and took out his AARP card! That's something I don't own yet even though I have (ahem) a couple of years on Barry. I started getting mail solicitations for those cards a few years before I turned the big 5-0. And I've always tossed them in the trash. I know there are good benefits—hell, if I buy a large coffee at Dunkin Donuts, I can get a free donut—but, as a point of pride, I refuse to take the plunge. At least for now. I'm open to exploring it, but it feels weird, ya know? Scott says he still plays music at 48 because he said he can't imagine wanting to do anything else.

Of course, people who got into punk in the late '70s are now almost all past the age where they qualify for an AARP membership. It really hit home about five years ago when AARP started using "Everybody's Happy Nowadays" by BUZZCOCKS in one of their commercials. The scene was several festive birthday parties with balloons and cake being tossed around, including one where the middle-aged guy blowing out the candles looked suspiciously like Pete Shelley, although it apparently wasn't him. AARP just goes by its initials now but used to be called the American Association of Retired Persons, a fact they're obviously trying to soft-pedal. The voice-over at the end of the ad says, *"AARP is an organization for people who have birthdays. That's because what we do, we do for all. Join us and champion your future... and the future of every generation."* Here's a quote I found from a story on the commercial: ""*There is a lingering perception that AARP is a retiree organization," said Emilio Pardo, AARP chief brand director, "But people are living longer and working longer and we want to reflect that back to them. We are in a position to further enhance the lives of people 50-and-over.""*

Well, that makes me feel better—and it's a brilliant strategy. Insinuate that 50 is the new 40 or 30. Pardo was quoted in another article on the ad, written for the *Christian Science Monitor* by Jim Sullivan: *"The ad is about vibrancy, energy...There's a perfect energy, rhythm to that song.... Now we know it's an ageless reality we have. It's experience that's similar, not age." Mr. Pardo says research showed that nearly half of AARP's 38 million members are still working."* Incidentally, Sullivan is a Boston "rock critic" who is in his mid-50s and used to write for the *Boston* Globe but has been a free-lancer in recent years. I don't know him personally but my nickname for him is "Post-Punk" since he always seemed to describe a band as being "post-punk" or would make references to the VELVET UNDERGROUND in many of his reviews. A critical crutch. That was probably because he couldn't come up with anything more original (not that I'm always much better in my reviews—yes, I admit it!). Another nickname he had was "Drink Tickets," because he'd always try to scam drink tickets at the clubs where he would do reviews—that was told to me by a friend who used to work in one of the rock clubs in Boston. My old buddy Mike Gitter used to call such arrangements the "condiments of rock." Damn, I have to admit I miss those open bar listening parties I'd go to back when I was working in retail and publishing a print zine on more of a regular basis. Sure, it was "playing the music biz game" or what have you, but it was a different time for me. The one for NRBQ that was catered with delicious BBQ food was one of the best I ever attended. It made up for the fact that I always *hated* NRBQ despite them doing a record with wrestling legend Captain Lou Albano—who some of you might know from *Super Mario Brothers* or the video for Cyndi Lauper's "Girls Just Want To Have Fun."

Speaking of turning 50, my sister Susie (yes, Susie Q) hits that millstone, uh, milestone in a few weeks. Some friends of hers are having a surprise party at a cafe. But it's a cash bar and it looks as though we're only getting appetizers and "sweets" for food. Lame lame lame! Not that I'm a huge drinker (despite all these references to open bar parties) and maybe sodas are free but, for chrissakes, her husband's 50th birthday party had pretty awesome Chinese food. I even DJ'd it and snuck in BLACK FLAG's "Nervous Breakdown," along with the classic rock. I'm debating whether or not to attend—part of the reason is my rather chilly relationship with her. This might cause as big a problem as when I blew off my dad's retirement party

in early 1984 to go a hardcore show with FU'S, JERRY'S KIDS, DYS and a couple of other bands. If you look at the back of DYS's self-titled second album (aka *Fire and Ice*, although that's not the original title), there's a photo from that show. It's the one where the guy wearing a ski-mask with a duct tape swastika on the top of it is diving off the PA. Yeah, I was there and not with my family, except for a brief appearance at the start and end of the party. My relationship with my sister has never been that great, but I think she really hated my guts for a long time after that. Well, there are other reasons too, but I only have 2000 words and a few reviews to get to.

By the way, speaking of people turning 50, Choke from NEGATIVE FX and SLAPSHOT just hit the half-century mark. I wonder if he'll be getting *his* AARP card? I'd ask him but I don't want to risk getting hit by a hockey stick the next time I see him...

AND SPEAKING OF THOSE REVIEWS...

Since I mentioned DOUBLE NEGATIVE, the two new releases are *Hardcore Confusion Vol. 3&4* and *Hits* (which came out awhile back). *HC 3&4* is just one record with four songs, this time, instead of two separate singles with two songs apiece and if you put the three sleeves together, it makes a full -/- logo. Confused? Don't be. *HC* is their first release with Cameron (Bobby came on board with *Hits*) and there's not a dramatic change in vocal style. Double Negative continues to rip out furious and frenzied hardcore with blistering guitar and scampering speed. Some of the sounds that Scott pulls out of his guitar are mind-blowing—unsettling chords and whizzling noise. *Hits* has rougher production with less bottom-end, but Bobby's locomotive drumming makes an immediate impression on the opener "Suicide Suicide." That song mentions Scott's 48 years on this earth and how he's "worm(ed) my way back." Once again, let's hear it for the old-timers! AARP? We don't need no stinkin' AARP! The guitar and bass intertwine into a howling mesh and, if there aren't any hooks *per-se*, the cumulative effect on both of these discs remains riveting. (Sorry State, www.sorrystaterecords.com)

As long as I'm talking about frenzied hardcore, URBAN WASTE's 1983 7" has just been reissued. Rejoice! This is one of the greatest 7"s to come out of the early '80s New York hardcore scene and one that should be included with the best-ever, period. Few records have had as SICK a guitar sound as Johnny Waste's, with a trebly, hornets nest effect, while Kenny Ahearn emits the vocals in harsh, larynx-shredding fashion. With the abrupt jolt of "Police Brutality," your attention will be immediately commanded, with all the subtlety of a truncheon to the skull. "Public Opinion" remains an anthem of individuality for the ages *"I'm not into punk rock/I'm not into hardcore/Don't you try and label me..."* and they're just getting started with the antisocial agitation except for the tender love ballad "Banana-Nut-Cake." Um, yeah. It's neither tender *nor* a ballad. A sonic timebomb that sounds as manic and raw now as it did back then. No legitimate hardcore record collection is complete without this. (Way Back When: www.waybackwhenrecords.com / Even Worse www.evenworserecords.com)

I've probably said it before, but the BILL BONDSMEN are one of the more underrated, overlooked punk bands in the US and have been banging out quality sounds for years, without fitting any strict mold. They've released their second two-song 7" ("Nineteen" b/w "Things Fall Apart") of the year. It's dark and menacing, with vocals teetering close to the edge of sanity and a fiery, hard-edged mid-tempo wallop, especially for the frayed charge of "Things Fall Apart." (4TG Productions, 15106 Paris, Detroit, MI 48101, billbondsmendetroit@gmail.com)

SCHOOL JERKS have a handful of 7"s under their belt and now commit to the 12" format on a self-titled album. It's pressed on lime-green vinyl or maybe an approximation of the color of infected nasal discharge. I have no idea. But it's quality burn with a snarlin', snotty punk sound. There are older touchpoints for sure—it has that SoCal flavor (they ain't called Jerks for nothing), executed in the same manner that AMDI PETERSENS ARME used a decade ago. Vocals aren't so much enunciated as spat out with a tantrum-like cadence. The music is lean and mean—buzzing guitar, ratty drums, played fast and not messing around with anything too complicated. No grand statements, no polished production—just a bashing good time. (Grave Mistake, www.gravemistakerecords.com)

DESPERAT, with members of Swedish legends MOB 47 and WARVICTIMS, have several releases already and Beach Impediment records have released a US pressing of their first 7", *Demokrati Eller Diktatur?* On the lyric sheet, it says "Once hardcore, always fucking raw hardcore!" And they live up to it—blazing fodder in a classic Swedish vein. No low tunings, just a razor-sharp sound. (beachimpedimentrecords.blogspot.com)

Ending with something much different, ARCTIC FLOWERS have a new five song, self-released 12", *Procession*. The Flowers maintain their forceful melodicism while offering different shadings. There are the sturdy, hard-edged rockers like "True Words" and "The Wrecking" but "Strange Ports Of Call," takes a different turn. It fades in and then out and sounds like an excerpt of a longer song. While other songs hint at it, this one delves into the early '80s gothic/post-punk realm, riding a NEW ORDER-ish bass-line and adding effects to Alex's voice so it sounds like she's beneath the surface Once again, there's stellar and dynamic interplay between the instruments, with Lee's supple bass-lines complemented perfectly by Stan's stinging, haunting guitar and nuanced drumming that picks up the pace where necessary or percolates gently under the melody. There's not one song that really grabs you like "Crusaders + Banshees" on the first album—it's a bit more tempered, overall, but the songs have stick-in-head presence. (arcticflowers.wordpress.com)

Plenty more reviews can be found on my blog at subvox.blogspot.com

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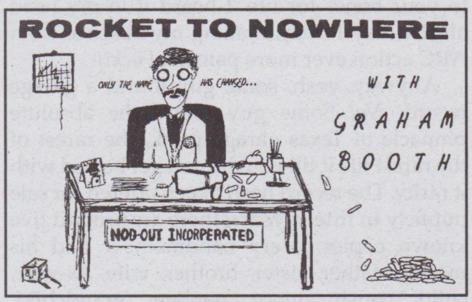

So, thanks to the job (Thanks?), I've had to make some tough calls this fall, the toughest being the decision to sit out both mega record fairs this month: the Austin Record Convention (ARC), and the WFMU Record Fair. I always look forward to both fairs, as well as recounting the events for y'all in this here column. WFMU especially is one of the few real world venues left you can actually walk in and hope to fill a bag full with records... not the kind of mercy buys we've all grown accustomed to of late, but a nice stack of wantlist items you're specifically looking for at the time. You never know what it's gonna be, but there always seems to be something sitting in some box that blows your mind.

Unfortunately I won't be able to give you my typical on the ground play by play recap this year. All I can tell you is that despite some lackluster reports, ARC managed to deliver a couple massive blows to the collective psyche via typical hushed tones and secret conversations.

I got word of the first sitting on a bus on my way to work that Friday, the first day of ARC. Prefaced with some condition woes, a buddy pulled a used copy of the first DANGEROUS RHYTHM 45 from 1979, aka *Stray Cat Blues*. I've talked this record up plenty in another column many months (years?) ago, but the quick scum stats are, this is the first punk record from Mexico, this is an all-time worldwide '70s crude punk classic, and this record is nearly extinct amongst collectors. I haven't heard of another copy surfacing since I got my copy several years ago, but it ain't for the lack of trying! One of the few essential punk 45s I can think of that the geezers had never heard of in the '90s, if one ever appears eBay, you'll be going up against some padded retirement accounts, if not some European prince. Sorry people!

As if that uber rarity wasn't enough, imagine my chagrin at the follow-up text a few minutes later. "E*** got GREEN FUZ." Ok, Ok, Ok. First off, GREEN FUZ is a '60s garage record. I'm sure many of you are familiar with the name, as it's one of the most legendary Texas garage rarities, comped and re-comped, reissued and reissued so many times over the years, starting way back in the '70s on

the PEBBLES series. Cruder than crude, with the utmost of tantalizing monikers RANDY ALVEY & THE GREEN FUZ delivers garage at its most enigmatic in thick drunken southern drawl. It sure doesn't sound like much at first, but give it a few spins and that one will stick to your bones for life. I heard it in my head all that day Friday, making my absence from ARC action ever more painful. *Fuck!!*

Anyway, yeah, some guy found a garage record. *No!* Some guy found the absolute pinnacle of Texas garage punk, the rarest of the rarest file it till you die and get buried with it rarity. The record hasn't been offered for sale publicly in fifteen years, there are around five known copies, every bandmember and his mother, father, sister, brother, wife, ex-wife, child, cousin, niece, nephew, grandchild, highschool classmate, garbage man, chamber of commerce was already contacted ten years ago. If you collect garage, you will fixate on this shit for your entire life and you will never even come close to owning a copy of this record. This is on some Mona Lisa shit. *Fuck!!*

That was Friday. I kept checking in with people after that, but nobody was giving me shit—"mellow finds," "nothing crazy." Who knows what was out there? I know I would've found some crazy shit and I doubt anyone would even give most of it a second glance. That's why *I need to be* at these things. Boxes and boxes of records going straight back to storage… or the dump. Oh yeah, and people are saying that might've been the last ARC ever. Aggghhh!

Yeah, so ARC's over. Whatabout WFMU? I tried and tried for the three weeks leading up to WFMU to get a plane ticket, but shit was so unreasonable. I opted not to go. I guess you all know now, WFMU didn't happen because it coincided with the whole Armageddon NYC 2012 hurricane disaster power outage. I like to think it was cancelled because I couldn't be there. I've been there for the last ten years straight, flying from wherever I needed to, to get my punky fix and bump elbows with famous collector. Fuck this shit.

But I'm also back to buying way too many records. Actually I'm not, but I seem to have less money than the last time I had a job so I've had to make my play moolah stretch pretty thin. There are so many crazy records still out there, on eBay and shit. I cannot believe I still get like five to ten '70s/'80s punky/DIY/powerpop records a month for my collection. I think I have them all. But I'm apparently not even close because I keep having to buy the shit.

Here's a few highlights I got recently. I finally got a STIPHNOYDS 7" back!! Fuck, that was tough as hell. I got that in like 1996 when a box of those showed up, presumably straight from GREG SAGE (WIPERS) who produced/released the record on his Portland based TRAP records, seemed like there were a lot of them. I traded it. I guess there weren't a lot of them. It took fifteen years.

I also finally got my BROKEN TALENT *Blood Slut* 7" fix on. This record is a fucking killer trash punk killer from Miami, so shitty and stupid as fukk. It used to seem common like $20, but this shit is unfindable now so it took forever. This makes me think of another Florida record that seemed common and cheap five years ago, but now it's all expensive (???) that stupid SECTOR FOUR 7" (yeah, I traded it, got one?).

And maybe the biggest sigh of relief of late was snagging the REVOLVERS *Gimmeyermonkay* 7" from Cleveland circa 1983. Talk about an obscure record, I barely even heard of it… this one just never pops up. One of those secret records that gets the most obsessive scum out there in a panic, I knew the jig was up, and I've been on the lookout for years. Finally nailed one down, and while the pop punk A-side is prolly the crowd pleaser, the flip is sick lo-fi crude pop that is super infectious despite one of the worst live recordings ever. Wonder if they recorded much else?

I also balled out on a questionable USHC LP, this will be my 3rd attempt with the elusive AMERICAN DREAM 12" EP from 1984 outta Pennsylvania. I remember finding that shit way back around 2001, there wasn't a peep online or otherwise about it. I've since sold 'em off twice, but I can't help but think there's something more going on there that I missed.

And so the collecting rolls on, time willing with reduced hours. You'd think, 20 years in, it might be time to think about retiring, but fuck, I'm apparently not even close. Maybe in another 20 years?!

How long is this zine on? Three decades and I bet even in this issue there will be someone still struggling with defining punk. It's like life, it's on for more than 30 years and we still try to figure out why or just what's the point anyway. But this constant search for the meaning of punk is part of the magic surrounding this amazing international culture of everyone who is mentally smashing important things during daydreaming sessions, or who feel alienated and can indulge her or himself in lovely dissonant music, hummed by the youth in rage and recorded through broken recording devices. I think I did my part in defining my punk within these lines in some previous columns, thus the topic this time around will be slightly different.

Now I wanna talk about the rules in punk. Which is for sure stupid, but these things are coming back all the time to bother us. In a way I like to look on punk as someone said about porn: it's impossible to define but we know it when we see it. Thus although I hate rules, I like to keep my natural judgment on things. Which is like what Spiderman has for danger. My head starts to bleep and vibrate when I encounter something that just feels like total bullshit. Although, I also know that I'm not the centre of this world, so sometimes I do have to get used to other people's way of existence, even if it bothers the hell out of me.

Most of the time when I'm at a show I go right up front to only see the band and no one else. 'Cause I don't wanna care about people and their surrounding reality. I have collected many bruises and other difficulties due to people at shows and, while they could have spared me these injuries, I never raised my voice because I just didn't give that much of a fuck. As I think about it, it's in the game. That's my stoic existentialist view of the world: even assholes are a part of living through a life. Somehow I created my space of living as to just focus on things in their purest form and this way I try to avoid all the social rules and disturbances. I try to listen to bands without too much context. I try not to care that much about how to fit in. I just try to be myself and not to want to hurt people who don't deserve it. But I wanna be happy, so I want bands to make me feel good. I don't go into this game with empty hands. I'm open to anything that's real and honest and not jazz. So I say there is not that much of need for rules in punk, other than what feels natural. And since being a punk is never forced, it has its natural feelings, an unwritten code of honor.

Like maybe many people would think, some messed up ultra-communist, non-sexual, pc-fascist, lifeless losers who listen to and interview bands who don't even exist run this magazine. But the truth is when I was at the compound one of the shitworkers, or just a friend who was hanging there, invited us to a crusade to get my nose broken by tits at a strip joint. And later in the heat of the party after the failed mission, when we got back to the compound—and due to some messed up circumstances—I dropped my pants and did the *Silence of the Lambs* scene with a bit more flashing. People there who were, I guess, mostly girls just laughed. I had discussion of sex and was pulling out some friendly European neighbor-country racism stuffs, and although I was afraid they would fire me from the magazine when they actually met me in person, I actually had a great time there and never really felt I have to think twice about the stuffs in my head. I was among the coolest, nicest, funniest people.

It's just if you are punk you know the rules by your nature. And of course nothing comes for free so sometimes there is a road to take to become the person you finally feel comfortable being. Which is, I guess, just a modest way to say how to be self-righteous. But I mean, we are born stupid and then we experience and get to know other things; so never be afraid to improve and question yourself and your surroundings, but also never force anything that doesn't feel natural. But sadly for some people natural is what is fucked up for others.

Good thing I write for *MRR*, which means whatever I say is right.

This whole topic came to my mind due to two things. First, there was one minor incident in the brief past at a local show where a friend of mine, who also is my roommate, got drunk at a NO TOLERANCE show and went to the first row with a sip-full glass of beer. The lame mosh-bro vibe started and the beer was spilled and some old fuck started threatening my friend with killing him and another guy spat on my pal.

The next day the comment war started on a local message board about the ethics and rules of who stands where and with what in which shows. And while my opinion is everybody should stand wherever they want with whatever they want, the more I started thinking about how this really shouldn't even need to be discussed. But somehow these are the rituals and cultish debating methods we always come back to.

The best shows are always the ones where something unexpected and unoccasional happens. I hate it when people are forcing these irregular joyful moments. When it gets awkward to watch how some people just have the *idea* to have fun, but they are not actually doing it, just imitating. I hate bands that ask their audience to come closer and sing along, or throw around motions, like they are directing you what to do to their music. I guess they don't realize that they aren't playing for the audience then or mostly for themselves, but they act like their audience is apparently there more to entertain them. Play better music or find your specific crowd if you want a specific reaction. And to assume your crowd likes your music enough to know the lyrics and have the will to dance, but some just need you to remind them? Saying such things is definitely beyond my understanding of how people look on each other, or should look on each other, especially at a punk gig.

This week I was listening to some inspirational master class where a successful and really talented screenwriter was telling his audience about how to be a writer. It had no influence on me. 'Cause the thing is, I guess if you are really gonna be a good writer you don't need the influence from others, to find yourself in other people's success. The only thing this guy kept repeating was how he knows that he doesn't know anything. So he is not a writer. Neither am I. And I never wanted to be. I just have to tell my things to people and this is the laziest way. I'm a punk and I don't need anyone to tell me how to be punk. If you are punk, then rules—no matter who is telling you them—wouldn't affect you. Even if you read *MRR*. It really just has to come to you naturally.

The other thing that triggered this flood of rambled thoughts is the release of the new BAADER BRAINS LP. The record is great, of course, but they flipped the switch in my brain about their modus operandi. I might know the real identity of some of the members or I might not. You could never know. This is for example one of their rules that gets broken. Here's this band, which might not have changed the world for me, but they made me think and I might have changed the world inside of myself thanks to them. For me punk is what could happen anywhere anytime. They set up the aura of their stages, they think forward, they have plans. For me punk is instant and spontaneous when it comes to putting yourself out there. Yet they wear masks.

Once they played behind a white curtain that only let the audience see their silhouettes. This made me think—what's the *real* difference then between a show and just a simple musical experience, listening to a record, or whatever? Are they somehow faceless when they put more effort into creating something that other new bands barely even ever tried? Does it even really matter to see someone's face, their gestures? Or, on the other hand, is it enough to feel a band's pretence and ritualized emotional displays under totally controlled circumstances. Could more "real" music come through a white curtain? Do names matter? Their former bands? Have you read their survival notebooks? Does anyone care?

This band brings me that much food for thought I feel like I'm on a "What's Punk?" feast. And while their music stands out in balancing crushing hardcore, visceral punk melodies, experimental collage samplings and battle hymn anthems, their music sounds just like everything else they do, as part of a bigger plan. As a weapon—something above us while it's among us. As if looking for whatever is inside you and how to bring it out in the most proper way. This is why those masks are not covering anything that is important, but making us see what is. Some bands are more than music even if they are actually great at song writing too. And although I would love to write amazing sentences about every band, that would be a rule for myself that I just won't follow now. Just be yourself kid!

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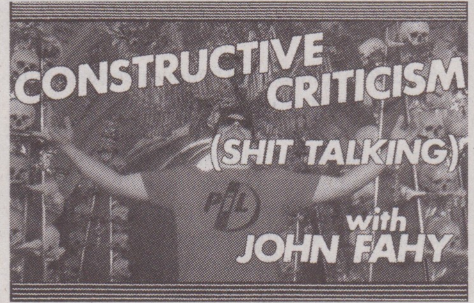


You Can Stop Now, I'm Already Dead.

Hello punk youth, I have returned with another unreasonably late column and a brand new column header. The photo was taken by my friend Robbie in the Sedlec Ossuary, or to us moronic punk rockers, "the bone church." The church is filled and decorated with the remains of 40,000 Czechs killed by the Black Death plague centuries ago. Monks, some of whom were blind, constructed the bones into decorative items like chandeliers, and then also massive internal structures like dense skull pyramids. Each time one of my bands has visited the Czech Republic we have been unable to leave without seeing the ossuary, an awesomely morbid tourist attraction. My own stupid pictured posturing aside, seeing gauntlet-ed black metal dorks *actually posing* for photographs with gloom-face is a pretty hysterical side attraction of "the bone church."

Keeping with a death vibe, this month I would like to talk about a phenomenon that constantly sets my mind reeling when I have time to investigate it; last words. Last words are often a vehicle to make someone who was already a big deal, seem like an even bigger deal; but many times they show a person of any status or background at their most honest and naked. When someone is dying, real character emerges and people deal with it in every way imaginable. Some are grumpy and impatient, others are full of wisdom and forgiveness and all mannerisms on. Who could not be gripped with wonder and horror at the last moments of a human being on earth and what they do with that moment based on what they have done with their own lives thus far? There is no more perfect time in our lives to show what we're made of, to say something poignant, something prophetic, or speak utter Truth as we understand it. The regret, or lack thereof, on display in final moments is maybe one of the most terrifying and beautiful things I can think of; a time to celebrate or rue the past and fear or embrace the beyond. It is a time to show what we also think of life—if it is an important thing we are graced with and are obliged to aspire to improve the world, or if the entire thing is a crap shoot and in the words of R. Crumb's Mr. Natural, "don't mean sheeit.."

If someone uses humor in their last moments, I find that deeply courageous and also somewhat subversive. Voltaire was asked on his deathbed to disavow Satan and he told the priest that this was "no time to be making new enemies." His grave also simply reads, "Here Lies Voltaire." Oscar Wilde ordered champagne on his deathbed and quipped that he was "dying beyond [his] means." Another final quote attributed to Wilde is, "either that wallpaper goes, or I do." That's some good fucking goofin' right there. Dominique Bouhours, French Grammarian, may not have been attempting to be humorous but still delivered in a life-summarizing final quote; "I am about to—or I am going to—die: either expression is correct." George Carlin's tombstone reads, at his own request, "Jeez, he was just here a minute ago."

I believe this kind of "here today, gone tomorrow" aspect of death baffled and concerned my father when he heard of someone suddenly dying. He seemed to think it was just daffy—almost to the point of laughter at how absurd life is—that people could suddenly disappear. I think it rubbed off on me a bit, because when my father suddenly

died nine years after my mother, I wasn't terribly surprised. I got a phone call from my brother and quickly returned home, seeing an ambulance leave on my way in. I saw my brother inside, upset and alerting friends and family of the bad news. Across from him sat a police officer. Confused, I asked why she was there and she told me that until a body is removed a police officer must remain on site. I was shocked to learn my dad was still physically there, thinking the ambulance carried his remains. I stepped into the bedroom and saw him on the floor, cold. The most terrifying fact of death is the instantaneous conversion to stiff matter and the loss of all human tenderness. Still, I was ready and I had my dad's idea of life's absurdity circling in my mind—it was, after all, only fair that after we laughed at the suddenly-dead, that our turn would come up. Soon a middle aged gentleman and a young eastern European girl showed up from the funeral home. They took my dad's body out to the garage and loaded him up in their vehicle while my brother and I watched with my dad's girlfriend.

This is one of those social situations that is strange, to say the least. You're meeting two strangers on the day your loved one dies and while they're used to it, you empathize with them having to enter someone's house in a crazy situation and pick up dead folks amid relatives that probably usually freak out way more than my brother and I were. So we make pleasant chat with them, because after all, it's not their fault or anything. Before they're ready to leave, the gent gives his respects and we exchange one or two more pleasantries while the girl is awkwardly turning toward the car and then back to us and toward the car again, unsure of when it's OK to leave, due to the nature of the conversation. In this moment she says, "Uh, OK... Um, bye! *Sor-ryyyyyyyyyy.*" Like the sort of thing you would say if you kind of knocked into someone's shopping cart at the supermarket, not hauled away a dead dad. Instantly the absurdity hit me as her comment left me egg-faced and dimmed my eyes into bleak cynicism of the indignity of the moment. Still, her goof was admirable; hysterical in its inappropriate nature and it was a helpful reminder that shit happens and life goes on.

I think the last words that speak to what there is to fear of death are usually aimed at the regrets of a life, more than simply that life is ending. Louis B. Mayer, Hollywood's early tyrannical, manipulative, fabulously wealthy producer, died repeating, "Nothing matters." Fucking bleak. James Joyce is reported to have said, "Does nobody understand?" Winston Churchill simply stated, "I'm bored with it all," before slipping into a coma and dying. Desperation, exhaustion and defeat for three men who would be lauded as greatly advancing their respective areas of expertise.

Only a year after my father died, my grandfather was dying of stomach cancer. My grandfather was a life-of-the-party type, but kind, fair, generous. He never liked to see anyone sitting alone while he was entertaining a crew of people. He organized big, crazy trips for the family and was all around a fun, good guy. At times, he was prone to depression and getting diagnosed with cancer certainly exacerbated that. Deep into chemo treatment, my grandfather was on as many anti-depressants as cancer medicine. Finally faced with a loved one who wasn't dying suddenly, I worked up my courage to say goodbye to a man I love, which wasn't easy without breaking down completely. Unable to go full-throttle, I simply took his hand and told him that, "we had a lot of good times together." He looked at me and said, "Yeah... and now it's all coming to an end." The goof was on me again as my heartfelt moment was totally outmaneuvered by my grandfather's supremely unforgiving depression. I later found it pretty funny how not-easy-on my grandfather was to his final visitors.

Sometimes a situation for final words really makes all the difference in the power of them. John Wayne Gacy, unlike many other serial killers, who usually find religion, repent and have bland last words like, "give my love to my family," gave an enormous, terrifying fuck-you to authorities when strapped in the electric chair. Showing unyielding viciousness and sadism, Gacy told his audience "Kiss my ass!" And speaking of his other undiscovered victims, said, "You'll never find the rest!" A chilling farewell to the world by an abiding maniac. In the face of similar sadism, Abigail Folger spoke the title of this column to her Manson Family killers on Sharon Tate's front lawn, after being stabbed an absurd number of times.

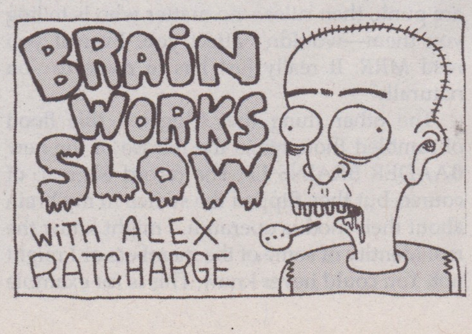
Some people say something that completely underplays the seriousness of the moment. Conrad Hilton, founder of the hotel chain, was asked for words of wisdom, to which he replied, "Keep the shower curtain inside the tub." Robert Alton Harris, a knuckleheaded kidnapper, murderer and robber, upon execution invoked fucking *Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey* with "You might be a king or a street sweeper, but everyone dances with the grim reaper."

Suicide is something I believe people should have the right to do, if they are of sound mind. I think Wendy O. Williams' note is a perfect argument as such; "The act of taking my own life is not something I am doing without a lot of thought. I don't believe that people should take their own lives without deep and thoughtful reflection over a considerable period of time. I do believe strongly, however, that the right to do so is one of the most fundamental rights that anyone in a free society should have. For me much of the world makes no sense, but my feelings about what I am doing ring loud and clear to an inner ear and a place where there is no self, only calm. Love always, Wendy." As much as this one is a better argument, I find actor George Sanders' note just as valid and actually prefer it for its morbid rebelliousness and cynical derision. It states: "Dear World, I am leaving you because I am bored. I feel I have lived long enough. I am leaving you with your worries in this sweet cesspool—good luck."

The "fuck-you" aspect of epitaphs, suicide notes and last words is one of my favorites. In one respect, one of the best fuck-you's to the situation of imminent death was handled by Aldous Huxley who simply submitted a written request to his wife; "LSD. 100 milligrams." To be dying is to have crazy thrust upon you. To respond by taking a shitload of acid—Mrs. Huxley responded with 200 milligrams (she then kindly whispered reassurances in his ear while he surely blasted off into outer fucking space before passing away)—is to completely out-crazy the situation and take control. I quite admire that. If there were ever a time to get completely mental, that would be it. Alas, there is no greater fuck you to the world and personal enemies than the suicide of Christine Chubbuck.

Christine was a South Florida television host that had few friends and no love interests until her death. She was a volunteer at disabled children's hospitals and an advocate of community and environmental issues on her live television talk show. Sinking further into depression at being a virgin at the age of 30 and having a work crush go unrequited, the last straw for Chubbuck was a producer who encouraged maximizing coverage of "blood and guts." Christine got into an argument with the producer after her show was cut to present a live police chase in the hope of carnage. The following day, Christine started her show with an irregular news briefing. After a technical difficulty was fixed, Christine reappeared and said, "In keeping with Channel 40's policy of bringing you the latest in blood and guts and in living color, you are going to see another first—attempted suicide." Christine produced a .38 caliber pistol and fired it into her head behind the ear. Network staff and viewers at home first believed it to be a joke but the show cut to a re-run of a movie. Christine's notes for the news segment included instructions to follow the suicide attempt for fellow staffers, including scripted lines about herself being in Sarasota Hospital in "critical condition." Chubbuck's act was horrifying, tragic and completely disdainful to the world she no longer cared for. Misguided or not, she did have complete control and ruthlessly exacted revenge on her workplace rival.

That's all for this month. Send me some of your own thoughts on this subject here: fahy_john@hotmail.com or at 15011 Lakeside View dr./Apt. 2402/Fort Myers/FL/33919/USA



If Flipper were awkward, No Trend were just not part of this world. Coming from an early harDCore scene made up of a bunch of young energetic straight edge kids playing 1-2-1-2 fast punk, No Trend were dark, slow, negative, creepy, cynical, confrontational, anti-conformist, nihilistic and they didn't give a shit wether they were liked or not. Actually, scratch that—the band strived to be hated, and when their dark post-punk/no wave sound started to gather an audience, they just went on to play even stranger music (see their mind-fucking 1987 album *Tritonian Nash–Vegas Polyester Complex* for reference.) They wanted to alienate people, and they did.

A couple years back I sent some questions to Jack Anderson, bassist in the '83–'84 period of the band. My mate Julien from *Freak Out* zine helped me a bit. The result was already published in issue 23 of *Negative Guest List* and on the *Ratcharge* blog, but I've been blasting *Too Many Humans* a lot lately, plus I got no time to write anything else this month so I figured schooling a few more people on No Trend would be better than schooling them on how to be a total flake.

It should be noted that Jeff Mentges, No Trend's singer and leader, is "not interested" in answering most interviews or discussing the band; a great article featuring his side of the story is featured on the *Ny Press* website (title: *No Trend didn't just go against the grain, they shoved it in the faces of the pretentious hardcore fans.*) In said article Buck Parr ('85-'86 guitarist of the band) summed it all up in a few words: "So few people comprehended the band because it was the band's intention to fuck with its audience's expectations. No Trend, regardless of what anyone is telling you now, was not about making music that people would actually enjoy. The band was more about alienating and confusing people, including whatever limited fan base it was able to gain. We wanted a freak show. No Trend was more than the music they put out—they were almost like theatre, some terrifying experiment in mass psychology or crowd manipulation. But the music was insanely great, as well. There was no one else like them."

Nowadays dozens of bands are influenced by the likes of Flipper and No Trend, but most of them are missing the point. If you truly want to be a 2013 equivalent of No Trend, you need to start playing something new, something no one will get and no one will like—what about distorted polka mixed with oriental music, a few ska breakdowns, blastbeats and lyrics with a bit of *meaning*? Now *that* would be confrontational and alienating for today's nihilistic punk sheep.

***

How old were you when No Trend started? What kind of neighbourhood did you guys live in, what kind of kids were you? How did you all meet each other and how did the idea of the band come together? Did you have an idea of what you wanted the band to be like or did it just develop naturally? Do you remember the band's very first jam? What kind of bands were you into at the time?

I should start by saying there was a revolving door of members over the existence of the band. I was one of many and not part of the very original incarnation, so I can really only speak of my time in the band. I was eighteen when I joined, as was everybody else. We all lived in the suburbs of Virginia and Maryland, outside of DC. The original core of the band was Jeff Mentges (vocals) and Frank Price (guitar) who both lived in Maryland. Greg Miller (drums) and I (bass) lived in Virginia. We all met through the DC punk scene. Jeff and Frank conceived of the band and they were definitely aware of what they wanted. What I remember of our first get together was we went into the basement to an old abandoned house in the woods near were Greg and I lived. We talked about what kind of music we liked—punk, noise, '60s psychedelic garage bands—bands that had the trait of originality; we smoked pot, hung out and found a book with nothing but full page black and white photos of babies' faces. The book was pretty weird so we all figured it was a good omen and then we went and jammed.

Was the band formed in reaction to something, to piss some people off, or were the negative reactions you received just a by-product of honestly expressing yourselves? What I mean is, how much of the No Trend personality was purely genuine and how much of it, if any, was some sort of act?

It was totally genuine, but definitely with a wink and nod towards making fun of people and things. We were pretty pissed kids at the time. But we were also reacting to the conformity of the punk scene that liked to think of itself as very individualistic. But after Frank and I left the band, Jeff did turn it into a parody of itself—but that was still in keeping with the genuine spirit of the band since the beginning. At least that's how I think he sees it.

What was No Trend's relationship with the whole Dischord crowd? It seems to be an established fact that the young DC straightedge scene hated your guts, but were there ever any real clashes or did you just quietly despise each other? No Trend's "message" and attitude was pretty much the opposite of the early Dischord bands mentality, were you actually concerned about pissing these people off? How often did you see all these bands live, Minor Threat, SOA, the Bad Brains, Faith and so on? What about Void, were you aware of their existence? I feel like their sound, aesthetics and lyrics were closer to the No Trend mentality than any other DC HC band of the time.

Void is my favorite of all the Dischord bands. I saw them whenever I could. They were great. We played a few shows together. Prior to No Trend, and even after I left, I saw all those bands pretty regularly. I liked some more than others. The Bad Brains were incredible. There was some tension between No Trend and Dischord, but it wasn't really what it's been played up to be. We were young then and liked to provoke stuff. There was a sense among some people that it wasn't "good for the scene." But in hindsight it was just being young and pissed. I can say there are no hard feelings. We recently talked with Ian about the very odd and typical No Trend idea of re-releasing some of the old stuff on Dischord. He ultimately declined on the idea, but we certainly had friendly discussions and mutual respect. So we've all grown up.

Did No Trend have any peers in the music scene? These days the band is usually referenced in the same breathe as Flipper and, to a lesser degree, Public Image Limited. Were you into these bands at the time?

We were into Flipper and PiL for sure. I guess Flipper was a sort of peer, but I didn't really know them. Half Japanese comes to mind. We played a handful of shows together. There was a band in Houston, Texas called Culturcide that we really dug. I guess you could consider them a peer.

***Teen Love* and *Too Many Humans* were self-released in the U.S., what motivated that choice? Were there any other bands/labels that inspired you to do it yourselves?**

The DIY approach was just how it was done. It came naturally. The releases were in the U.S. because that's where we lived and toured.

How did you end up releasing *Too Many Humans* in Europe through the French label L'Invitation Au Suicide? Did you get any feedback from France and Europe at the time the record came out?

I believe that was a bootleg that was given to them by a former manager—from my understanding. The band wasn't involved. I certainly wasn't.

You stopped playing in No Trend in 1984. How did that happen? Was it because of personal reasons or because you didn't enjoy the direction the music was going in? Did you keep in touch with the other guys; did you continue keeping an eye on what the band was up to?

Jeff Mentges was No Trend. He was the front man and leader. By the Fall of '84 he wanted to really live up to the band's name and make it something else. It was just a natural transition with a bit of personal stuff. I moved onto photography—but yeah we stayed in touch. Frank and Greg are dead now, but Jeff and I are still in touch. I've followed what the rest of them have been up to.

Do you know the story of how the band ended up collaborating with Lydia Lunch?

That was after my time, so I don't really know.

What happened to Jeff Mentges? What is he doing today?

Jeff is married with three kids. He lives on the Eastern Shore of Maryland and goes hunting a lot. He made a film based on the life of porn-star John Holmes after No Trend ended, but he's not doing film or music anymore.

Is there any chance of seeing No Trend's records reissued in the future? Is it true that

the master tapes were burned? Is that for all releases? How did that happen?

We have been exploring the idea of a reissue for a number of years. We're just waiting for the right arrangement. There are outtakes but nothing worth putting out. Jeff and I haven't come to an agreement about exactly what to reissue. We've been working together with another former member, Buck Parr, on this for a while, but not as much of a priority. Jeff's not all that interested in dealing with the band anymore so it's been slow going. We'll see.

The masters were destroyed at the last show. If the stuff ever comes out again it will be remastered from virgin vinyl.

In retrospect, would you say that No Trend's negativity and misanthropy were youthful sentiments or did you carry them with you as you got older? How do you feel looking back at some of the lyrics on *Too Many Humans*?

We were young then. If I listen to the lyrics now, they sound like the rantings of an angry young man with a valid point to make. Some of those songs still entertain me for what they're worth.

Tell us about your current band, HUG. What is your life like today, what kind of neighbourhood do you live in and what kind of music are you into?

HUG is a band that's been making a mess around the Austin music scene with our party-style for thirteen years now, to the wonder and delight of a few and the dismay and disgust of many.

I work as the staff photographer at the local alternative weekly in Austin and own a house in the city. I'm happily married with a son who is about to graduate from college. I'm really proud of him. He's a far superior musician technically, compared to me. His band is going to play with HUG for the first time at show in a few months. I'm looking forward to that. He'll probably kick our ass.

Oh look, a tour column. Last week I drove one thousand and thirty eight miles around this funny little island. Due to exorbitant rental prices, it was easier to take two vehicles: a small van with three seats and gear, and my faithful little car in which rode the farting majority. We are two bands, but only six people: Good Throb and Hunger. Refreshingly, we're three dudes and three women, and within that there are also two couples: there's myself and Ben, stellar life-dude/banana wielder above, who plays drums and sings in Hunger, and Ashleigh and Louis, rhythm section of the Throb, still in full on grope-y honeymooner mode, bless them.

We started in Reading, Ash and Louis's hometown, a non-descript commuter blotch around a half hour from London. I can hear the outrage as I write this, but that is, plainly, what Reading is, although not without friendly folk, as was witnessed by the amazing gig which took place, ostensibly in a shopping centre, and didn't kick off till 11pm, which is very unusual in our entertainments-license beholden country. It was more of an arcade, if you will, which the folks putting the gig on lived above, in a strange flat which was mostly a four flight stairwell with rooms off it that faced straight onto the local Burger King. Oh, I didn't mention it was Halloween. Ash and Louis had had time to conceptualize a seriously detailed Sid and Nancy get up—obviously Louis was a stockings and suspenders blonde as Nancy and Ash was butched up (well, as butched up as you need to be to do Sid, which is not very) as Vicious. I had time for none of this having come straight from work, but improved something fairly successful by drawing eyes all over on my face? Whatever works. The show was crazy, Hunger did a storming Lurkers cover (Hunger sounds like Bone Awl or some shit so I'll leave you to imagine that) while we played sloppy, but as well as conceivably could have in near total darkness. It was a great start.

After various fuck-ups, logistical wrangles and frustrations, standard start-of-tour fayre, we (via London to get yet more gear, etc) hotfooted it to Nottingham a few hours north, in our separate vehicles. Arriving early at Henry's, man of decadent tastes and a dab hand with a cello, we ate incredible food and headed over to the venue—a new punk-run DIY space called J.T Soar, an old fruit and vegetable warehouse. It's been being used as a recording studio. We play with Scotland's finest, Clocked Out, whose wily ways and amusing phraseology was to be the toast of the next few days.

We have no gig in Sheffield, but I have two very good friends I want to share with the band and it's as good a time as any for a day off. Jamie and Charlotte are the kind of people who exist such a strong aesthetic universe that it's hard not to be pulled in breathless straight away. Charlotte knows everything about teen girl punk mythologies and unseen horror films, Jamie knows everything about women rappers and makes queer occult house music in a one man band called Poisonous Relationship. So, of course we went to the mountains.

The peaks up there seemed like the end of the world and the fog did not tell us any different. We ate Chinese food and then played a manic game of AtmosFear, the video board game that's so strongly connected with being eight years old it feels like regression therapy. We left all too soon and headed north for Edinburgh. This drive was long. You could head up and trace the coast to Berwick-upon-Tweed, or cut a brave swathe through Northumbria National Park, which was the route we chose while the van headed seawards. The journey was a blur of orange and red leaves, the landscape so unfamiliar to anything in the south of England. A really creepy building had a sign informing passers-by that it was the last café in England, but it was shut. We pissed next to a reservoir. Edinburgh crept up on us, strange city on a rock, and we caught up with the woman who birthed Swift (the other half of Hunger) and then headed to the venue, a Tibetan café run by a man called Dashi and his friend, and the very friendly promoters who showed us to the room we'd play in, adorned with prayer flags and strictly 'shoes-off.' I broke a string. There was a bonfire outside. Dashi decided to do an impromptu set on a really old Tibetan banjo that was hidden out the back, just after a band called Fat Janitor played a set of complex, but pleasurable Jesus Lizard-y pedal rawk. The architecture in Edinburgh, as with Glasgow, where we'd head next, dumbfounded me as it does every time I see it—five or six story old stone tenements, ceilings high enough to create rooms within rooms, different possibilities. All the more surprising that, in order to combat slum landlords, the multiple occupancy laws around more than three people living in one of these huge flats. I think of my house in London, unusually large for the city, but still housing six humans in four rooms—such a contrast to the box room life of London and the south east, and so much older. The palpable lack of new development in glass and girders in both cities, at least so it seemed, was refreshing. The following morning we climbed Arthur's Seat, a huge hill in the centre of the city, and I fell over a lot on the way down and fucked my ankle.

We were playing with Lotus Fucker, also on tour in this uncharacteristically busy week, and Clocked Out, who'd just returned from their Euro jaunt, at the 13th Note in Glasgow. Everyone in the bands who'd not been there before loved it as much as I thought they would, with almost everyone making dinner plans to move up there ASAP. It could have been the ready availability of stunningly delicious vegan food or the easy smiles of strangers, but everyone ruled, Mick and Crawford, Alice and Alan and all the Clocked Out folk who showed us the ultimate good time. I was sulking over something or other (oh yeah, stringing a top-E where my D should have been and sounding like total shit) so I missed most of Lotus Fucker, but still saw a flying crutch, so it went off as suspected. We traipsed through the pissing Glaswegian rain to Nice and Sleazy's and consumed Jaegerbombs and beers to stave off the cold.

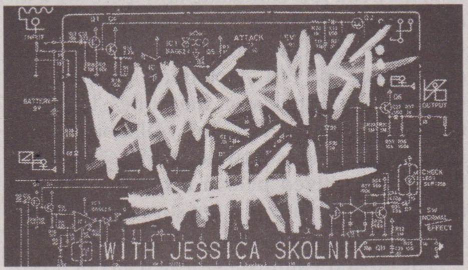
The drive south back into England took us down the other side of this, the thinnest section of the country, and seemed long at 5.5 hours, even though this tiny island can be crossed top to toe in no more than twelve. On the outskirts of Manchester my tiny car came so close, stuck in traffic with *no* fuel at all, to outright dying. I've never been so pleased to

see a Shell logo. We played another super-fun house show, on Halloween proper this time, in the basement of a house in the Chorlton area. I had a case of the doldrums, but still managed to do my face like a zombie Ziggy stardust using only the contents of my makeup bag.

Bradford took us to the legendary 1 in 12 social club and a gig with the always-brilliant Endless Rope. To say it wasn't busy would be an understatement, but hanging out at the UK's finest autonomous punk space, and eating excellent stew while hanging out with excellent humes meant it didn't matter. We butchered a Black Easter covered and then met a guy who'd seen them, ouch. Hilariously our reputation as oppositional feminist killjoys must have preceded us, as a guy in a Burzum shirt who chatted to Ben outside the gig told how he couldn't afford to pay in, but that his friends in a band from London had told him to check us out, which seemed, well, odd as that same band's drummer said I should get raped with a firework. In a further twist, a woman who was with him gave a parting shot to Pat, the promoter's boyfriend, apropos of nothing, in the form of "Be careful you don't catch AIDs and die on your way out you poof." Figures.

The drive from Yorkshire down to Kent was another "you take the high road and I'll take the low road" type situation which worked in the car's favor as the van did the M1 got a little stuck on the M25. We pootled (verb?) down the A1 road in the late autumn sun and spent a good few hours without a recognisable place name, which is the best thing about seeing new parts of the country. The Kent gig we'd managed to sneak onto, it was a test case for the studio space of a very-legit Theatre in the centre of Canterbury, a stone's throw from the cathedral. We played with our friend Sauna Youth, who are still killing it with innovative garage-y pop punk jams, and the repetitive, cold almost Krautrock type vibes from Cold Pumas, both bands resolutely great enough to not need a PR agency, but that' just me. A guy who's the production manager of this Theatre managed to get his bosses to fund a gig, but they'd been waiting for a date when another loud performance would be happening in the main stage, so as not to conflict with any plays that require a pin-dropping silence. And this is how we ended up sharing a venue with the Proclaimers. The whole gig ruled, my guitar restrung and holding tune, the slightly irritating realization that actually sometimes monitors and posh sound equipment can sometimes just make everything sound, well, right.

Our last gig was the final Lotus Fucker show in London, busy with noise punker enthusiasts and I even caught up and made evil plotting plans with the other London-based columnist and devoted demented dad-punk Tony of More Noize infamy. At some point during the Lotus Fucker set I suddenly found myself pinned, face-first into the wall, in the narrow Powerlunches (venue) basement. Boobs getting crushed I put my arms over them, but now the whole crowd was lurching against me and I couldn't seem to get anyone's attention to let me turn back around. These are the moments that don't happen to everybody, the inscrutable ones that are hard to really explain to anyone else, but seem to recur in your mind's eye when you're talked over or minimized, laughed at or shrugged off. I waited for the song to end and tried not to panic, realizing the sound-deadening curtain was being pushed further and further into my mouth. In the few seconds break between songs, I tried to walk out of the room, my neck pulsating with pain as I grappled through the crowd to the exit, when a fellow gig goer, anonymous as they always are, pushed me hard in the back. His parting shot. I stumbled downwards



Perpetually Unfinished

The pressure cooker I've been in for the last few months—the electoral process—is over. It's not like the electoral process is the be-all, end-all of politics—far from it, it's just the most highly visible part of politics in America (out of the frying pan, right? During that last week, Rahm Emanuel, who actually makes me long for the days a Daley was in power—what an awful thought—gave the O'Hare cleaning contract to a below-standard, totally sketchy cleaning contractor who plans to fire everyone and bring in part-time workers at substandard wages. This means 300 janitors who have been working at O'Hare for years, who have health insurance and a living wage, are scheduled to lose their jobs right before Christmas. There's a fightback campaign in full swing, and I'm part of it. This is the flipside of electoral politics—trying to hold your elected politicians accountable. This is the hard, unglamorous work and why I advocate for political participation primarily on the local level. This is where it makes the difference for everyday people struggling to survive).

The rhythm of a fightback campaign, with its research and pauses and strategic moves, is different than the constant pressure of electoral politics, though. This means I actually have some free time when I'm not on the road, not knocking on doors, not in constant meetings. I get to see my beloved friends! I get to actually go to shows that we're not playing, sometimes! I get to work on creative projects!

I conceive of projects constantly, start them with enthusiasm, but few make it through to finished product. Every time, I start with good intentions, and half the time I put too much on my plate and end up lying down in the dark with a stomachache, exhausted, having eaten so much, but having wasted food (a side note: I was raised never to waste resources and the idea of doing so kills me. And yet my lifestyle is inherently wasteful to some degree?).

Part of this unfinished business is my constantly buzzing brain, which barely lets me rest (I don't even know how many times I've leapt up in the middle of the night to scrawl down a phrase for a poem, work out a chord progression that I need to commit to memory, write down an idea so that I don't forget it). Part of it is the fact that I have more enthusiasm than I have time, which means I commit myself to projects and ideas that I can't possibly follow through fully on. I have a lot of things tabled—the book on women in punk and post-punk, a working group for punks interested in audio electronics, the solo album I've been working on forever about recovering from trauma and the lack of linearity in the recovery process. I work over 40 hours a week and am in two bands and I already don't sleep enough and don't see the people I love enough and don't get to read enough—when did I think I'd have time?

Sometimes I wonder if there's an element of distraction in the fact that my thoughts are constantly shifting from project to project. I find it really difficult to relax, even when I'm just sitting around reading and listening to records or watching a movie I feel like I need to be doing about four other things. I have no doubt this is a survival strategy born of coping with depression.

Even though my depression is much less intense and constant than it used to be, I still struggle with it. Being generally stable doesn't mean that the battle will ever be over, that I am not still prone to slipping into unhealthy thought-patterns developed over years of living through abusive circumstances with a chemically deficient brain. There's constant vigilance involved, constant positive feedback loops, as I navigate a world of healthy relationships and people who care about me (and have the patience to deal with me). You don't just shed years of conditioning because your brain chemistry suddenly works correctly and you've had therapy that has worked for you and helped you through the toughest of times, helped you recognize what healthy love actually is and embrace it instead of running away from it.

So my brain says: Hey! Hey! Let's do a thing! If you're doing a thing you're not engaged in navel-gazing and constant self-reflection (even though self-reflection is part of how we navigate the world at large), and thus you're living in the present and less prone to living in your own head! Hey! Let's do a thing! Let's concentrate on a thing that is not you! Because your brain can be a scary place! Hey! Over here!

I used to be a heavy journaler, because I found that I could track patterns in my own thoughts and gain perspective by looking back on what I'd written about what I was thinking and feeling. I've stopped doing that. Occasionally I'll buy a new journal, excited

about writing in it. I'll write a week's worth of entries and then stop, because distraction-brain will be signaling me to focus on something other than myself. Too much work to do! When I was journaling heavily I was kept on track by my therapist; now that I am not going to therapy as often I find myself not accountable to anyone besides myself.

So I've got a lot of empty journals lying around—empty journals, unfinished projects, unread books that I've bought and never finished. Tabled. Come back to that when you're ready. When will I be ready? When will I have time for all of it? How do I take one thing at a time, focus on it, really pour all of my energy and attention into it, when there is so much out there, so many good ideas, so many things I want to learn and do?

I suspect I am not alone in all of this, which is why I'm writing about it. Do any of you out there have good strategies for focusing on projects and following through even on things that have been tabled for years?

That said, I'm in a new band, that I'm really amped about (I get to jump around and sing and make a ton of noise through a ton of pedals! With some of the coolest women I know!), that doesn't have a name yet, and Population is coming to the west coast for a week and a half in January. This will be my first official west coast tour (with a band I'm actually in); if you happen to come to any of the shows and see a short, probably grouchy person behind some synths, say hi.

CAROLYN K.

GUEST COLUMN

January 18th is the second anniversary of the shutdown of KUSF 90.3fm in San Francisco. KUSF was a 34-year-old college radio station that provided a wide variety of programming to San Francisco and the Bay Area. As of this writing the sale of the station has still not been approved by the FCC. It is a complicated and confusing affair.

The University of San Francisco holds the license for 90.3fm where KUSF was situated. On January 18, 2011 the administration announced that the university was selling the license to Classical Public Radio Network (CPRN), a non-profit organization associated with the University of Southern California (USC). USF shutdown the station without warning on morning of the 18th, turning off the transmitter at 10am and the on-air DJ Schmeejay was met by campus security, administrators and station management who told him to step aside while the station was turned off.

At the same time CPRN was taking control of another San Francisco radio station KDFC, the last commercial classical music station in the country. KDFC was owned by Entercom, "one of the largest radio broadcasting companies in the US, with over 100 stations in 23 markets" according to their website. Even though KDFC was an immensely popular station Entercom was not able to make money off of it. The company could not just get rid of the station without causing a public uproar, so the deal with CPRN was made. KUSF listeners got the worst end of the deal, but KDFC's listeners got it bad too. The move of KDFC to 90.3fm saw that station's broadcast power go from 33,000 watts down to 3,000.

It is at this point in the story that even the most seemingly interested person's eyes start to glaze over. It is confusing and there are a lot of acronyms involved. I haven't even got into USF's president insulting the San Francisco community, the FCC violations, the petitions to deny, the appeals or the "fine" USF and CPRN paid to the FCC for violations. There is so much detail and twists to this story. Even the most involved person occasionally has a hard time following it. I am sure that is why a final decision is not easily being made.

The ousted volunteers formed as Friends of KUSF to petition the FCC to deny the sale of the station. So far it has been very successful. In the beginning most people thought there wasn't a chance in hell that the Friends of KUSF would prevail. Yet, as the fight gets more involved and the truth begins to come out, the odds seem to move more in favor of stopping the sale. It isn't easy and it won't be quick, but the former KUSF volunteers have vowed to take it all the way to the end. We have continued broadcasting as KUSF In Exile on the internet. The internet station was originally sponsored by WFMU in New Jersey. The volunteers started a non-profit organization called San Francisco Community Radio (SFCR) and started broadcasting independently in October.

Critics of the Friends of KUSF like to state that USF owned the license so they should be able to do whatever they want with it. If it were a commercial station it would be hard to argue with the sale. A commercial station's objective is to make money, which is why so many of them suck. However 90.3fm is a non-commercial educational station given to USF to use while teaching students. Of course, USF can get out of the broadcasting business if they want, but they should give the station back to the FCC for reassignment. Instead USF's administration looks to make a $3.75 million dollar profit off of a public resource.

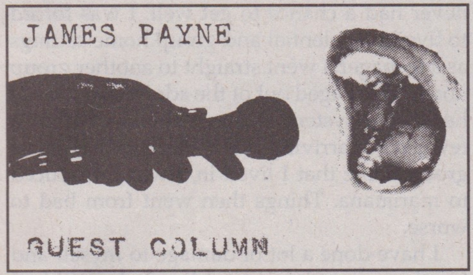
Two other side effects of the sale also have to be noted. The first is the former KUSF record library. Maybe not the most complete radio station record collection ever, but still an irreplaceable document of San Francisco's musical history. It is has been curated and maintained by KUSF volunteers since 1977. I knew the collection inside and out. I personally delivered many records from local and national bands to be added to it. USF declared from the shutdown of the station that the record collection would stay with the university. Then in May SFCR received word that USF no longer had the space to store the collection. San Francisco Community Radio sent a proposal to USF to become the new home for the records. However USF chose to give the KUSF collection to another non-profit—archive.org. The records are currently sitting in a storage container in Richmond, CA—another slap in the face to the former KUSF volunteers.

Then there is the Rock N Swap. This may be the most frustrating. The Rock N Swap is a record swap that is held a few times per year, which was started by and run by the KUSF volunteers to raise money for the station. It was highly successful becoming the biggest record swap in Northern California. USF has continued to run it after shutting down the station. They send out misleading press releases implying that the swap helps the fight to stop the sale of 90.3fm. It doesn't. Why would USF support that fight? Remember they are the ones who want to sell the station. Unfortunately our local press doesn't question it and continues to print these incorrect announcements. Then people continue to sell at it and people continue to go to it, including a few *MRR* shitworkers. It shouldn't be necessary to point out, but I will. By participating in or attending this swap you are saying you support USF's decision to shut down and their attempt to sell KUSF, you oppose the efforts to stop the sale of the KUSF license and you do not want KUSF to return to the San Francisco airwaves. As the saying goes, "money talks." If you stop giving yours to USF, they may learn what a big mistake they made.

Where does it go from here? The unexciting answer is we have to wait. When things are moving fast as they were in the beginning, it is easy for everyone to stay interested. When we have to wait for a decision from the FCC, people tend to forget that this fight is still going on. So I am here to remind you that it is. Friends of KUSF is asking the FFC to conduct a hearing to publicly decide if the selling of 90.3fm is a good deal for the San Francisco community. We need to continue to let all involved know that it isn't.

USF is currently running a cutesy advertising campaign around the city. One of their slogans is "There is no moral compass app." Every time I see it I can't help that think they ought to know. The hypocrisy of so-called Christians in this country is amazing. Someone needs to restudy what the religion's namesake would do. Do you think Jesus would turn against the poor, the underrepresented and the voiceless, not to mention the students you are supposed to be educating to turn a quick profit? I don't.

I was a KUSF volunteer for twenty years and am currently involved in the effort to stop the sale of the station to CPRN. The preceding opinion is mine. It is not an official statement from the Friends of KUSF. You can listen to KUSF In Exile/ SFCR at savekusf.org.



So You Want to Name Your Punk House...

Well consider this: Given the demographic factors related to who frequents punk shows, as well as the diverse selection of people one encounters at such shows, it is likely that at least one set of parents will have to, one day in the far off future, relate to their child the story of their meeting at your house. For that child's sake, keep your puns fresh.

But there is more than just an unborn child to consider, you will have to bear the burden of the chosen handle that represents your abode: it will have a spatial influence on flyers, a recall quotient for perspective show goers, as well as the bands that play there and, finally, the most important aspect; you not having to be embarrassed to tell strangers that, yes, you do live in "that house that does shows."

So what are some common approaches to this conundrum?

1. The geographical reference. For a group of people who claim to be so radical, pragmatism leads the pack as far as house names are concerned. 15th House (on 15th Ave., surprise!), Hunter House and The Neil House are all such houses that historically chose the geographical option in Columbus, Ohio (which is where most of my examples will come from). This has a real upside if you want people to find your house. There are plenty of reasons why you wouldn't want someone to easily locate you (cops, landlords, mosh crews), but just as many reasons why you would (egalitarian attitudes regarding our conception of culture, money for bands). My favorite geographical names are ones that adopt a street name that one would never guess to actually be a street name until one is right there, such as The Frisby House in Baltimore or The Trumbullplex Theatre in Detroit. The bottom line is that this is boring but effective.

2. The In-Joke. This is where you and your roommates are so happy and well adjusted that you actually like one another enough to joke amongst yourselves to the cumulative point that you organically develop an "in-joke." The name references this joke, so *you* get it, but other people don't, but it's usually such a distinctive name that everyone is instantly aware of it. This is good for both brand awareness and for having your fellow roommates feel like they have a stake in your house; they were there when the name originated after all! For instance, Chelsea and Maryn, in Allston, Massachusetts thought of naming their place, "Dick Sukkkin' USA." So much for that.

3. The Brand. I've brandished about the word "Brand" throughout this missive as a semi-ironic gesture, but for some it is a real consideration. If your space is going to be open to audiences outside of punk rock, it is worth thinking about how a name might alienate them before they even get a chance to go to your zine-craft-movie-performance-art-vegan potluck marathon. Besides alienation, you have to consider that the larger public hears many names throughout the day and needs something a bit idiosyncratic to standout, so they can remember to name-drop it to their little brother in an effort to still seem with it. A space like Skylab in Columbus, Ohio, which helps pay rent by occasionally renting out its room for senior thesis art shows, is a good solution to this problem. Its name is neutral, a subtle joke on its fifth floor location in a downtown office building that resists the overtures of the experimental noise bazaar that it actually is. Genius.

4. Serendipity. There is an unaccredited school of thought regarding the naming of punk houses that would have you believe that any pre-meditated thought process regarding a proper moniker is bad luck, an omen of future trouble, whether that takes the form of scabies, negligent roomies, or missing mic cables. The thought is that someone from outside the house will say something and instantly everyone will know, that it is the one true name for the house, as if it were handed down by a generous, punk house-loving God. That's a nice notion but it leaves open the possibility that you will tread the waters of time untethered by a name until your lease runs out; as a recent Columbus house, the abysmally named/unnamed "Girl House" did. Unless you control your name, idiots (your friends) will come up with something obvious but completely insulting like Cat Pee house or…

5. "Your Name + House." It is important to state that there is no use for a name just so your house can have a show. If, for instance, you are Hanna and you live in Oakland and you are having Shannon and the Clams play your house because it is your birthday, it is perfectly fine to list the show as being at "Hanna's House." If you're thinking that you want to serve the larger community at hand by taking it upon yourself to be a cornerstone of the punk scene, you might want to think about a house name in case it's so successful that it will outlast you. (*) The Legion of Doom in Columbus, Ohio has been The Legion of Doom since at least the mid-nineties and none of the original members still reside there. It is now an institutional locus point where everyone does their time. Know what you want your house to be and name accordingly!

In the end I would say the funniest line wins. Anarchtica, for instance, or The Nude Ranch for another. Just don't name it The Monster House because you think it looks "Really *big*." Once it's on a flyer you can't go back.

(*) MEDIUM SIZED NOTE:

In a sense it is a testament to how blurred the areas of public and private are with these places that we even feel compelled to name them or that I can talk about a house outliving a person who lives there. For instance, through naming we are recognizing that it's no longer just a house but "house" is usually still retained in its name for complication's sake. It's the same balancing act with nomenclature as it is with process. It's a venue, but not really; we live here, but not really.

It must be named to signal openness, because bars have names, restaurants have names, but the inclusion of "house" signals the needed (or not) level of privacy for the inhabitants. It's interesting to note how this mimics the typical (of the past) neighborhood bar, usually opened by someone from the neighborhood and named after the owner who has some social connection to his customers outside the bar. Bob's or Mac's. These bars are supposedly public as well, but you know they aren't really, they are of a neighborhood perhaps even of a block, and you shouldn't really be there unless you know Bob or Mac. And as a corollary, why would you want to be there if you didn't? This is the same implicit understanding with the punk house; there is a name, sure, and the public knows it, OK, but it's still a club. It's still a self-contained society in a way a truly public, commerce driven, entity is not. The only difference is the population level you want that club to be: twenty middle-aged men at Bob's after work each night or 200 punk kids for a night each week.

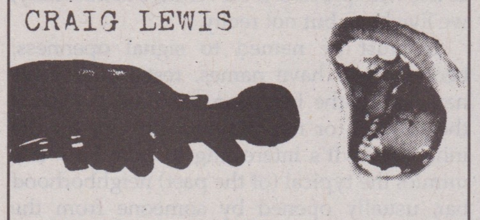
Tangentially, names of prohibition-era speakeasies often included misnomers like Cafe or Hotel in them (reminiscent of the "coffee shops" in Amsterdam) but they were also likely to have no name at all, to have their open hours be understood among a select group of people by having a certain light being turned on. This simultaneous promotion of openness alloyed with an element of confusion is also replicated by some names of punk houses. In a way, anything without house in the title is ambiguous as far as divining the purpose of the place goes. Even with that, the uninitiated person has to make whole a piece of incomplete information in a manner that is rarely found elsewhere. It could be just a hotel or cafe (or a house) and only context can tell us otherwise. But the context, thankfully and necessarily, is not opaque; like the speakeasy depending on word of mouth to decode the meaning of the light, our generation uses Facebook invites, paper flyers and message boards to help fill in the blanks.

Beyond all of that, a name has a utilitarian purpose of course. **Q:** Where are we going? **A:** The Monster House. Without it extended, explaining is needed; with it comes clarity and a sense of inclusion into something exotic. Still, when you give someone a target, it becomes much easier to hit. It is somewhat impossible to hide the existence of a place with a name. And only with a name can a story be written.

Imagine the Columbus Alive or Other

Paper trying to write a story on 115 W.10th Ave, or 1579 Indianola Ave. Not only would it come across confused, it would scream "invasion of privacy". If anything truly illegal or incredibly radical were happening, one would want to remain as inconspicuous as possible, as it stands the grays between public and private look comfortable enough to settle down in and get acquainted with.

CRAIG LEWIS



GUEST COLUMN

On April 13, 1988 I was delivered to the now bankrupt and defunct Charles River Hospital, a mental health facility. I was a naïve fourteen-year-old from a shit town 25 minutes outside of Boston. I was sick with mental illness and the painful life I was living was about to quickly and progressively get worse. I hit bottom countless times over the years and with each episode I became sicker and sicker and my quality of life became worse and worse. In 2004 I lost the will to live, to even try to stay alive. This was when I, as an adult, finally began to address my mental health issues.

A common sentiment is that the punk scene is a safe haven for the mentally ill, the drug addicts, the alcoholics, the dysfunctional, the freaks and so many others like me; those who are on the fringes of society. In my experience, the punk scene allows someone like me—someone who for many, many years was so incredibly sick—continue to be sick without setting off enough warning signs that I needed serious help. At the same time it is unlikely that during those years, without being committed, that I would go seek out and get the help I needed. My reality is that after years of being institutionalized against my will, I developed an extreme distrust of the system and I rejected it.

In my experience, the punk scene frowned upon taking medication. Even dear friends in well-known bands spoke out against the taking of psychiatric medication. This anti-medication pressure and non-acceptance was a powerfully negative force in my life. Curiously, most people will take medication for having a cold, the flu, diabetes, high blood-pressure, for pain, a headache, cancer, HIV, acid reflux or they will have a broken bone set and put in a cast or take antibiotics for any countless number of conditions.

In order for me to cope with my illness and the poor quality of my life I started smoking weed. I got high everyday and I would do anything to make this happen. They say that smoking pot is not addictive, however for me it was the only thing that kept me under wraps and I had to do it. I was self-medicating and I did this for ten years.

The punk scene allowed me to be sick. Noone helped me find my way towards getting well. I had numerous friends who worked in human services, yet I don't recall being steered toward obtaining services. If they did it wasn't enough, because as a child of the system, living in misery would be 100 times better than losing my physical freedom. Looking back I must ask why weren't my punk friends helping me get well.

I was unleashed into the world at age eighteen, unprepared for society and lacking the knowledge and experience needed to successfully integrate into general society, including the microcosmic punk scene. My adolescence was spent living in very unnatural living situations surrounded by other uprooted teenagers and group home "staff". These experiences set me up to fail and fail I did; and these failures were repeated over and over again for many years. So much of what I needed to know about how to effectively get by in this world was totally lost on me. I never had a chance.

The punk scene makes excuses for people to do fucked up shit. The punk scene gives a free pass for one to be wild, crazy and destructive. I have to ask myself how many times did I hurt someone else when I was not well? I think the answer to that question is a lot. It is also equally relevant, necessary and important to acknowledge that there are those who took advantage of my being ill. I've had lots of "punk" friends over the years, some of which have done some pretty sketchy stuff. Over the course of the life of a person with a mental illness we come across a lot of people who are very good at sinking their teeth into us without leaving bite marks. One frightening reality is that there are people out there who will do and say anything and hurt anyone to achieve their goals; this has been my experience.

In the punk scene acting crazy and wild are accepted behaviors. People freaking out and being wild was and is part of the punk rocker behavior. In my situation, I had a real serious problem and anyone reading this that knows me, regardless of what you may think of me, legitimate or not, knows that I was not well. The punk scene and my punk friends did nothing (or very little) to help me get better. One crucial point that must be stated is that no one should ever think for even one second that I liked or wanted to be acting the way that I often did. My unfortunate behavior was an expression of my inner pain and suffering and the sickness and chaos that I experienced personally only brought more and more pain and suffering to my life and only made me sicker and sicker.

I had no way to make things better. Every time I acted poorly I only made things worse. The friends I've lost over the years due to my instability are many. Mental illness is a lonely life, and no matter how much I wish it wasn't, it still is.

All those years I was always sick and I never had a chance to get well. I was forced to live in residential and group home settings as a teenager. I went straight to another group home once I aged out of the adolescent mental healthcare system at age eighteen. Within a few days of arriving at this the newest and last group home that I lived in, I was introduced to marijuana. Things then went from bad to worse.

I have done a lot of damage to myself and to others over the years. I know that if I had been receiving effective treatment all those years that things would not have been as bad for me and for those around me.

The reality is that recovery from mental illness is not only possible, it is probable. Indubitably, my 22 years life-experience of being part of the punk scene has informed my thinking about life in general, mental illness and how to live a better life now that I am well. I am experiencing what is called "recovery". The National Consensus Statement on Mental Health Recovery defines recovery as "a journey of healing and transformation enabling a person with a mental health problem to live a meaningful life in a community of his or her choice, while striving to achieve his or her full potential." I am living this reality and I am grateful for my disease, my recovery and for my opportunity to live a more meaningful and purposeful life.

I have written this column because I want to see my people rise up and live a happier, healthier and better quality life. When I say my people I am talking about those of us who live with the symptoms of mental illness. After a lifetime of sickness, I am well. However, this seems to be difficult for a lot of people who know me to believe and accept as truth. I changed my life for the better and I am, as far as I am concerned, a beautiful success story. I am going to share with you the story of my recovery and what I did to get well.

There are countless punk rockers, and people in general in our world, who are unhappy and struggling, who are self-medicating to deal with their pain and hurt; people who are on the fringes of society, just like I always have been and likely always will be. That is a reality of life however and I bring a message that things can improve for people who struggle with the symptoms of mental illness.

Why must we continue to dull our emotions through substance abuse when we might benefit so much more from appropriate psychiatric intervention and/or peer support? Why must our friends and families living with mental illness turn to suicide? Why does the punk scene, a place of purported acceptance, place a person such as me into the slim and restrictive category of being 'crazy'? Why do we enforce stigma over offering love and acceptance? I can tell you that there is so more to me than a mental health diagnosis. I suppose it is easier for most people to classify me and put me in a box, than to acknowledge that I have changed for the better. I am well, damnit, so please embrace me and let's move

forward.

In 2004 I hit rock bottom and was seriously in need of major psychiatric intervention. In the fall of that year I was arrested twice and I was not well either time and the cops were exceptionally cruel to me as would be expected. This experience was incredibly traumatizing for me. I also lived in a house with some really terrible people which was triggering me and causing me to have symptoms. I then moved to a different part of Boston. I was still in desperate need of psychiatric help, as my then current doctor was not meeting my needs. I needed a therapist, so I looked in the yellow pages and three weeks later I began meeting with a wonderful social worker, whom I meet with weekly and have done for five years now.

I fired my psychiatrist and sought out a more attentive doctor. I then accessed vocational services at the Massachusetts Rehabilitation Commission. I began attending a special and now defunct school that taught individuals with mental illness to work as counselors. I graduated from this school and did a three month internship at a local rehabilitation center. I also passed the Certified Peer Specialist Exam and was honored at the State House for it. I worked for one year at a recovery community as a peer counselor. I was laid off so I began attending college. In 33 credits I have a 3.856 GPA, not too shabby I must say. I played in a band and all the songs I sang were about my recovery.

I finally got a great apartment that I can afford and I love it. I go to community acupuncture at least twice per month and it helps! I go to the gym which is wonderful for my mind. I watercolor. I spend time with my nieces and nephew. I have a great new job working as a Peer Specialist. I volunteer facilitating a weekly recovery group that is highly successful and I am compiling a book of the curriculum that I have created for this group. I have put out a fanzine. I have made and nurtured friendships and relationships. I seek out and offer peer support to people in the mental health community and with friends in the punk scene.

I accept the scorn of others as it is pure gold in my fuel tank and whether anyone loves me or hates me, it matters not as my recovery is stronger and more powerful than anyone has any idea, including me. I *am* in recovery! I love life. I have changed my life and how I manage my symptoms for the better. I am surviving, yet I am doing something even better than simply surviving,

I am thriving and kicking ass in general. The world is my oyster and whether or not I have a mental illness and whether or not people accept me and treat me with dignity, I am happy and content and my life is beautiful and that's that.

My name is Craig. Please email me at lewisgrey@gmail.com Thank you *MRR*. Victory is mine.

MAKS RUSSIA

GUEST COLUMN

It's already been two and a half weeks since my friends and I returned from the US to mother Russia. Two and a half weeks—almost as long as our foreign trip was—and I still can't wake up and get rid of the horrible jetlag. I sleep everywhere: at home, missing all the opportunities to get out at the weekend and well, have some fun, at my friends' places, at my job, where, after a week of jetlag, I stopped hiding and snoring in the restroom, and just laid my head over the work table. And when our team just came from Moscow to NY in the beginning of October it was the same problem I tried to fight. The next evening after we arrived in the Big Apple, I found myself sleeping at the bar counter in the Acheron club at the D-Clone and Hoax gig. If fact, sleeping during gigs abroad became my hobby for a long time ago. In 2006 I slept away two Queers gigs in two different Norwegian cities. Then, during the last five years, I was drooling on the Demented Are Go show in Oslo, at a horrible "horror-punk" party in Berlin, at a Dillinger Four gig at the Fest in Gainesville last year. Maybe I was too tired and drunk or maybe I just didn't really like these bands.

"Hey, young man, what the fuck are you doing?!" asked someone and made me open my eyes. I looked at the thin, skinny guy in a sport suit wearing an earring and smiled. It was Sergey, our friend from Ukraine, who moved to NY a couple of years ago. He's a very nice guy, but still tries to live in the US nowadays like he used to do it in his hometown, Kharkov, in the middle of the 2000s. Or maybe it was just a painful nostalgia burning inside him. He orders all the new records and zines from Russia, Ukraine and Belarus, which is possible to buy. He lives on a minimal wage (or so it seems), he doesn't pay for anything except for food and rent, he runs his label Mira Voice records and, what is most important for CIS punk, he fights with boneheads. And it doesn't matter that in his new hometown they don't exist or at least don't constitute any danger.

He told me how last year he finally *found* some "brown power" Nazis, who played a show under some bridge in the outskirts of New York. Sergey even gathered a mob to "make a jump" on fascists, but, as he said, the local anarchist just *didn't understand* what he wanted from them to do. It was mostly girls with big glasses holding Anti-Nazi banners who took part in that militant antifascist action... I talked to him a little, but at that moment the first band, Sad Boys, started playing and he made his way towards the stage. Sergey didn't want to miss *any* band. He stood in the front row during the whole evening.

Still being half-awake, I just couldn't follow his example. So I went out to the dark and dirty street to get some air. There, in front of the club door, I found Vadim and Ira standing in a huge crowd of crusty punks covered in smoke and patches. Being a quite famous photomodel and. photographer, Ira looked strange in this kind of decorations. She moved to NY from Moscow, but it looked like she continued to live somewhere between these capitals of two completely different worlds.

Last year Vadim was in NY and just wrote her, "Hey, can I take a shower at your place?" I guess, he didn't get hot water that evening, but they began to talk and now she was our guide to the cheapest local bars. Dressed in baggy jeans and an old leather jacket, she didn't look like a girl whose photo was published on the cover of the glance tattoo magazine Inked. Twice. She knows Elijah Wood. A singer from Dillinger Escape Plan asked her to film his wedding. She has more than 6,000 subscribers on Facebook. Her profile is read by more people than *MRR*. We joked that after getting to know her (in person) we were supposed to be happy, that now we were her *mutual* friends. It's a little bit smaller amount of people—only 3,000 users. But who cares.

Ira didn't want to go to the show: $15, too expensive. Despite all that hipster style glamour and thousands of people who liked her half-naked pictures everywhere where it was possible to click on the fucking button, in recent times she lived for tips working as a barwoman. We paid for her. "I guess I already grew up from the gigs" she said watching Zatsuon's drummer who threw his kick drum into the crowd. "Well, what did you expect?" said my friend Alex, as he tried to take a breath after jumping from the stage during the Hoax set. Landing on studs on someone's leather jacket, he got a big red scar stretched through his temple. It looked like someone cut him with the knife. "Women grow faster than us dudes" he said, finally recovering his breath. Alex was 27; and Ira barely 19.

The last person who woke me up that evening was Acheron's sound-man. He said I couldn't sit and sleep in his booth. So I had to get up. D-Clone was good. I mean, short. Really short. I wished all Russian bands I ever saw live played no more than 15-20 minutes. It was already dark when the show was finally over. Still trembling from the cold and staggering along I saw him. Some Asian man wearing a Death In June t-shirt. He looked into my tired and sweaty eyes. He smiled. "White power!" said the guy and flashed the V sign. Peace. I hugged him. «White power" whispered in to his ear.Take my life, please (Hi, George!).

P.S.: Email me at mpodpolye@yandex.ru if you want to ask something about Russia. Girls, drugs, perestroika, my father's taste in music, whatever.

I don't think we're in Kansas anymore, Toto. I know I can come across as a pretty positive person but that's all in fact bullshit. I'm a bipolar anxiety case that self-medicates to keep my head from spinning of its nut. What people see of me is what I want them to see—what they conclude is their own business. I used to get so upset when others got the wrong end of the stick about me, when they believed the easy-to-swallow version of whatever stereotype they thought I replicated. Fuck 'em; assholes will believe what they want anyway—and complete fucking assholes aren't people whose opinion I need, nor value, so fuck 'em too. I have since created some rules for myself that allow me to continue living without being a) homicidal or b) suicidal. Of course, I am too nice and seldom live up to my own expectations of being a *Viperine Fatal*, a *Humain Terrible*, but do my best.

A man named Karl Lagerfeld once said, "Never compare, never compete." It must have worked wonders for that fucker as he makes billions in the highly competitive industry of fashion. It does, however, sound like good advice for the punks of today, as it appears Punk is also becoming a highly competitive industry of fashion—and those last three words should never show up next to Punk, not even in the same sentence. For it seems that, in accordance to the capitalist market system that commodifies what it cannot destroy, Punk is suddenly big business. And by the same logic that a factory worker can be reconceptualized as a profit-making cog, punks are reconceptualized as both enablers and victims of this commodification. Looking punk (following fashion), owning punk (obsessive consumerism), selling out punk (profit-driven businesses) and assimilating punk (getting mainstream acceptance) is all hot stuff right now. The antipode of that, however, is that Punk is being expelled onto the world at light speed, thanks to the internet; so billions of people who've never heard of it before now can. It's as exciting as it is depressing really. No one can guarantee that people who adopt the music and style also adopt the ethics.

Like anything, punks are products of their environment. A punk from Jakarta will probably have a slightly different set of practices to a punk from Ljubljana, and equivalently a punk from Utah might carry a slightly different set of values than a punk from St. Petersburg. However, many modern-day, 'first-world punks,' over-saturated and forgetful, feeling dared by this dissimilarity, allow themselves to be consumed by petty competition, shortsighted criticism and ignorant comparison. It is almost as if inner scene politicking and punk policing is now preferable to any sort of meaningful exchange of ideas or action. Instead of listening to what other punks have to say, and potentially learning something new or reevaluating something old, certain people will always prefer to preach their own gospel to anyone willing to listen. Any topic is an opportunity for them to show off how punk they are, to dictate their values and why they are better than yours, to brag about how many records they own, how often they kicked someone's ass at a show and why they are the complete shit…

Now, I don't know about you, but I'm not going to listen to anyone who believes that whatever doesn't fit in with their narrow view of the (punk) world, is wrong. For me being able to think outside the confines of normative thought is what Punk is about; and being able to discuss these new, unconventional ways is what I think punks should be doing. Discourse is more than just shooting the shit you know. It's pushing your own boundaries of perception and exploring the vast potential contained within each of us; it's just a matter of unleashing it. Yet if you're going to be judged by other punks for not fitting in, or for expressing yourself differently to them, then let's just call it a fucking day, because, correct me if I'm wrong, isn't Punk about the very fact that you don't fit it?

As far as I'm concerned, when it comes to the music, there can be as many types of Punk music as there are humans alive right now. If you disagree, my answer is that "no one knows what tomorrow knows," so there. If Punk has to sound like [enter band falsely associated with what Punk really is], then fuck it! Let's close up shop squat, because Punk shouldn't have to follow any rules or trend, it should sound like whatever the fuck you want it to sound like—that's Punk. And that's why I believe more so that it's about the people who make Punk happen, about how they make it happen and why—be it music, zines, distros, labels, shows or squats.

Punks don't have to do anything; the idea is that they think for themselves and do what they do because they want to; and they do it themselves (so the Punk is Personal; and the Personal is Political). If they don't want to be considerate, counter-creative, independent and proactive in the fight for equality, justice, freedom, peace and the right to noisy music… well, then they were never really Punk to begin with. Because, while for some people it's part of who they are, for others it's nothing but an easy excuse, a masquerade, a ticket to anything-goes. And shit goes nowhere.

Being a pessimist is not the same as never giving people the benefit of the doubt. Being socially awkward is not the same as being a rude, arrogant prick. Disagreeing with someone doesn't necessarily mean they're challenging your punkness, or doubting how legit you are, or shit-talking on you or saying they're better than you. Learn to get over yourself mate. The sun doesn't shine out of your ass, not is everyone out to get you. And if someone doesn't like you or your band, so fucking what?

I'm an empathetic person; I'm sensitive to the particularities and quirks of each and every punk and want to know all about where they're from and how they came to be who they are. I'm also the kind of person who will turn the other cheek, just to give you a second chance at being an asshole. You prove me right and I go back to doing more important things. Because a wanker is still a wanker.

ENDNOTES: We're still looking for a new coordinator to become my partner in crime here at *MRR* once Mariam leaves (snif). If after what you read you still think you can work with me (he he), then get in touch at mrr@maximumrocknroll.com! You get to live at the *MRR* compound rent free, along with 44,000 records and a couple of roommates in (usually) sunny SF.

Lastly, I want to briefly describe the monthly process, as people often get confused. We work on an issue two months in advance. So right now you are reading the January issue, which we worked on throughout November. At the end of November it went to print and returned at the beginning of December. As you know we have readers all around the world and distribution can take a while, thanks to postage services, distances, customs etc. By January 1st (hopefully!) every reader has their issue, which they read throughout the month, hence why it's the January issue.

We pick and lock down content for each issue within the first week of each month. We assign records and zines for review on the 6th of every month, so if your record or zine arrives after that, it'll be reviewed in the following issue. Likewise, if you send us an interview don't expect it to be published right away. We get a lot of content and the only reason you're reading *MRR* is because we strive to keep the quality high (we hope we've succeed). Five hundred word interviews with the same old boring questions, aimed at simply promoting your band isn't good enough. Tell us something we can't find out online, surprise us, make us think; push the boundaries for fuck sake. This is punk, not Pitchfork.

In addition, we make sure to keep a good mix in every issue. So, if you haven't noticed, we try to include something old, something new, something hardcore, something punk rock, something on the pop punk/garage/weirdo side, something international, something local, something with punks of colour, something with women/queer punks. So, while your interview may be killer, you may just have to be patient.

It's basically two people coordinating everything that goes inside the magazine every month and one person making sure it reaches you no matter how far you live! Instant gratification was never a characteristic of print publications. If you just want a "quicky," use one of the many message boards. Svoboda Punk! (Happy Birthday Mum and Dad!)

THE DICKTATOR

mariam bastani

Holy shit everybody! Happy fucking New yeaaaaaa! We made it! Crisis averted! Jubilant throngs hit the streets! The world turns on. By the time you read this, Christmas, Chanukah, Ramadan, Kwanzaa, Festivus will have past. Black Friday will have its usual death toll, the news will tell us the economy is (still) failing since not enough of us bought flat screens and we will all have remembered the poor and needy for the annual guilt quota. Fuck the holidays and good fucking riddance.

The only thing I like about this time of year is that all the assholes that come into my part-time serving job pay me money to feed their fat asses. Assholes… Maybe I'll tell ya a story about it again sometime. Though I must say that I feel California is so alien that when I walk away from taking a table's order, I can see them looking confused, trying to figure out if I was rude or not. Midwest rules and the only people that can be total fucks to Californians without them noticing are people from the south. It won't rise again, but at least you got some charm outta the deal…

Right now I am saving some money to go on four short tours with three different bands. That sounds crazy, but I have a band here, a long distance band in Chicago and an old band that will be playing a couple shows. Two of these tours are with other bands and if you think it's not easy to plan a tour, try doing it with another band… I have been on at least one tour every year (except one) since I was nineteen. Yes, I got shit done. No, I am not rich and anyone who tells you that you have to have money to tour, well…they are right! You do! At least a little, but planning is the only way I have been able to tour a bunch, saving band money from other shows, saving my own money, generating some extra income with mixtapes, food, shirts, shit like that. It can be done without the "help" of sponsorship or eating shitty fast food the whole tour. Don't believe me? Just ask me and I will tell you how it's done...

One year, my all-girl band toured with two other all-girl bands through Mexico. Three all-girl bands, the majority being Latinas and queers. Fifteen women and one dude (our old buddy Octavio from Monterrey, Mexico who was a truck driver) and that went pretty smoothly. The problems that manifested were mostly based on a few people in the bands who were really young—they would wander off, be bratty or argumentative without considering decisions for the whole group—otherwise, it was cool because we really wanted to be there. Imagine you are hanging out before the show starts and a van pulled up and fifteen punk ladies pile out of the van. When do you see that? When do you see that in Juarez, Mexico? When do you see that in SF? I wish it happened more often everywhere.

I have been thinking about how touring with my old all girl-band was so incredibly easy, especially when we had our sister band Bruised Violet from L.A. with us. We got a lot of surprised looks when we said tour was going great. I know it's because we are all (cis) women. At one show in Portland we played with a popular punk band that was clearly having some sort of internal argument. The popular punk band guitar player kept turning up his amp and stormed off when they were finished. Popular punk band guitar player violently jerked all of his gear off to their giant van, throwing around his guitar like a toddler having a brat attack. Ironically as big old diaper-wearing popular punk band guitar player was having his tantrum, the one popular punk band lady member asked one of us, "You're eight girls in one van? How can you even stand to be around each other for this long?" To which the lady bandmate from Compton replied, "It's probably not that much different than with your band, but instead we get along great."

There are tons of stories I can use as examples. While I have toured with bands with dudes and ladies, straight and queer, different cultures, different languages, I have always had a great time (except for the first Mexico tour when I went with a bunch of really shitty dudes—that was not only terrible but embarrassing…), but the point is that if the bands have the same goal—to play and have a good time—it will probably go well. It's really disappointing when you can tell that a band (good or bad) is touring to sell as much merch as possible or whose only goal is to gain enough popularity to become a "fest" band. Now that shit is embarrassing… I am not saying that bands shouldn't want to be liked or that the "capitalist system should not be perpetuated within punk with the practice of selling merch," seriously shut the fuck up… I am saying that you can be confident in what you do, but bands shouldn't expect to be loved. What you should expect is help with booking shows or at least straight answers about the possibility of booking shows, some hospitality in the form of food and a floor to crash on and to be paid out at shows accordingly, fairly based on the turn out and the distance you have traveled.

Rant: Also, I know that it is a digital age, but you gotta make a fucking flyer… Thems is the rules and if you have time to sit on your ass and blog the shit out of your shows, tell people how cool you are, how punk you are and "sell" your band yet you are "doing it for the kids"…you can cut and paste some shit. Don't be a lazy asshole… I know that copies are expensive, but only putting show "flyers" on the web or only making an "events page," you will be leaving people out. If you wanna have a private party, great…but that's not the way a punk show should be…

Ok, I am running outta room here to say anything funny or substantial so on with the end here...

A couple of things:

The new Beyond Pink LP rules. Best liner notes and lyrics I have seen in a while!

Big ups to this Last Varning fest a few months back. I unfortunately could not go (was here making some punk happen while everyone there was also making some punk happen), but I heard it was amazing and I hope I can make it for the next!

The Hassler *Asphyxiate* EP is un-fucking-real. The record is stupid good. If you ever claimed or claim to like hardcore in its most violent, purest forms, then you should love this.

Smash It Dead fest in Boston is coming up the weekend of March 23rd thru 25rd! I hope to see you all there!

Latino fest is gonna be in Texas this year and I am stoked! I will be there so I hope to see you fools will be there too! I will let you know what I know when I know it!

Word on the street is that Los Crudos will be playing at Gilman on June 29th and there will be a Chicago show sometime in the spring. Ask a punk.

Lastly, I know that last month was the five-year mark for Brace. Thank you Brace and I hope you will be here another five years and become the next George Tabb!

mariam@maximumrocknroll.com

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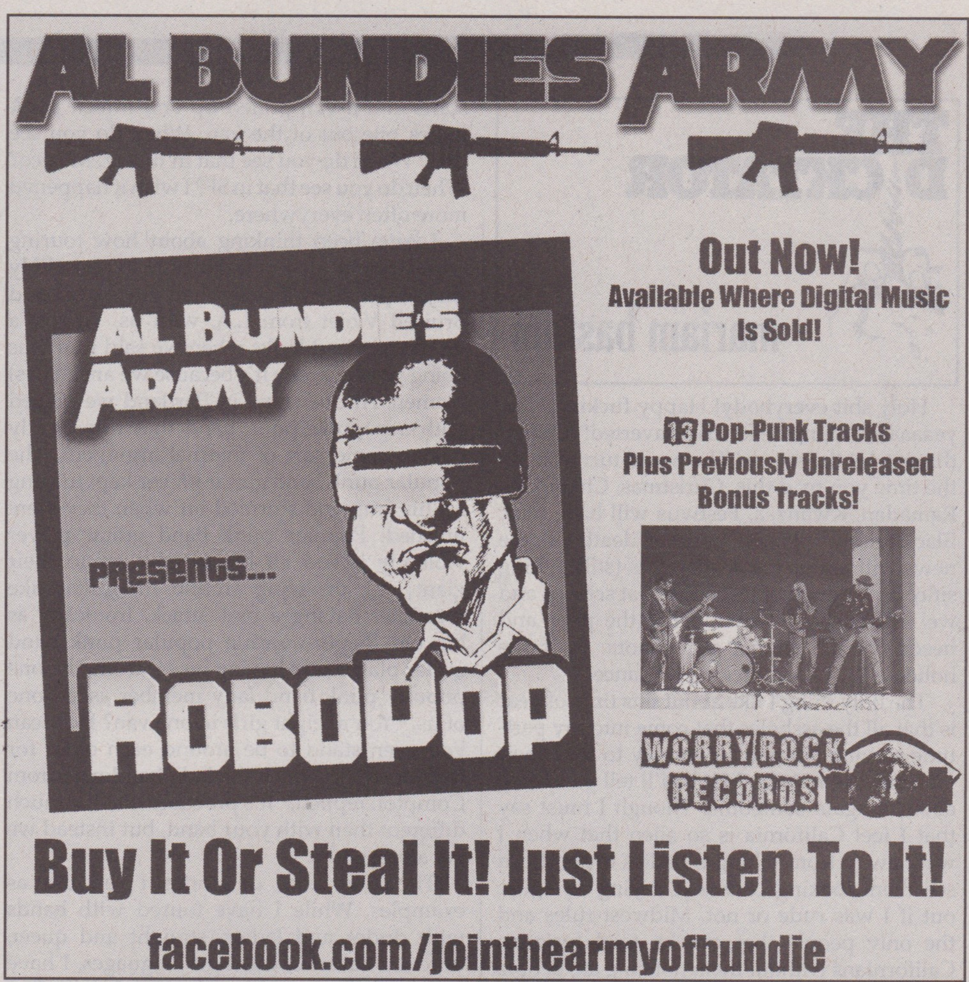
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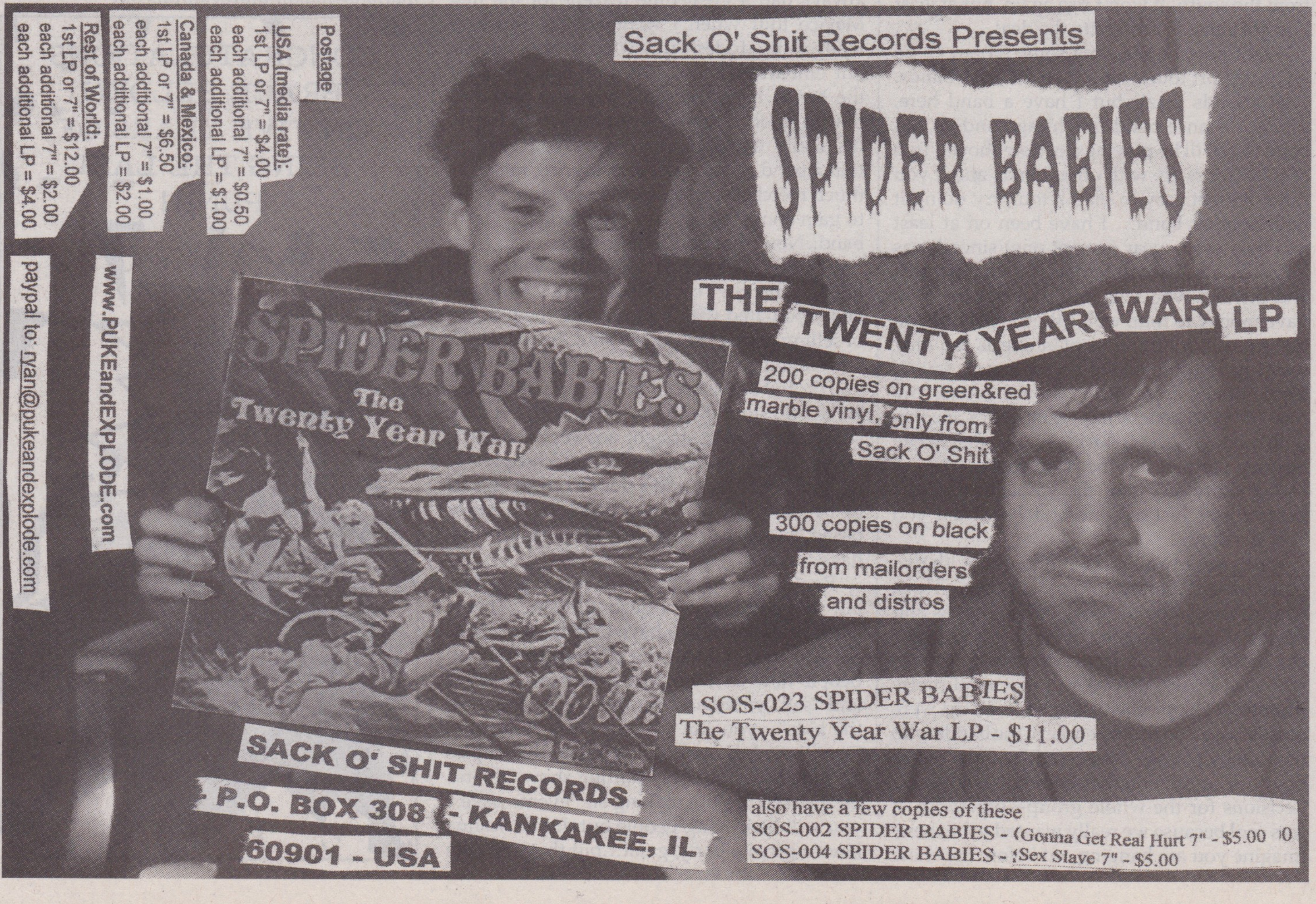
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NEW BLOOD

FIVE QUESTIONS ASKED TO FOUR NEWER BANDS

1) DATE AND LOCATION FORMED

BY KAT SMITH

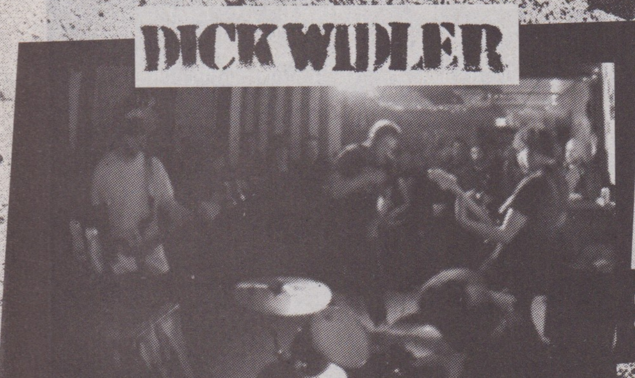
2) REASON FOR FORMING

3) LYRICAL CONTENT

4) DESCRIPTION OF SOUND

5) FUTURE OF THIS BAND

DICK WILDER



1. We formed in Denver, CO in late 2009 I think. Logan, our singer, joined in the fall of 2011.
2. Mostly boredom. We knew we wanted to play fast punk but were still learning our instruments so we just fucked around a lot. Didn't play a show for a whole year.
3. Mostly about things we're pissed off about and nerd shit.
4. We're usually described as fast hardcore punk I guess.
5. Hopefully another tape and tour but probably nothing because we procrastinate and are lazy.

photo by Nick Crown

Destruye y Huye

1. Martha's first house in South Central!
2. We all love to jam out and play music! That's how Destruye came about.
3. Everything—struggles in life, partying and society fucking you over.
4. Catchy rhythms, solid vocals and just puurrree punk!
5. We will be on an LA compilation with Sadicos , Drapetomania, Fraude, Poliskitzo, Kruel and other L.A. bands coming out soon! We will also be in Oakland Jan 5th at the Swamp with Sad Boys from Brooklyn. Look out for Destruye! We will be having a West Coast Summer Tour. 2013 Dates TBA!

photo provided by band

Caged Animal

1. SF, CA late 2011.
2. Mike Harkin was stoked on the "Ball Of Destruction" EP and wrote some riffs.
3. Very dumb, negative shit.
4. See above answer. We only like NYHC and old Boston bands.
5. Seven inch coming out on Warthog Speak soon, and we are writing songs for a second EP right now. We will probably only play a few more shows and break up hopefully. Shouts out to C.A. Crew.

photo by Martin Sorrondeguy

DISTRACT

1. Carrie (guitar) and Theresa (drums) were working on stuff together. Megan (vox) ran into Theresa at a Chicago show in 2011 and started coming to practices and then Spooky (bass) joined by early 2012.
2. We wanted to intentionally write and create music with other women. We wanted to get loud and have fun—take a slumber party vibe into the practice space. If Spooky was just one year younger we would represent ladies in three different decades of life. Young lady plus old lady punks unite! We also didn't want to wear pants at practice anymore. On our practice space we have scrawled: "No judgment, no rules." That pretty much sums it up!
3. We write about shit that gets us down like feeling socially isolated, the co-optation of social change, lack of choices, a world that dehumanizes. But we also write about stuff we're into like recognizing our strength when we work on positive projects with each other (inspired by Clit Fest organizing), the power of breastfeeding, bringing bedroom band dreams into DIY reality. As ladies we're often positioned to be critical and negative towards one another. We're trying to flip the script on that one...
4. Punk.
5. We are a pretty busy bunch so we are lucky to get into the same room to practice! We want to write more songs (and put the finishing touches on our almost completed ode to Terry Gross), play the occasional show in the local DIY scene in Chicago and maybe even get to play out of town. We're into connecting with other folks that are taking punk and making it their own. We have a self-released demo you can get by sending $4 to Distract PO Box 5027 Chicago, IL 60680. Get in touch! bedroomtobasement@gmail.com

photo by Martin Sorrondeguy

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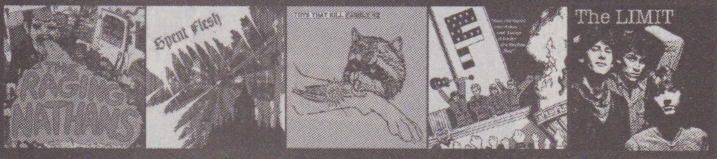

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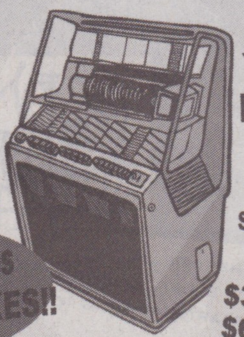

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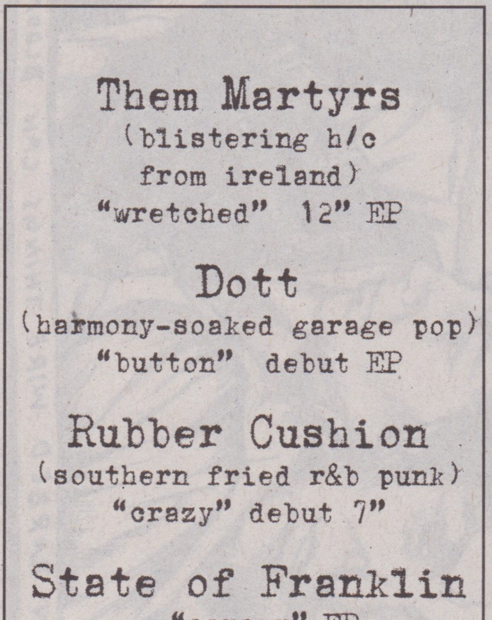
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NEWS

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SQUATTING RIGHTS GONE IN UK

By Tom Randall published by Shout Out UK

Squatting has been criminalized for the first time in England and Wales since September 1, making it illegal for anyone to occupy homes and all other residential buildings.

Known as "Weatherley's Law," anyone caught living in a residential building, not paying rent or without the property owner's permission, will now face a maximum penalty of six months in jail, a fine of £5,000, or in some cases both charges.

The new law, also backed by the Labour Party, is expected by ministers and members of the police force to offer better protection for homeowners. However, there are fears that the new law will hit hardest those most vulnerable, increasing the numbers of rough sleepers at a time of government cutbacks and rising household bills.

Previously, squatting was considered a civil matter, whereby homeowners would be required to prove to a civil court that the squatters had trespassed on their property before they could be evicted. Before the Weatherley law, forcibly removing someone from a property if they refused was illegal. This was initially to prevent landlords using violence to remove tenants, usually referred to as "squatter's rights."

The new law now orders all forms of squatting to be prosecuted as a criminal matter, whether the squatting is deprivation based on or by means of political protest. The police are now able for the first time to raid a building under suspect and arrest squatting offenders, if the claim is genuine. The police must prove the offender was aware of entering a building as a trespasser, intending to live or was already living in it. Squatters that live within non-residential buildings will still be able to claim "squatter's rights."

"For too long, hardworking people have faced long legal battles to get their homes back from squatters, and repair bills reaching into the thousands when they finally leave," housing minister Grant Shapps stated in line with the new law.

"No longer will there be so-called squatter's rights. Instead, from next week, we're tipping the scales of justice back in favor of the homeowner and making the law crystal clear: entering a property with the intention of squatting will be a criminal offense."

Many people in opposition to the new law argue that it does not address the key cause of why squatting exists in the first place. Leslie Morphy, chief executive of the homeless charity Crisis, said the introduction of this law "will do nothing to address the underlying reasons why vulnerable people squat in the first place—their homelessness and a lack of affordable housing." Data company SSentif announced that new figures show the number of households in need of emergency accommodation has risen by around 25 percent in England during the past three years.

Despite the contention toward the new measures, the government has said figures for homelessness are the lowest they have been in 28 years. "We have maintained funding for homelessness grants at 2010-11 levels with £400 million over the next four years, and, on top of that, we announced an additional £70 million investment over the last year," a spokesperson for the Department for Communities and Local Government said.

Squatting in Scotland has been illegal since the mid 19th century, where a property owner has the right to remove squatters without notice or applying to the civil court for an eviction order.

FRACKING AND RADIOACTIVITY

By Karl Grossman published by Counterpunch

Fracking for gas not only uses toxic chemicals that can contaminate drinking and groundwater, it also releases substantial quantities of radioactive poison from the ground that will remain hot and deadly for thousands of years.

Yesterday, Grassroots Environmental Education, an organization in New York, where extensive fracking is proposed, issued a report exposing major radioactive impacts of hydraulic fracturing—known as fracking.

The Marcellus Shale region, which covers much of upstate New York, is seen as loaded with gas that can be released through the fracking process. It involves injecting fluid and chemicals under high pressure to fracture shale formations and release the gas captured in them.

But also released, notes the report, is radioactive material in the shale—including Radium-226, with a half-life of 1,600 years. A half-life is how long it takes for a radioactive substance to lose half of its radiation. It is multiplied by between 10 and 20 to determine the "hazardous lifetime" of a radioactive material, or how long it takes for it to lose its radioactivity. Thus, Radium-226 remains radioactive for between 16,000 and 32,000 years.

"Horizontal hydrofracking for natural gas in the Marcellus Shale region of New York State has the potential to result in the production of large amounts of waste materials containing Radium-226 and Radium-228 in both solid and liquid mediums," states the report by E. Ivan White, a 30-year staff scientist for the congressionally chartered National Council on Radiation Protection.

"Importantly, the type of radioactive material found in the Marcellus Shale and brought to the surface by horizontal hydrofracking is the type that is particularly long-lived, and could easily bio-accumulate over time and deliver a dangerous radiation dose to potentially millions of people long after the drilling is over," the report goes on.

"Radioactivity in the environment, especially the presence of the known carcinogen radium, poses a potentially significant threat to human health," it says. "Therefore, any activity that has the potential to increase that exposure must be carefully analyzed prior to its commencement so that the risks can be fully understood."

The report lays out "potential pathways of the radiation" through the air, water and soil. Through soil it would get into crops and animals eaten by people.

Examined in the report are a 1999 study on hydrofracking and radioactivity conducted by the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, assisted by representatives from 16 oil and gas companies and a 2011 Environmental Impact Statement that the agency did on the issue. It says both present a "cavalier attitude toward human exposure to radioactive material."

Radium causes cancer in people largely because it is treated as calcium by the body and becomes deposited in bones. It

can mutate bones cells, causing cancer and impacting bone marrow. It can also cause aplastic anemia — an inability for bone marrow to produce sufficient new cells to replenish blood cells. Marie Curie, who discovered radium in 1893 and felt comfortable physically handling it, died of aplastic anemia.

Once, radium was used in self-luminous paint for watch dials and even as an additive in products such as toothpaste and hair creams for purported "curative powers."

There are "no specific treatments for radium poisoning," advises the Delaware Health and Social Services Division of Public Health in its information sheet on radium. When first discovered, "no one knew that it was dangerous," it mentions.

White's report, entitled "Consideration of Radiation in Hazardous Waste Produced from Horizontal Hydrofracking," notes that "radioactive materials and chemical wastes do not just go away when they are released into the environment. They remain active and potentially lethal, and can show up years later in unexpected places. They bioaccumulate in the food chain, eventually reaching humans."

Under the fracking plan for New York State, "there are insufficient precautions for monitoring potential pathways or to even know what is being released into the environment," it states.

The Department of Environmental Conservation "has not proposed sufficient regulations for tracking radioactive waste from horizontal hydrofracking," it says. "Neither New York State nor the Nuclear Regulatory Commission would permit a nuclear power plant to handle radioactive material in this manner."

Doug Wood, associate director of Grassroots Environmental Education and an editor of the report, commented: "Once radioactive material comes out of the ground along with the gas, the problem is what to do with it. The radioactivity lasts for thousands of years, and it is virtually impossible to eliminate or mitigate. Sooner or later, it's going to end up in our environment and eventually our food chain. It's a problem with no good solution — and the DEC is unequipped to handle it."

As for "various disposal methods... contemplated" by the agency "for the thousands of tons of radioactive waste expected to be produced by fracking," Wood said that "none...adequately protect New Yorkers from eventual exposure to this radioactive material. Spread it on the ground, and it will become airborne with dust or wash off into surface waters; dilute it before it discharges into rivers, and it will raise radiation levels in those rivers for everyone downstream; bury it underground, and it will eventually find its way into someone's drinking water. No matter how hard you try, you can't put the radioactive genie back into the bottle."

Furthermore, said Wood, in releasing radioactive radium from the ground, "a terrible burden would be placed on everybody that comes after us. As a moral issue, we must not burden future generations with this. We must say no to fracking—and implement the use of sustainable forms of energy that don't kill."

EUROPEAN ANTI-AUSTERITY PROTESTS: ANGER IN SOUTHERN EUROPE SPREADS TO BRUSSELS

By Jessica Elgot published from The Huffington Post UK

The overall anger at the European Union finally hit the EU's home city of Brussels Chaos that raged across Spain, Italy, Greece and Portugal has spread to the heart of Brussels as police clashed with furious protesters during the November 14 Day of Action against austerity, which has seen 40 groups from 23 countries staging walk-outs and strikes. Belgian rail workers also protested, causing delays on local services and the Eurostar, an international train that runs between London, Brussels and Paris.

The southern nations have faced the harshest austerity measures and the worst unemployment figures.

Italy has seen some of the most violent outburst throughout the day, as members of Italy's student unions clashed with riot police after students organized a four-hour general strike.

Far-right groups smashed a barricade to pour into the Palazzo square in Rome, where Prime Minister Mario Monti lives and where the budget is being voted on. Three policemen have been reported as injured.

In Milan, shop windows were smashed, with banks targeted by protesters who congregated in the city's Piazza Duomo for a demonstration organized by the Italian CGIL trade union.

In Turin, the demonstrators carried a model dragon with a placard in its jaws, saying: "Work" (the dragon represents financial elites). Eggs were hurled at the local tax agency building.

In Spain and Portugal, clashes have continued, with both countries grinding to a halt over 24 hours in the first coordinated general strike.

Portugal's economy shrank by 0.8% in the third quarter of the year, more than was expected, meaning the GDP is lower than when it accepted a €78 billion bailout. Unemployment hit a 15.8% high. Marches and demonstrations have taken place in 40 cities across the nation.

Tires were burnt on the streets of Madrid and police arrested more than 60 people by mid-morning. Riot police fired rubber bullets into the air and struck protesters with batons in the central Plaza de Cibeles square, reported Agence France-Presse.

Rallies and strikes have also been taking place in France, Greece and on London's Oxford Street. In Greece, it is the third strike in the last two months and late night riots occurred after the stike held at the Greek capital on November 14.

The figures on the economic crisis in southern Europe speak for themselves. In Greece, the economy shrank by 7.2 percent during the last year.

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TIME TO MOVE ON: IMC LONDON SIGNING OFF

By IMC London

The Indymedia London collective has taken a decision to close.

Collectively, we have racked up almost 100 years of involvement with the Indymedia project—from the beginnings of Indymedia in 1999 and the launch of Indymedia Center UK in 2000 as a manual website and evolution to a content management site, to the creation of local Indymedia groups in 2003, and then the launch of the current IMC London website in 2008.

So, it is with a sad heart that we bring this latest chapter to an end. Firstly, thanks to all the people, friends and comrades who have participated in the project with us over the years, as users, as members of the London collective (more than 50 people) and other IMC collectives, or as supporters behind the scenes. All of us wish to continue working in a similar terrain and view what comes next as a development from the work that's already been done. However, for us, this Indymedia project is for many reasons no longer the one we think is tactically useful to put our energy into. There are still many features of the project that we believe to be important and essential, but others are less so. Below, we set out some thoughts on both of these, as well as some of the challenges and limitations of the Indymedia project over the years.

On a practical note, the open publishing newswire of the website is now closed and the content will be archived, along with selected London-related content from the previous different Indymedia UK websites. User logons for the website will no longer work. Our public email lists and wiki pages will also be closed and kept as archives.

We will add to the London Indymedia archive some further reflections and evaluations generated through more than a decade of practice, debate and argument. We also think the function of the London events calendar has been an important one and are interested in thinking about ways of retaining this function in one way or other.

If you wish to contact us or send any feedback on the rest of this farewell message please email us at imc-london-contact@lists.indymedia.org.

See you on the streets!

50 ANTI-PIPELINE ACTIVISTS EVADE POLICE, RE-SUPPLY TREESITTERS AS MONTH-LONG ACTION CONTINUES

From Common Dreams

Campaigners with the Tar Sands Blockade—who have been maintaining tree-sits and engaging in civil disobedience against the southern portion of TransCanada's tar sands pipeline in east Texas since September—celebrated what they called their "biggest day of action yet" on October 15.

As the Winnsboro, Texas tree blockade entered its fourth week, more than 50 new supporters broke through police lines in order to bring fresh supplies, including food and water, to the tree-sitters. Despite a newly-expanded Strategic Lawsuit Against Public Participation (SLAPP) injunction served to the protesters by local law enforcement agencies, the anti-pipeline activists risked arrest in large numbers.

"They're saying we might get sued or worse, but stopping this pipeline is too important," said Glenn Hobbit. The Longview News-Journal reports that the SLAPP injunctions are "temporary restraining orders" issued by two state district court judges against the Keystone XL Pipeline protesters in both Wood and Franklin counties.

"The court orders prohibit protesters from interfering with, preventing or obstructing construction of the pipeline being built across private property in the two counties en route to the Gulf Coast," the News-Journal reported.

The Wood County restraining order was issued last week where a reporter and a photographer from the New York Times were detained near Winnsboro by off-duty police officers hired by a TransCanada contractor. The orders and escalating arrests of protestors highlight increasing efforts by TransCanada to move construction forward that has been stalled for several weeks in some areas. The pair, reporter Dan Frosch and photographer Brandon Thibodeaux, were released after identifying themselves as members of the press.

Construction has been hampered by protesters who chained themselves to equipment in Franklin County and others in Wood County who have created a maze of tree houses. That protest has been spearheaded by the pipeline opposition group Tar Sands Blockade.

"Peaceful and nonviolent civil disobedience is one tool in the activist toolkit," Bill McKibben, a Middlebury College professor, who has been one of the leading foes of Keystone XL, said in an email to The Washington Post regarding the ongoing protest in Texas. "You don't want to use it all the time, because it gets dull. But this is the kind of case for which it's designed: when you're up against the wall and truly powerful forces are refusing to listen to reason and just pushing ahead, regardless."

Former New York Times reporter and Truthdig columnist Chris Hedges wrote on Monday that the Keystone pipeline "is part of the final phase of extreme exploitation by the corporate state." If completed, he says, "it will pump 1.1 million barrels of unrefined tar sand fluid a day, from tar sand mine fields in Canada to the Texas Gulf Coast. Tar sand oil is not conventional crude oil. It is a synthetic slurry that, because tar sand oil is solid in its natural state, must be laced with a deadly brew of toxic chemicals and gas condensates to get it to flow. Tar sands are boiled and diluted with these chemicals before being blasted down a pipeline at high pressure.

Water sources would be instantly contaminated if there was a rupture. The pipeline would cross nearly 2,000 US waterways, including the Ogallala Aquifer, source of one-third of the US' farmland irrigation water. And it is not a matter of if, but when, it would spill.

TransCanada's Keystone I pipeline, built in 2010, leaked 12 times in its first 12 months of operation. Because the extraction process emits such a large quantity of greenhouse gases, the pipeline has been called the fuse to the largest carbon bomb on the planet. The climate scientist James Hansen warns that successful completion of the pipeline, along with the exploitation of Canadian tar sands it would facilitate, would mean game over for the climate.

Earlier in October, more than 30 national and international environmental groups voiced their support for the relatively small number of protesters in east Texas, saying "If we are determined to prevent the pursuit of extreme energy from destroying our communities, natural systems and climate, then peaceful, yet confrontational, protests like the Tar Sands Blockade are necessary actions for change."

Following the October 15 day of action, at which eight activists were arrested, a statement from Tar Sand Blockade said that "today's defiant walk-on protest is the largest in the history of protests surrounding Keystone XL construction and sends a clear signal that we will not be deterred by SLAPP suits and other legal threats to limit our civil liberties."

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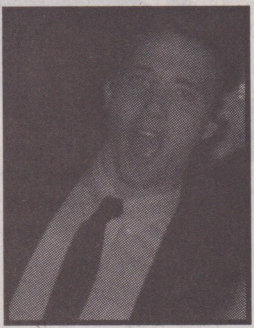
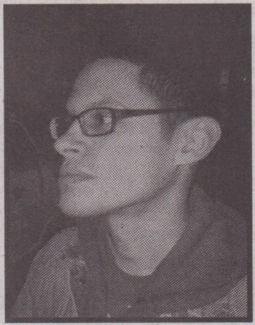
WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: What is the worst thing about the world NOT ending on December 21st, 2012? Asked at the Closet Case / Caged Animal / No Love show in San Francisco.

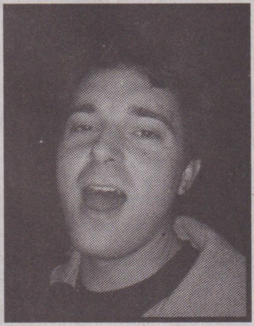


Hoad, Phoenix
That I have to come out to my parents once and for all or that we're going to have to keep being in a shitty band.

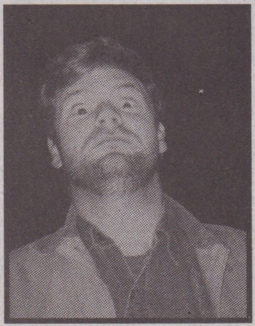
Kevin, Oakland
That the punx and the skins still won't be united.



Tony, Millbrae
That pop punk will still be a thing.

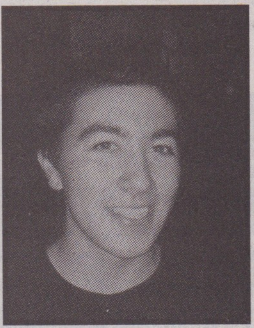


Aaron, SF
That it IS going to end.



Keith, Oakland
The fact that I will have to go to work the following day.

Mike, SF
Poverty.



Nathan, SF
The fact that McDonalds apple pies will still be two for over a dollar.

Timothy, Boston
Obamacare still existing in 2013.

Melissa, SF
OK cupid.

Matt, SF
The UFO's wont take over but it's going to happen soon so it will be OK. Don't worry.

INFERNÖH

In southern Sweden, there is a four-piece powerhouse that has been mangling the land for some time now. Consisting of members from some of your recent favorite Swedish hardcore bands and one UK import, Infernöh released a stunning demo last year and an absolutely incredible 12", War Tjard, in May 2012. One can only wonder what they have in store for us next. Luckily, I had the chance to conduct this interview with them so we can all know what to look forward to. If it's kang you want, look no further. Here is Infernöh! Interview by Jeremy Meier. Photos by. Susanna Svennson, Verushka sirit, Ariane Smierci.

MRR: First thing, who does what in the band?
Jonas: Hello! It's me, Jonas, on guitar; another guy called Jonas on drums; Jona on vocals; and Panchito on bass.

MRR: Do you all live in Malmö?
Jonas: Hell, no! I've never lived there and I never will. Pancho and I currently live in the forest in the south of Sweden together with a few other people. Jona and Jonas (drums) live in Malmö, though.
Pancho: Yeah, Jonas and I live as part of a punk collective, I guess you would say, in the forest. I like the privacy, and I like to live fairly free—or as free as one can these days—and without too much pressure from city life. To quote Raw'Arse, "Living in the city is fuckin' shit." I just came back from England, I was only there five days and it's great seeing friends and family, but nothing makes me hate cities more than that place. It really doesn't do anything for my anxiety.
Jonas: Swedish cities are boring and have nothing to offer. Nature on the other hand...
Jonas (drums): I like Malmö now and then. There are loads of fun people if you look around a bit. It's small and it's familiar in a way. It's impossible to go out for even five minutes without bumping into people you know. After sometimes you just randomly say hello to people you don't know because you think you might. Sometimes, I hardly say hello to people I do know. That depends on how you feel from day to day, I guess. It can get to be a bit much, but I prefer being social to jumping around in the woods smelling flowers.
Jona: Like Jonas said, the other Jonas and I live in Malmö. We are not from Skåne, though. I'm from Östergötland, and Jonas is from Småland; both of us are kids grown up in small villages. I don't know about Jonas, but I'd rather not live in the city. I haven't found the right spot yet. I guess the time will come. It feels really good to take the bus and go to practice at Pancho and Jonas's place in Hulta. Mangel in a little cabin in the woods.

THE INFERNÖH IS UPON US.
THE INFERNÖH IS UPON US.

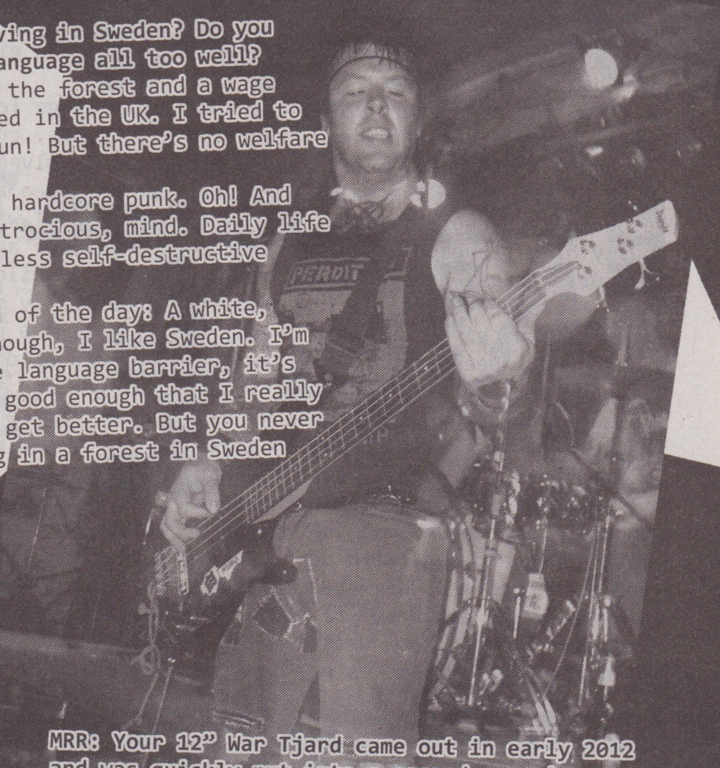
MRR: How did Infernöh come together—and when?
Pancho: We had our first practice around February 2011. I'd been nagging Jonas—both of them, actually—for a long time, since I moved here from the UK, pretty much. I was bored, unemployed and frustrated. I desperately wanted to make some noise with good mates. I'd known guitarist Jonas for quite a few years, and I had met drummer Jonas a few times when visiting. I pretty much knew they were the idiots I wanted to do a band with when I moved here. Nothing really happened for some time, though. I think Jona and I made a connection when I joined Fy Fan on stage for a cover of Cock Sparrer's "Riot Squad." He was a wild front man in Fy Fan. I didn't know him so well at the time, but I'm glad we got talking.
Jonas: Jonas the drummer sent me a text one day that he wanted to play motorpunk—whatever that is—with me. I always thought he was a nice guy, and I wanted something new because my other band, Skitkids, was fizzling out. I just wanted to go back to playing simple aggressive hardcore punk.
Jonas (drums): I have no idea what I meant by "motorpunk." I just wanted to play drums. I don't even remember asking. I thought Jonas asked me—doesn't matter I guess. Someone asked something and it happened. Good times.
Jona: I wanted something new because Fy Fan is on hiatus, and I also wanted something more raw and dark. Remembering that a long time ago I said to guitarist Jonas that I had wanted to be in a band with him ever since the first time I saw Skitkids play, we got to talking at Malmö Hardcore Festival in January 2011. I'm pretty sure we were all more or less sober, drinking non-alcoholic beer or really light ones, when we decided that we were going to start a band. Then we just told drummer Jonas that he needed a new band. After our first practice, we had at least two songs done.

MRR: Pancho, you're from England. What are the perks of living in Sweden? Do you find it hard living in a foreign country not knowing the language all too well?

Pancho: Well, the perks would be my girlfriend, a house in the forest and a wage from work that I could have only dreamed of if I still lived in the UK. I tried to avoid work for as long as possible and had a pretty good run! But there's no welfare for me here, so I might as well sell my arse.

What else? A good, unpretentious view of raw punk and DIY hardcore punk. Oh! And good pizza and cheap falafel. The beer prices are fairly atrocious, mind. Daily life here isn't so much different from that in the UK—a little less self-destructive maybe, but I guess that's something that comes with age.

Northern Europe is more or less the same place at the end of the day: A white, privileged, sterile, homogenous shit hole. Saying that, though, I like Sweden. I'm not really sure why, exactly, but I do. So, apart from the language barrier, it's not so different. Now my understanding of the language is good enough that I really don't have that many problems, so I guess things can only get better. But you never know where you might end up. I never expected to be living in a forest in Sweden five years ago.



MRR: Infernöh has quickly become a big name band when it comes to current Swedish hardcore. How do you guys feel about this? Do you agree?

Pancho: I don't think any of us are that aware, really. I mean, people seem to be into us in some places, and that's fucking cool. I'd be lying if I said I didn't want people to enjoy it as much as I do. But as long as the four of us are still mates and having a laugh, drinking, travelling and making raw punk that always puts that stupid grin on my face that these guys like to make fun of, then it's grand.

Jonas: I almost never check on what's going on and who's big and who's not. I'm very glad that our stuff is well received, as I have come to realize it apparently is. I'm a bit surprised by it all, really. I just wanted to make easy, raw hardcore songs in the style that I grew up with—and make it as easy as possible. I didn't expect people to like it that much, but I'm very happy if people do.

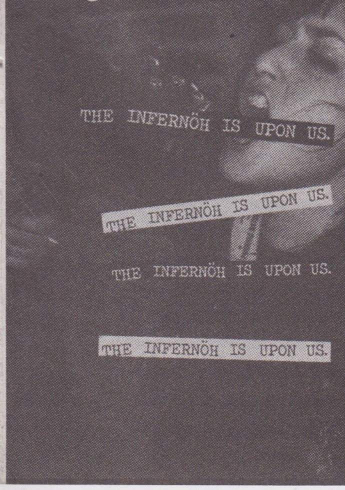
Jonas (drums): Pancho's angry smile! I think you look really cute when you do that. It suits you. Seriously, though, I feel good about it, if that's how it is. I don't think about it more other than that it's nice when it works out and we get to play and stuff. I don't know how else to look at it.

Jona: I don't think we are what you call a big name, but I guess that we became a known band within the scene really fast via the mysterious wonders of the Internet. Of course, it is really flattering that people are into our shit, mostly because all of us love what we do. It feels good to agree when people come up and say that we did a great 12". Ha ha.

MRR: Your 12" War Tjard came out in early 2012 and was quickly put into a second pressing. It's a really great record. How do you feel about the 12"? Has it been well received?

Pancho: Thanks! I'm really glad people like it. We record everything at our house with Jonas (guitar) at the desk. I think we're all really happy with the outcome. Jocke D-Takt is super productive and very enthusiastic. It was great to work with him. I was personally a little disappointed with the first pressing, mainly for other people's sake. A lot of the sleeves were damaged in transit or wrestling the record from the sleeve like mine. But I think that was a problem with the printers, which was solved with the second pressing. Guillem el Muro did a fucking amazing job with the artwork, as usual, and Bri Doom threw into the mix on the mastering. With the people involved, we'd have been idiots to have not made something worthwhile.

Jona: Yeah, working with Jocke has been amazing. He is a trustworthy and dedicated man with great ethics. For those who haven't checked out his label D-Takt & Råpunk Records, go for it: www.dbeatrawpunk.blogspot.com.



MRR: How have the Malmö and Copenhagen scenes reacted to Infernöh? Are your local shows crazy?

Pancho: The response in Copenhagen and Malmö has been great! I don't know if I would say the shows are crazy, though. It depends on how drunk people are. Ha ha. Swedish people are quite introverted. The K-Town Hardcore fest was pretty mental, and Puntala Rock in Finland was one of the maddest gigs I've played, just because of the sheer size of it. But I think our best response was definitely in Barcelona. Those two shows were fucking mad!

Jonas: Yes! I loved all the Spain gigs! Pancho and I have spent some time down there before: Great people, great scene, great venues, alcohol and other stimulants! And Puntala in Finland was a blast. That was the first time I visited that country. I only saw forests and punks—and loved it. The super-friendly organizers and Finnish punks are insane. As for local gigs, I agree with Pancho: If a great deal of alcohol is involved, it can turn pretty crazy. Otherwise, people usually stand in the corners. Ha ha. I think that's kind of the way it is all over Europe when compared to the United States, where it seems that there's a mosh pit at every gig.

MRR: Is the DIY punk scene in Malmö strong? Are there a lot of gigs happening? Is it easy to book a show? Please give us a run down on the scene.

Pancho: The scene here is strong and fairly large for such a small place, and it's very integrated with punks, crusties, hardcore kids, heavy metal heads, etc., all involved together most of the time. The Malmö Hardcore fest has been amazing, especially because it's just bands from Malmö—all with seriously high standards regardless of genre, sex, or age.

I put on gigs whenever I can. I live, like, 75 kilometers from Malmö and work full time, so it can be really difficult for me to do gigs. But when I can, I will! All the gigs I have put on have been pretty much raw punk, noise punk or crust and I've recently had talks with friends about getting together a collective for handling these kinds of shows. Adrian and Kalle, with whom I also put on gigs sometimes when we like to mix the bill, generally sort the hardcore gigs.

I do think the situation with venues is absolute shite, though. Some venues are just plain unreliable, or we're stuck with clubs and bars with bouncers and ridiculous rental costs and drink prices. They even make you hang your studded leather jacket in the cloakroom if you're unlucky! If that isn't fascism, I don't know what is. The frustration of trying to find venues really makes me miss the squat scene and really appreciate what is rapidly being stolen from us. But just over the bridge in Copenhagen, we have Ungdomshuset, which is an anarchist, autonomously run venue, bar and workshop. I'm sure people have heard of it. Though that doesn't mean that we're going to stop looking for something in Malmö that we will run in a similar fashion: For the punks by the punks.

Jonas: It's a shame we lost the venue in Malmö that was completely run by anarchists and punks. A lot disappeared with it. I hope to find something new. But, yeah, Copenhagen is about 30 minutes away with the train and is a much more fun place to be.

I grew up in a small town about 40 minutes away from there, but still in Sweden, and started to go to shows and hang out at the Copenhagen venue Ungdomshuset at the age of fourteen. I'm now 30 and I feel very much at home there: Loads of old friends and great memories.

The shitty pub shows I rarely go to—at least if there's a fucking bouncer there. It might seem boring, but I like to hang out in the forest and do my own stuff. Regardless, I have to give credit to the small yet devoted hardcore punk movement in Malmö. Good people!

MRR: Infernöh has done many shows outside of Sweden. What are your favorite areas to play in Europe? Where do you think you are best received?

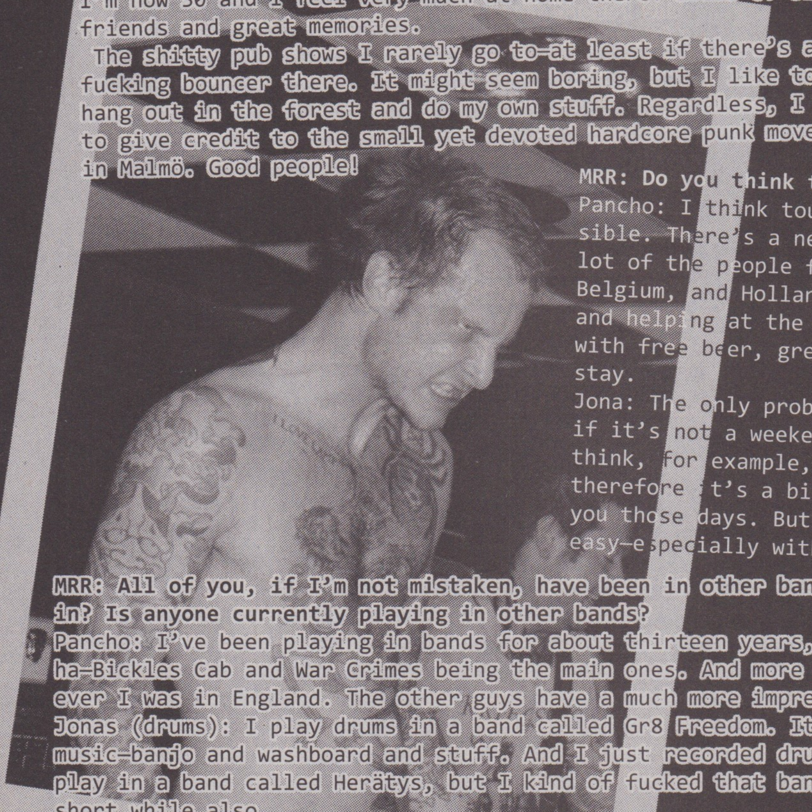
Pancho: We've only played Scandinavia and Finland, Germany, Catalonia and Basque Country. I used to live in Barcelona. It's a fucking mental city and it was a mad week, fucked up on booze and pretty much anything else we could get our grubby hands on. It's definitely the highlight for me so far.

Puntala Rock was amazing, too, just because I've always wanted to play there—and the crowd was huge! We were constantly pelted with beer cans—full beer cans! Such a laugh. Then we watched Selfish and Poison Idea immediately after, so the buzz never ended. Fucking wizard.

Jonas (drums): I think the two-day Germany tour was the most epic: Wild gigs and amazing after parties. Nice sightseeing, as well.

Jonas: It's hard to say what's best. I've liked all the shows so far. I always like to play in Switzerland and Italy, but we haven't had the chance with Infernöh yet. Poland is a killer.

Jona: I also think the shows in Barcelona and Puntala were mental. Pretty much everything was mad with those shows and the things happening before and after. I am definitely the calmer one in the crew, and I just love to sit, observe and have a laugh when the others go ape shit.



MRR: Do you think touring in Europe is still easy and feasible?

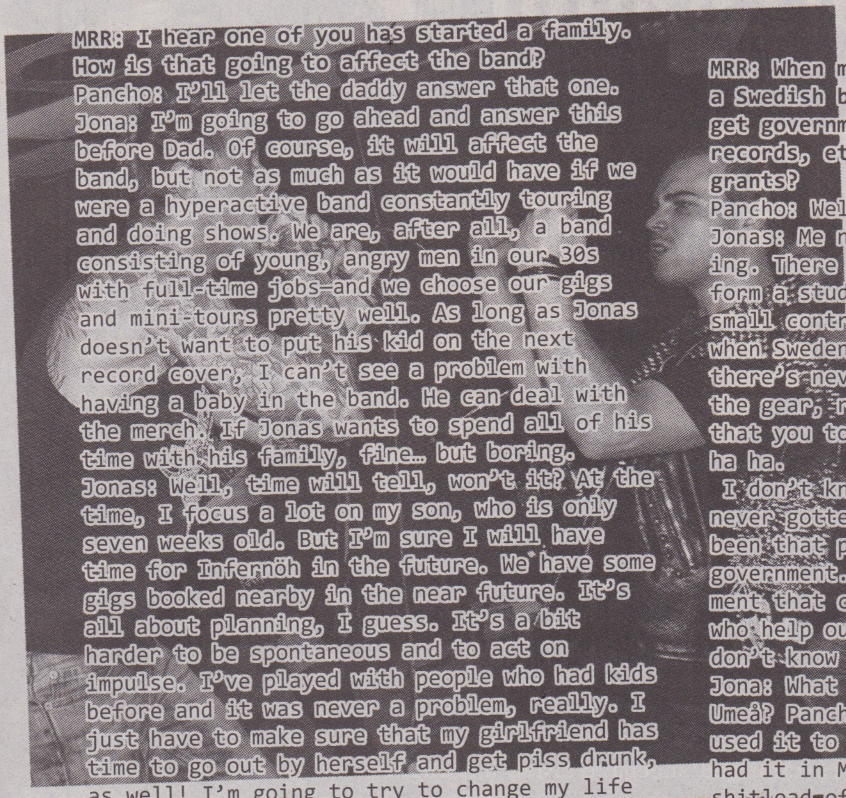
Pancho: I think touring Europe is still fairly easy and definitely feasible. There's a network here that has existed for many years, with a lot of the people from the original collectives—especially in Germany, Belgium, and Holland—folks well into their 40s and 50s putting on shows and helping at the venues, etc. You often will be treated very well, with free beer, great vegan and vegetarian food, and a decent place to stay.

Jona: The only problem seems to be having people come out for the shows if it's not a weekend. Even if you are a better-known DIY band, I think, for example, a Tuesday is a slower day than the weekends—and therefore it's a bit harder to find someone that really wants to book you those days. But, like Pancho said, it's still pretty easy—especially with the right contacts.

MRR: All of you, if I'm not mistaken, have been in other bands. What other projects has everyone been involved in? Is anyone currently playing in other bands?

Pancho: I've been playing in bands for about thirteen years, but no one will have heard of any of them—ha ha—Bickles Cab and War Crimes being the main ones. And more recently Raw'Arse. I played with Skiplickers whenever I was in England. The other guys have a much more impressive list than me.

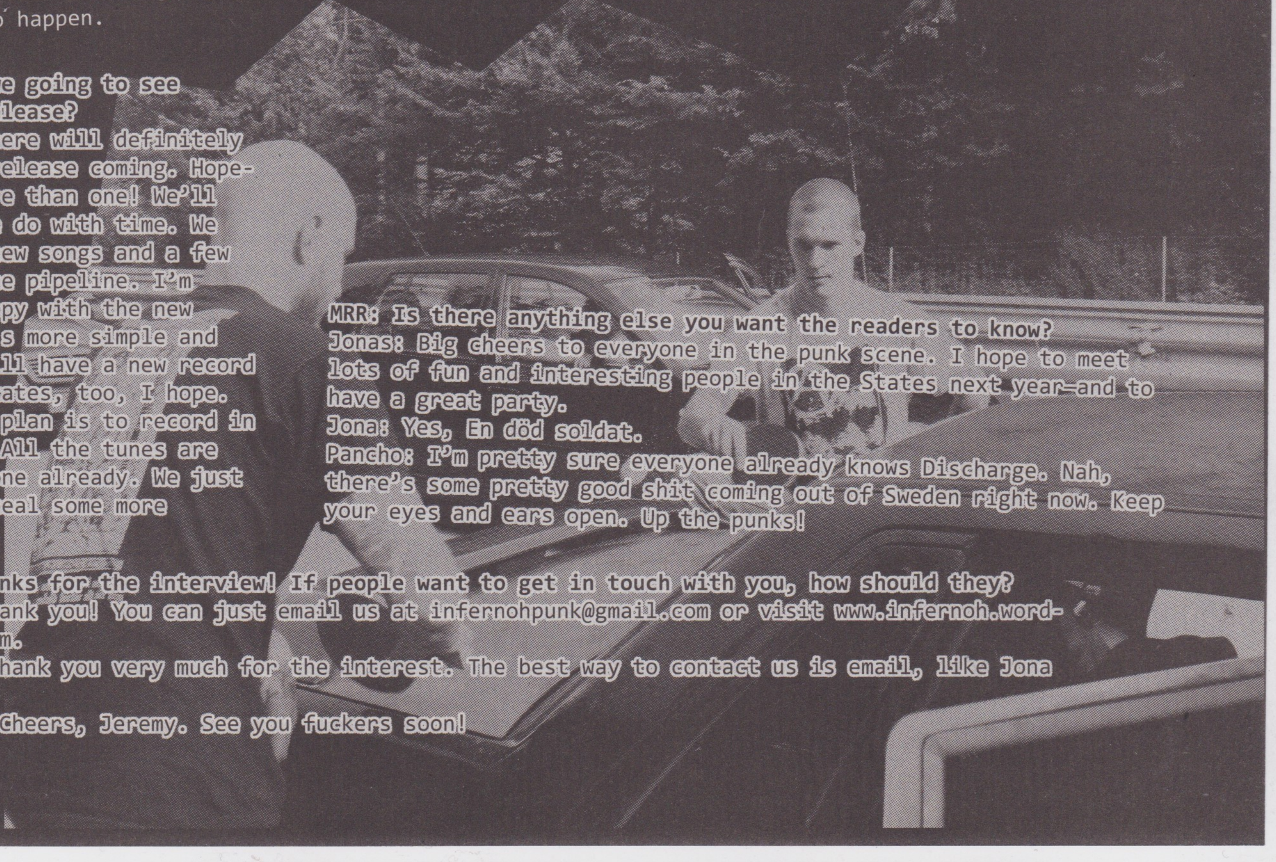
Jonas (drums): I play drums in a band called Gr8 Freedom. It's a rock'n'roll band. I also play American old-time music—banjo and washboard and stuff. And I just recorded drums with a new band called Institution. I used to play in a band called Herätys, but I kind of fucked that band up, unfortunately. My bad. I sang in Fy Fan for a short while also.



MRR: I hear one of you has started a family. How is that going to affect the band?
Pancho: I'll let the daddy answer that one.
Jona: I'm going to go ahead and answer this before Dad. Of course, it will affect the band, but not as much as it would have if we were a hyperactive band constantly touring and doing shows. We are, after all, a band consisting of young, angry men in our 30s with full-time jobs—and we choose our gigs and mini-tours pretty well. As long as Jonas doesn't want to put his kid on the next record cover, I can't see a problem with having a baby in the band. He can deal with the merch. If Jonas wants to spend all of his time with his family, fine… but boring.
Jonas: Well, time will tell, won't it? At the time, I focus a lot on my son, who is only seven weeks old. But I'm sure I will have time for Infernöh in the future. We have some gigs booked nearby in the near future. It's all about planning, I guess. It's a bit harder to be spontaneous and to act on impulse. I've played with people who had kids before and it was never a problem, really. I just have to make sure that my girlfriend has time to go out by herself and get piss drunk, as well! I'm going to try to change my life as little as possible; I'm not planning to move into a nice, tidy family area, ha ha. But I sure want to spend as much time as possible with my son. Touring three months a year might not be possible for me.

MRR: When my band toured Europe, we did a few shows with a Swedish band that told me that in Sweden it's easy to get government grants to record, buy gear, release records, etc. Is that true? Have any of you ever gotten grants?
Pancho: Well, I've never fucking seen any free money!
Jonas: Me neither, but I think this is a misunderstanding. There is—or at least there was—the possibility to form a study circle with a cultural theme and to get a small contribution from the state. That's from the time when Sweden was run with a more social agenda, but there's never been so much money that you could get all the gear, record releases and such. Or maybe the ones that you toured with have special government connections, ha ha.
I don't know; it sounds pretty unlikely to me. I have never gotten any money, and I don't know anyone who has been that privileged. The money is not directly from the government. Arbetarnas bildningsförbund (ABF) is a movement that came from the workers' movement. There are some who help out with this; they also help with education. I don't know too much about it, though.
Jona: What band was this? I bet they were from fucking Umeå? Pancho, you haven't seen any free money because I used it to lower the cost for our practice space when we had it in Malmö. But it wasn't much. I guess there is a shitload of funds to get if you just know where to look. But I also know it was way better back in the day.
Jonas (drums): Yeah, you can if you fill in forms. I hate forms. But I do know people who bought new guitars and cymbals filling out forms. So I guess I'm the idiot.
Pancho: Ha ha ha ha ha.

MRR: What does Infernöh have planned for 2013? I see that you'll be playing Chaos in Tejas. Anything else happening in the States?
Pancho: Well, if all goes according to plan, some dodgy tattooed geezers and geezettes are going to be stupid enough to get in a van with us and drive across the fucking country making a racket. I can't fucking wait!
Jona: We have a tour starting May 17 that will end at Chaos in Tejas. Timmy was so kind to invite us. I can't wait for that to happen.



MRR: Are we going to see another release?
Pancho: There will definitely be a new release coming. Hopefully, more than one! We'll see how we do with time. We have six new songs and a few more in the pipeline. I'm pretty happy with the new stuff. It's more simple and raw. We will have a new record for the States, too, I hope.
Jona: The plan is to record in November. All the tunes are sort of done already. We just need to steal some more

MRR: Is there anything else you want the readers to know?
Jonas: Big cheers to everyone in the punk scene. I hope to meet lots of fun and interesting people in the States next year—and to have a great party.
Jona: Yes, En död soldat.
Pancho: I'm pretty sure everyone already knows Discharge. Nah, there's some pretty good shit coming out of Sweden right now. Keep your eyes and ears open. Up the punks!

MRR: Thanks for the interview! If people want to get in touch with you, how should they?
Jona: Thank you! You can just email us at infernohpunk@gmail.com or visit www.infernoh.wordpress.com.
Jonas: Thank you very much for the interest. The best way to contact us is email, like Jona said.
Pancho: Cheers, Jeremy. See you fuckers soon!

Procession

Procession is a four piece from Grand Rapids, MI that has been making some loud and attractive noise lately à la My Bloody Valentine or Lush. Although the now re-emerged shoegaze craze has turned out quite a few bores in the midst of the alluring, it seems Procession is one of the more genuine. For starters, they're not the side project of some over-hyped punk band, so things are already looking good. I got the chance to speak with Britty (vocals/guitar), Graham (guitar), Mike (drums) and Zach (bass/vocals). Interview by James Muschinski. Photos by Joe Moon.

MRR: How long have you guys/gal been a band and what other bands are you still a part of? Any of them playing or touring at the moment?

Britty: I asked Graham to start a band with me about two and a half years ago expecting to just speculate about it for a few months and never actually make music. Then, we happened upon Zach. Zach and Graham both had a bunch of riffs sitting around, so we decided to actually get together. Since then, we have had a few periods of inactivity due to school, travel and distance, but we've gotten a lot better at working from afar.

I also play guitar and sing in a fuzzy '90s alternative band called Pity Sex. They asked me to join when I moved to Ann Arbor last fall (we all live together now). I don't know how I end up in bands with the most amazing, talented people, but I feel so lucky to be a part of this. We just released an LP, and we're planning a tour. Where to? Good question. I hope the west coast.

Graham: Yeah, Britty asked if I wanted to start a New Order/Joy Division-esque band late in 2009. We met up with Zach and our first drummer, Josh, who played in a post-shoegaze-ish band, Cult of Reason. Procession is what came out of it. I also play in a two-man grind band, Hombrinus Dudes, but we're on a five year hiatus to take our respective journeys to the center of our minds.

Mike: I sing in a band called BearTrap. Zach from Procession played bass for us on our European tour.

MRR: Mike, how was Europe? Any cool stories?

Britty: Europe is cool, way different than the United States. People are way nicer. Nothing too cool happened, but a cop grabbed my dick on the side of the highway in Greece. Full on grabbed it like he was weighing it like a sack of produce.

MRR: Shoegaze and dream-pop tends to transcend quite a few genres. Has the hardcore/punk community always embraced the band?

Britty: I'd say so. We met each other through hardcore/punk, and we've probably played more shows with hardcore bands than non-hardcore bands. Grand Rapids is just big enough to have a thriving "scene" and just small enough that it's not divided by genre nuances. I thought we were just kind of spoiled by that. When we did our first tour with BearTrap, I was afraid people would just dismiss us as wimpy shit, but I was pleasantly surprised. In fact, more people talk to us at the shows we don't exactly fit on. It's kind of nice to be the odd band out every once in a while. People are pretty open-minded.

Graham: Like the first day of spring. The contemporary classical scene, though, is a hard one to please. They called us a bunch of 'sym-phonies.' Apparently, we need a wind instrument.

MRR: After releasing two EPs, you now released your first LP on Forward records last May. Was the feeling any different on this record compared to previous recordings? Are you pleased overall?

Britty: I am very pleased with this record. The only thing that feels different-at least to me-is that it wasn't rushed. Hopefully that translates into a good thing.
Graham: Recording for the record was a long, messy process, to tell the truth. Our friend Don filled in for us kind of last moment to drum for the most of the record, and another friend, Brandon, drummed on another couple songs. We were all pretty busy, and finding a time where all of us could practice was a pain. Many of the pre-recording practices with Don were just him and I. We practiced with Brandon for maybe half an hour. There are some things I would have done differently, recording wise, but I'll have to remember those for the next LP. At the time of recording, we were in pretty rough shape as a band and figured that recording was going to be the last thing we were going to do together. Thus, my approach to the record was lackadaisical. After we toured last summer though, and had recruited Mike as a consistent drummer, we decided to carry on like that Manowar song. Forever, carry on.

MRR: There seems to be a lot of cool bands coming out of Michigan lately. I myself recently discovered Radiator Hospital, whom I'm sure you're familiar with. Are there any bands, especially from Grand Rapids, that we should probably be listening to?
Britty: Radiator Hospital is my favorite current band! Sam once covered "Fleeting" for a comp he was putting together and I have never been more flattered. Great guy. Great musician. Shores, also from Grand Rapids, and another one of my favorites. They let me do some vocals on their new record, Leavening. Seriously, I don't know what I did to deserve collaboration with such talented people. They sound like if Procession took some downers and started looking through sentimental pictures, alone on Christmas Eve-really great stuff. Seeing as we just talked about diversity, I have to recommend that everyone listen to Damages. If you like darker hardcore with cry baby lyrics, this is the band. In fact, if you like anything distorted, I'd give them a shot. The lyrics alone are worth it.
Graham: Pity Sex, Burnt Offerings, Courtesy Spit, Tokyo Morose, Alexis, and Planet of ID, not the Grand Rapids Symphony. From outside of Michigan, Joint Damage from Charlotte, NC.
Mike: Negative Approach. No, but seriously I saw the Stooges two years ago and that was wyld.
Zach: I personally have been greatly inspired by the band Cloud Rat. Whenever I listen to them, I have to pick up my bass and start practicing. Everyone in that band is an awesome individual as well. If you have not heard them yet then you are surely missing out.

MRR: Some of your influences are pretty apparent and lay on the surface. Can you explain some of your more indirect influences?
Britty: I have basically ripped off the Promise Ring in every song. I wouldn't really say we sound anything like them, but they are definitely in the back of my head during the writing process. Davey von Bohlen inspires me lyrically more than anyone else. Some other influences that might be less intuitive: Hüsker Dü, Saves the Day, and lately Hole.
Graham: I definitely admire Johnny Marr's playing and layering and occasionally throw a little jangle into a tune. Everyone in the band has different approaches to a song, which adds a little collaborative spice to whatever we do. Sprinkle sprinkle.
Zach: I find influence in many different genres. Peter Hook of New Order's style of playing has always inspired me. Otherwise I always find inspiration from DIY bands near and afar. Seeing their successes drive me to achieve the same goals.

MRR: PETA posted your video for "Grand Ledge" a few months ago. I have to say, it won some cute points but definitely left me feeling a bit sad. With the name of the new album entitled Your Turn to Feel, I sense a definite underling tone to animal rights. Do you feel it's important to convey your beliefs in animal rights and any resulting lifestyle choices as a band?
Britty: That's a slippery slope. For one, I think it's extremely important to talk about "issues," especially given some sort of platform or medium, no matter the size. Animal Rights has always been an important part of my life. If I didn't bring that passion into this sphere, I wouldn't be acting genuinely. As an "all or nothing" person, that's not exactly an appealing option. Further, I think this is an issue about which many people are unfortunately either misinformed or uninformed. I don't pretend to have all of the facts, but being an animal lover since birth, I've researched and written my fair share of papers on the topic during my 20-or-so years in school. This is why I don't-or try my hardest not to, rather-harbor any negative feelings towards people who make different choices. I mean, my mother and father are the two most amazing people in my life and they both eat meat. Everyone could know more and everyone could be doing more. I could be living in the woods, using my own shit as fertilizer and showering in the river, but I'm sitting on my laptop which some under-paid worker probably assembled somewhere in China. That being said, I hate myself and I would like to be fed to starving animals when I die.
Graham: Since the entire band is vegan, and loves animals, that aspect of the band is going to be more apparent. Your Turn to Feel could be applied to every other song we have too though, and almost all do not reference animal rights or veganism. We all have similar beliefs in regard to those issues, but that's about as political, on the whole, as the band is. The idea for the "Grand Ledge" video came from our tour photo-videographer, and fellow cat enthusiast, Joe Moon, who also put together our tour videos this past winter.

MRR: You guys toured a little bit at the beginning of the year and then ended up playing at this year's Ladyfest in Boston, MA. I've always wanted to attend myself. This year's line-up included Shoppers, Foreign Objects, Libyans, and Population. What bands that you have met along the way would you now consider to be your peers or close friends?
Britty: I had an absolute blast at Ladyfest. It was a pain in the butt getting out there and back in time for an exam on Monday morning, but entirely worth it. We actually got added because my friend Katie

Crutchfield (Waxahatchee) was playing and put in a good word for us. She doesn't count though, because I've loved her for years. We didn't get to stay at Ladyfest too long because we had two other shows that weekend, but every band we got to see was fantastic. We also played with Field Mouse in New York that weekend. I would have made the trip just to see them play. The only thing that sucked, actually, was feeling like they blew us out of the water. Good thing they're so funny and good looking otherwise I might have had a hard time hating them for that. As far as other bands we've met through Procession, Code Orange Kids comes to mind. I don't know that I'd consider them my peers, though. At least not without insulting them. They're not too much younger than I am, but they make me feel like a waste of life. I hope their parents all appreciate how talented (and sweet) they are.

Graham: I had a lot of fun with Caulfield, from Sacramento, when we jumped on their tour. The highway was lonely without them. I hope to meet up with those fools again down the road. All the dudes in Final Club, straight out of Denton TX, were super rad- and have awesome cats. There were also some cool dogs in Oklahoma City and I could never forget Sigmund, rad-ass young kitty down in Gainesville. As animal lovers, there is some serious heavy petting when we're on the road. Shout outs to the rebels with paws.

Mike: The tour was really fun. We went down thru the Midwest to Texas, over to Florida and back up through Birmingham and Nashville. All the shows were different. I booked the tour, and usually book tours for my other band, so I had to find totally new contacts for this tour, and it actually worked out well.

I could be living in the woods, using my own shit as fertilizer and showering in the river, but I'm sitting on my laptop which some under-paid worker probably assembled somewhere in China. That being said, I hate myself and I would like to be fed to starving animals when I die.

MRR: What plans do you have for the future? Any tours in mind?

Britty: Graham and I were sending recordings back and forth while Mike and Zach were in Europe doing a BearTrap tour, so I am hoping to get a good chunk of new songs solidified. My plan is to hang out in New York for a while to work on these songs in person. After that, I would love to do a West Coast tour! That's still being decided, though.

Graham: Living in four different cities and three different states makes anything we do more difficult, but nevertheless we have seven to ten new songs in the works for another LP. It may be some time before that is finished, but a seven inch this summer is a possibility, as is another tour, maybe West Coast. Keep on the lookout.

MRR: Describe Procession in six words or less.

Britty: Music to eat your feelings to.

Graham: Magnanimous misanthropes in somber reverie.

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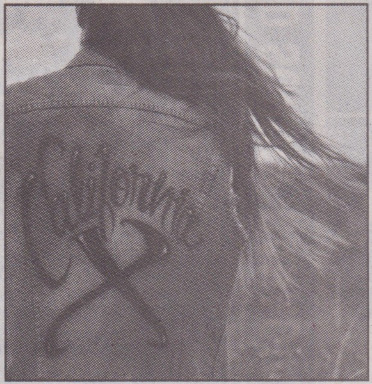

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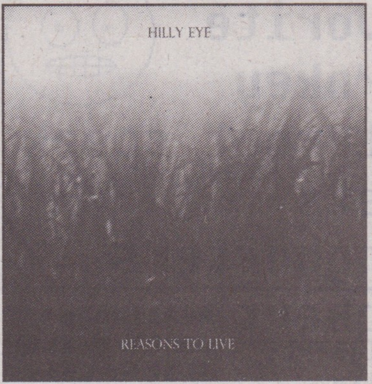

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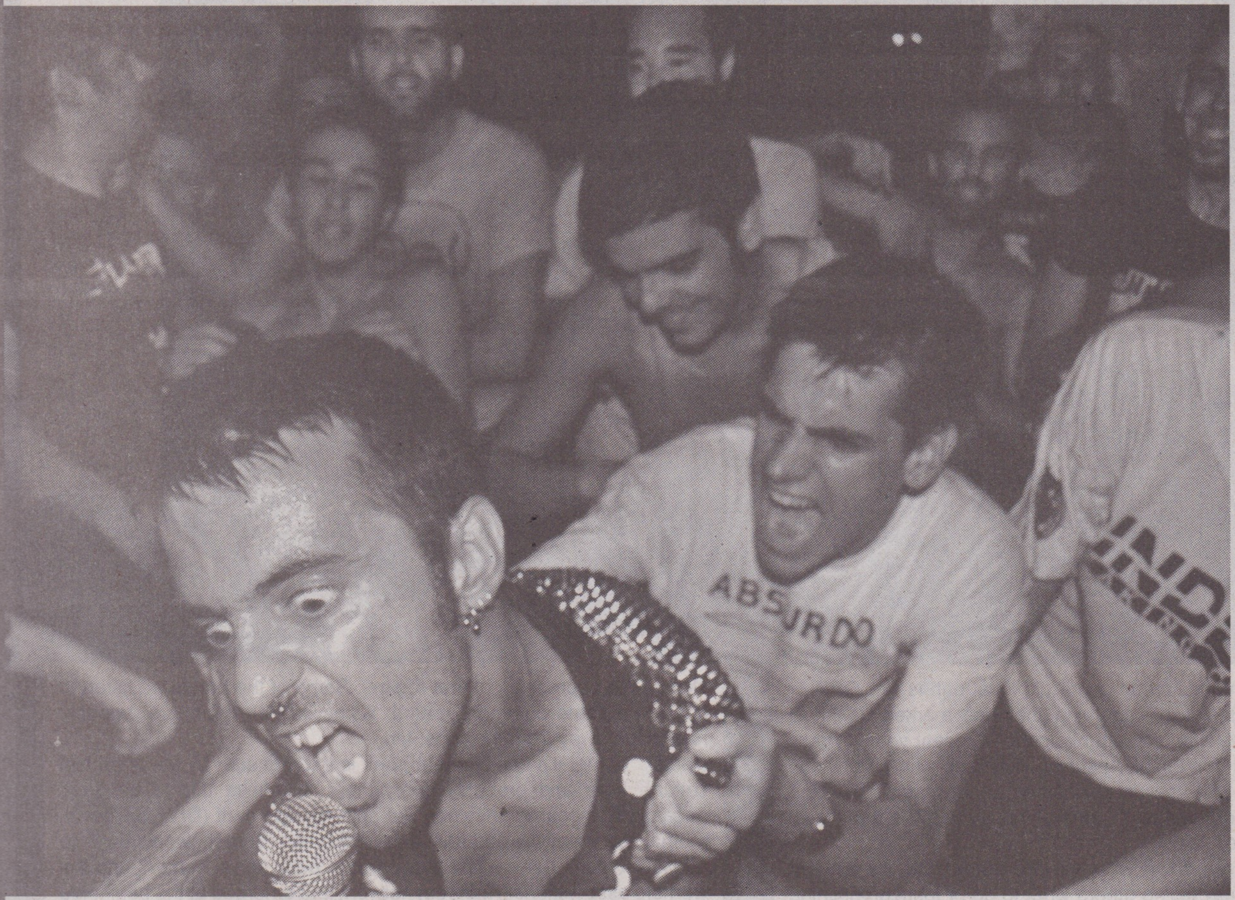

MRR: Last weekend was the Caos A Gràcia festival in the streets of BCN. Absurdo played and people lost their shit, danced like crazy, sung along, etc. Just before the show, Xavi from Crosta told me that Absurdo is a band that brings together a lot of people, with fewer divisions than other bands from Barcelona (to sum it up, straight edge people and drunk raw punks both like the band). Do you agree with this and why do you think it is like that? Is Absurdo on a mission to *unite the punk scene?!* And if not, then what the hell is Absurdo's mission?

Hector: Yeah, it still is surprising to see such a diverse bunch of people, but that's what we are, too. I'd say we have some strong ideals but because of that same reason, we don't care how you look, dress or what kind of music you listen to. I want to transmit an idea of community—a community of varied individuals who respect, know and appreciate each other and, each one in its own way, fighting to be free. We don't avoid conflict. We are not friends with everyone nor do we agree with everyone but our message is a positive one—to get over our miseries and our frustrations and don't let anyone fuck with us. We share our enemies, too.

Frutos: It's true that Absurdo attracts people from different scenes. It probably has to do with various elements. Some of the people involved in Barcelona's punk scene have decided to be more open-minded and break some absurd boundaries that were carried from long ago. We've decided to be part of this process. We've tried to bury our prejudices and find what we share behind the aesthetics. On the other hand, we feel as a part of an idealistic punk, DIY, anarchist... Moreover, three of us reject drug consumption. So, what we do may be of interest for people into bands like Firmeza 10 or Crimen de Estado and also for the youth crew guys.

Ian: No doubt people in the audience are quite varied. We're punks that play raw and fast punk and that is something street punks enjoy. But we send a message against self-destruction that straight-edgers like too. Our "mission" is not to unify anything although it's cool to see this happening at the shows. I've always thought it was lame to be divided because the punk you listen is too clean, too dirty, too fast or too slow, if you drink or not, or the way you dress. All these differences are bullshit. There are people behind and that's what matters. Each scene has its own assholes and its own awesome people. Staying with the assholes only because they listen to the same music is stupid. I also enjoy hanging out with people who have nothing to do with punk. It's not unity that I'm looking for, but breaking these lame boundaries and enjoying hardcore with whomever I want. I'm not sure we have any mission besides having a good time and saying whatever's on our minds.

MRR: When you started the band, what was the initial idea? Did you want to sound like any precise band or did you just let it flow naturally? Personally you guys remind me of a band like Life's Halt mixed with Spanish hardcore punk, with an approach that is both fun and political, not just one or the other.

Ian: We started in the summer of 2009. I think the initial idea was just having fun playing the music we like: fast, straightforward punk that talks about our everyday life.

Frutos: We didn't have a really precise idea of what were we going to do. We felt the need to play hardcore but that's all we talked about. The band was born from the desire to do something together and not necessarily for playing a well-defined style. Anyway, you always have some influences and I think it's silly to deny that.

Overall I would emphasize on some old local bands like GRB or Antidogmatikss. Besides, something that has marked us at all levels has been the Barcelona punk scene of recent years. That's been our school. I don't think Absurdo as a band with an obvious political message. We are just concerned about how we live and this is reflected in our songs. In general, we try to avoid the typical clichés in our lyrics.
Hector: We have fun doing what we do. Sometimes it's thought that political is simply telling others what to do or just complaining about shit happening. We talk about what we see around us, how we live and survive in this hole and how we fight to change our life conditions. Despite our differences, we share a common way of understanding punk and the passion for loud music.

MRR: It seems that a lot of people in the BCN and Spanish punk scene are proudly anarchists, which I think is less and less common in the rest of the world (at least in the West). Do you have an explanation for this? Do you think the recent history of Spain (I mean "recent" as in the 20th century) has something to do with it?
Frutos: Anarchism in Catalonia has been a really relevant phenomenon. I'm not talking about the Setmana Tràgica in 1909 nor the 1936 revolution but about more recent events. After Franco's death, the CNT and the anarchist movement underwent a great growth. Martín Villa, who was Minister of the Interior, said he "wasn't so worried about ETA, but about the anarchists." During the '70s an important part of the new Catalan culture developed inside the anarchist movement. Anarchists were a solid support for the new forms of creativity that emerged in those years. There was a will to create the basis for a different and stronger people's culture with an antiauthoritarian sensitivity. For example, some magazines like *Ajoblanco*, collectives like the Assemblea de Treballadors de l'Espectacle, or the International Anarchist Conference in 1977 where some of the first punk or proto-punk bands in Spain played (La Banda Trapera del Río, Oriol Tramvia, Mortimer). So maybe those shows have something to do with it all.
Ian: Of course there's a tight relation. Also, dictatorship is still alive in many Spanish homes and minds. We are sons of those born during the long post-war period, people who suffered on their own skin all the oppression of that regime. Some of the bands we listen to share the same common ground. Some of their members probably had to run away from the cops, too.
Hector: To me, it's obvious that punk is impregnated by the anarchist culture, here and probably everywhere. I believe this to be good because it encourages values like self-management (DIY), solidarity, mutual aid, creativity and rejection of dogmas. Somehow, although to a lesser extent, I see a link between the punk social centers and the workers associations (*Ateneos*) network that emerged at the beginning of the 20th century in Catalonia. It also provides a counter-culture of resistance to the wretched youth. However, something got lost. Being anarchist also means also taking action, and here and now punk is not particularly combative.

MRR: I used to call myself an "anarchist" but I stopped a few years ago. On most occasions I'll just say I am "interested in anarchism" (I know it sounds horrible, but I don't know any other way to say it), except if I want to shut people's mouths when I'm at work or with annoying fuckers in general. I can be wrong but when I listen to Absurdo I feel like you're not cynical, not jaded and still optimistic, which is admirable, but also surprising. Do you ever feel nihilistic? Is nihilism the dark side of anarchism? Do you think there's any hope for today's world to get any better in any way? (I know that's a heavy question.)
Frutos: I don't consider myself as a positive person. I don't like how this word is used. What does it mean? Being fucked but happy? I'm not particularly optimistic, either. It seems clearer every day that everything is fucked and life is a bad joke—but, even if it sounds weird, that's one of my reasons for not falling into apathy. When everything fails, being swept along doesn't help. Losing heart is the wrong choice if you want to live with dignity. I try to see things clearly and deal with stuff according to my possibilities. Even if the world goes wrong and we live at a time and in a place where everything seems to be done I refuse to get tainted by disregard. That would mean being unarmed against those who fuck me over. Since I'm here, I try to fight for something better, for me and for those around me. That's the point where anarchist ideas become relevant to me.

You ask about the relation between anarchism and nihilism. To speak properly, we must take into account a pile of historical, political

and philosophical factors that I'm not well aware of. To my knowledge, nihilism is a systematic denial of everything. This kind of attitude can only lead to stagnation and inactivity. If this is nihilism, I'm not into it, even if I often feel life is absurd and everything is lost. Anarchism also attacks the foundations of society but it's not based on negativity. Its discourse is armed with constructive values. The anarchist ideal is a tool to find solutions for everyday troubles. It's not just theoretical but strongly ingrained in life. I understand nihilism as a consequence of the current system, but as a political choice it seems to me more of a classroom discussion than anything realistic.

Hector: I must say I'm not an expert on nihilism either, thanks to its advocates... Nihilism is a rationalist and critical thought that is opposed to any dogma of faith. That's OK, but like most kinds of individualism it often ends up justifying inaction. When confronted with a system that is hostile to any change and the hopelessness in any possible improvement, it's easy to come to the conclusion that nothing matters but one's self. This obviates the need for free and equal social relations and sometimes even denies the human need for social networks. I personally think that, if not nihilism, some of its clueless sponsors have cast a dense shadow over anarchism and punk.

Capitalism and the State both promote blind faith in them and creating profit from alienating individualism and a culture of a few dominating many. They educate us to be at war with everybody and at the same time to trust them to be capable of keeping the world under control. Some people may say that doesn't depict true nihilism, though I can understand that it's difficult to mark off. Because if it results in apathy or in an antisocial stance, only the powers-that-be will benefit from it. Power never stops. It works tirelessly on improving its domination system over each one of us separately and over the whole society altogether.

It's often frustrating when we see society's inability to rebel but we shouldn't forget that a number of mechanisms (school, church, media...) are used every day to keep us compliant. There's probably little hope for an anarchist revolution (or in less politicized terms, for a world in peace) however I'm not guided by hope but by needs. Any other choice seems miserable and unbearable to me. On the other hand, there's something we noticed recently: sometimes society surprises us. Just like Eskorbuto said: "New hope for the hopeless."

Ian: Up the anarchist and positive punks!!!

TO MY KNOWLEDGE, NIHILISM IS A SYSTEMATIC DENIAL OF EVERYTHING. THIS KIND OF ATTITUDE CAN ONLY LEAD TO STAGNATION AND INACTIVITY. IF THIS IS NIHILISM, I'M NOT INTO IT, EVEN IF I OFTEN FEEL LIFE IS ABSURD AND EVERYTHING IS LOST.

MRR: Punks in BCN seem to really be into local and national bands: a lot of people wear local bands' shirts, and I was amazed by the fact that so many people seemed to know all the lyrics of bands like Absurdo, Accidente, Jack Torrance and even Suicidas, which was a new band. Do you feel lucky to be surrounded by this kind of energy? What are the negative aspects of punk in Barcelona, the things that are hiding behind the surface...? You know, the things that a tourist like me can't see when visiting the city?

Frutos: There has been hard work in Barcelona so punk has its space. For me it was easy to start. Thanks to all the labels, venues, social centers, squats, free radios and fanzines made by punks from this city I had access to a lot of stuff very quickly and easily. Moreover, I believe that as a rule people in Barcelona are not into punk just as a weekend thing. It has been a transmission path for ideas and a way of developing community and exchange. A lifestyle for many people. This results in a lot of folks with interesting projects willing to help each other. There's a good atmosphere so if you go to a show and your friends are playing it's more likely you're gonna go nuts. The dark side is that due to the general interest you see for Barcelona right now, some people seem to have lost their minds. They don't care about creating a solid alternative but just being the hype of the moment.

Ian: I feel really grateful to be surrounded by this "energy." I guess that's what ties me more to Barcelona. I come from a truly small village on the mountains where it is quite difficult to access any of this stuff. Well, there's elitism and some stupid beef. There are people supposedly into DIY who want money from whatever they do and don't care playing shitty venues, sponsored fests... I guess it's the same everywhere—there are super cool people who are nothing more that image and pose. But I can't overlook all the good shit. All these folks who really believe in what they are creating. There are tons of punks living a punk life, outside the State as much as possible, doing a bunch of stuff by themselves, squatting, fighting and not being dragged by whatever the others say or do to become popular.

Hector: All the nice things have been already said... I have the feeling that right now a lot of this energy is dissipating, is wasted. We've been gradually losing social centers, *ateneos* and collectives that we need to carry out our activities. Punks must realize this is something we create all together. That's a message I also want to send to all the people who come visit us, who come here attracted by whatever is being said about Barcelona. Many people just take what we've already got, but they never fought for it, thus they don't feel the loss when it's gone. I think we are strong but disorganized and it's quite hard to keep solid projects going. Yet, it's true, I think there's a strong sense of community here and that's cool.

MRR: How is the squat situation in BCN? Someone told me that a lot of squats got evicted recently. Is squatting still a possibility in such a big city and tourist destination? Tell us a bit about Los Blokes Fantasma, the place where some of you organize gigs sometimes.

Ian: Over the last five or six years, the number of squats has alarmingly dropped. Lately it became harder to book shows at squatted social center. Not impossible, though. There are still a few nice squats and Blokes is one of them, maybe the oldest one where you can organize punk shows. It's actually a punk place on the top of a hill in Barcelona near a very popular tourist spot, the Park Güell. It's a cool place to do stuff, play or go to shows.

Hector: It's still possible to squat a place to live in, as long as you are willing to move eventually. There are waves of evictions but I'd say nothing unusual. Social centers where you can do public activities are a completely different thing. Those are usually evicted sooner and the danger of complaints about noise or whatever is higher. The main problem is that there's no renewal now. The squatter movement has lost a lot of power; it's probably not a movement anymore. It's our all fault, I guess.

MRR: You've toured Europe a couple times, and Hector always seem to be on the road driving bands in his van these days, so what are your favorite cities to play? (This is the part where you're supposed to tell *MRR* readers how much Lyon kicks ass, thanks.) Also, Hector, don't you go crazy when you drive around bands like Inservibles or Crazy Spirit for a month? I mean, you're straight edge and these bands seem to be... Well... Definitely *not* straight edge, if you know what I mean.

Ian: To me being on tour has always been a really rewarding experience. No doubt Lyon was one of the places I had the best time playing. No kidding! Brighton is another good one. In Paris we've been hosted as good friends... I also love Copenhagen, a place where I haven't played yet (we'll be there this autumn) but where I've been

as a roadie. The new Ungdomshuset is amazing.
Hector: Haha! Buff... too many questions! First I wanna say this: the fact I don't do drugs doesn't turn me into a straight-edger. But, it's true, they have fun in a different way than me... just saying. I think I've been lucky with the bands I've driven on tour so far. Except for one time, people have been kind, respectful and nice. I like people who are curious, who wanna have some fun but also want to know more. I'm happy to have become friends with them. I learnt a lot with Inservibles and I also laughed a lot. I've spent a great time with the crazy Crazy Spirit guys. I dunno, it's a lot of time on the road sharing pestilences, heat and cold, sickness, good and bad experiences... It's tough sometimes but I end up loving almost everyone. From Shitty Limits, that was the first band I've driven, to Las Otras and Fosa Común that were the ones last weekend. Sex Vid, Mundo Muerto, Gun Outfit, Autistic Youth, Defect Defect, No, Diät, Sudor, La URSS... quite a lot. I remember them all. It's true when I say I like all of these bands. Fuck! I may be some sort of a hippy!

MRR: Your first self-released tape was good but a bit too clean-sounding, in my opinion. Was that something you wanted? It was especially surprising since so many current HC/punk recordings coming outta Spain are raw sounding, recorded on four-tracks, etc. You told me you had some new recordings that just needed to be mixed, when is that gonna come out and is the sound gonna be different?
Ian: That cassette was recorded with good digital equipment and some conditions that made for a very clean sound. We recorded at the warehouse where I work. It's a backline rental company so there was nice gear to use: Motu 896 sound card and Digital Performer software. Our friends Nin and Elba helped us and we are grateful for it. Elba took good mics from her workplace, too. So there was a lot of facilities and knowledge behind it. Probably little experience with raw punk though! That's the reason why our tape sounds like this. It's funny because I've told them about this recurrent question and both laugh at it: "Is that clean?! Fucking punks!" No doubt the new stuff is dirtier and truer to our live set. This was done by us, with our own means and we are happy about it.
Frutos: We've gone berserk. Initially my guitar had almost no distortion and Hector's bass sound was more of a standard one. Then he went crazy and I put a little bit more gain. From my point of view, Absurdo is a band more focused into crafting energetic, simple and fast songs than over-elaborating our music.
Hector: Yeah, I agree the tape sounds too clean although not compared to other bands but to our own live set at the time that was quite chaotic and noisy. The truth is that sometimes we sounded like shit. However, now I like how it sounds and I think our friends did their best. Those means were probably kinda excessive for us. That's why I prefer the recording of our first 7". We did it ourselves and it's already pressed. I think next time we'll try to get a sound in between the tape and that one, though.

MANY PEOPLE JUST TAKE WHAT WE'VE ALREADY GOT, BUT THEY NEVER FOUGHT FOR IT, THUS THEY DON'T FEEL THE LOSS WHEN IT'S GONE.

MRR: Tell us about your other bands, zines, projects, as well as all the other current bands and zines from Spain that *MRR* readers should check out.
Frutos: I've just came from a Crosta show that was amazing. Why was their LP review in *MRR* so rude? Really, I think they are a band with much to say. Give them a chance! Another band I'm in love with is Orden Mundial. The record is good enough but their shows are striking. If I'm not wrong they are going on tour around Europe soon. You should go see them.
Ian: Well, this is where we sell our other projects, haha! I also play guitar and sing in Crosta. I need more free time in my life so I'm quitting another band, the Crowd, where I was playing guitar, too. I've been playing punk since I was fifteen years old. Twelve or thirteen bands I think, such as Hipokondria (melodic punk), Panikihairio (raw punk with some Finnish and Canadian friends), Masacre (crust with Mexican, Czech and Finnish people)… No doubt *Mierda* is the present fanzine I enjoy the best. *Rata* and *Tortura y Mierda* are also good ones.
Hector: Absurdo is the more active band I'm in, if not the only one. Both Peste and Otan have a member living in another side of the planet right now. That sadly made it impossible to keep doing stuff. Demócratas went into a coma some time ago, too.
By the time this interview is published everyone should know about Las Otras. They are an anarcho-feminist punk band that unwittingly recalls a mix between Último Resorte and Lixomania. They put out a breathtaking 7". Cisma is a radical hardcore band from Tenerife (Canary Islands). If you watch them live they erase that stupid smile on your face, you know something serious is happening and you better be aware. However, off the stage they are real sweeties. Oh! By the way, La URSS have released an exquisite punk LP. I truly recommend the fanzine *Eskupe al Alkalde* that is the mother and father of all good zines. *Niu de Rates* is a zine made by the Orden Mundial folks in the *mallorquí* language about stuff happening on the island (Mallorca) with which I've also laughed a long time.

MRR: OK, I'm tired now, so we'll stop here, except if you want to add something else. One last question before my afternoon nap: what punk song would you want to be played at your own funeral? (Only one song, please.)

Frutos: A good song for my funeral could be "Hasta el Final de Tus Días" by R.I.P. But don't take this too seriously—I don't give a shit what it sounds like the day I pass away. Thanks a lot Alex for the interview and also to *MRR* for all your support of DIY punk!
Ian: If things don't get better I'm sure the bastards disposing my dead body won't let people play punk at that moment. I'm not sure people around me will be into hardcore at my funeral, either. Anyway, the song could be "Campos de Exterminio" by MG15 although I hope they play the whole *Derecho a la Vida* 7". Thanks for the interview.
Hector: "Cementerio Caliente" by Último Resorte but you must let "Peligro Social" play after if you don't want to abruptly cut the song and ruin my fucking funeral. Thanks. And, hey! We take this opportunity to warn our beloved punks we'll probably be in the USA around April-May 2013, thanks to our friend Guss Mata La Música.

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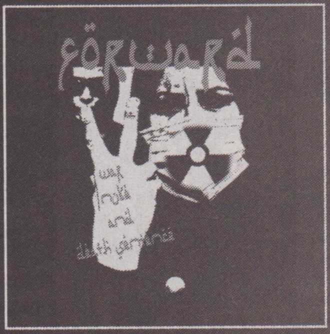

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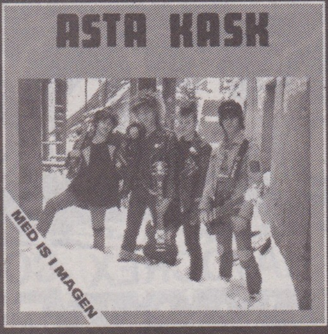

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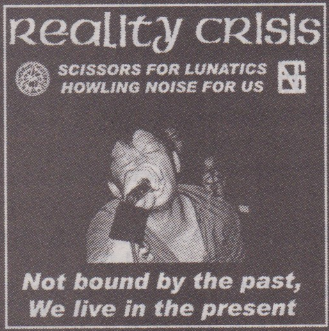

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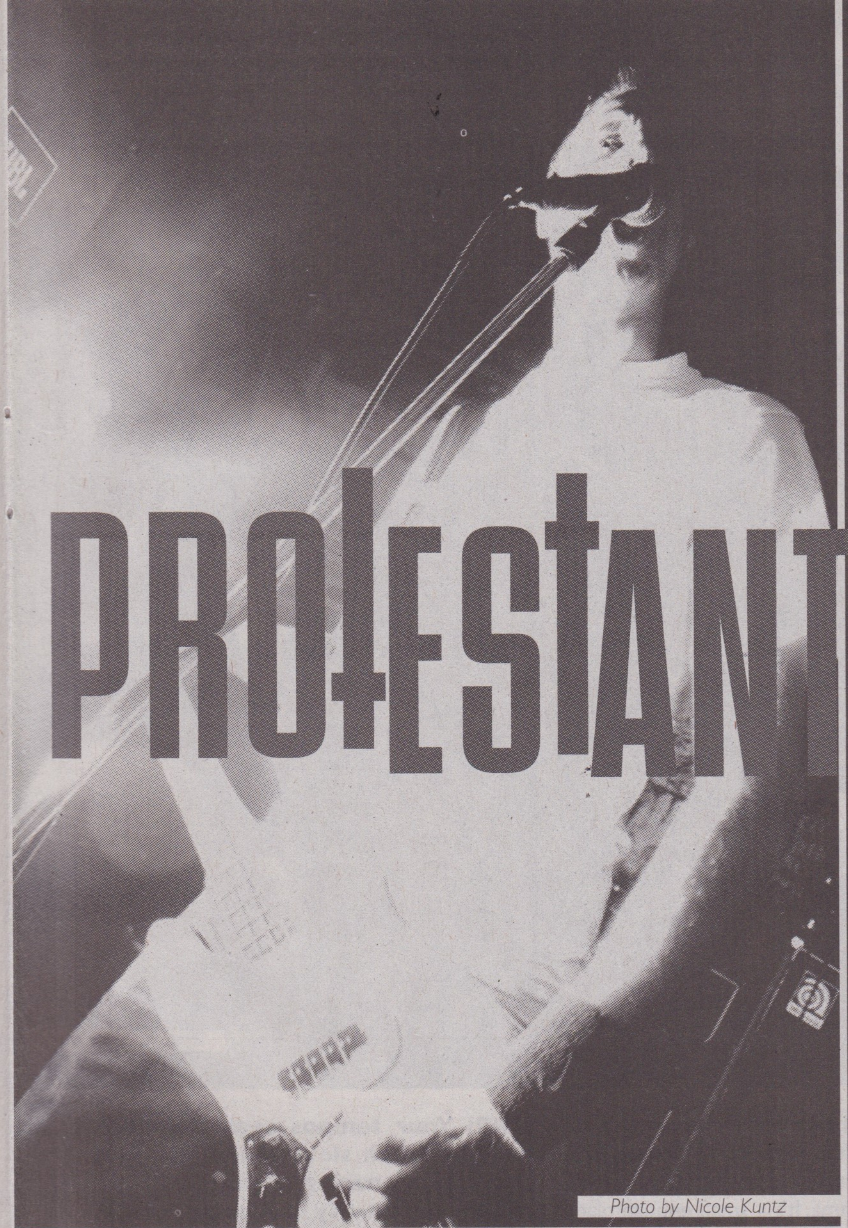

Photo by Nicole Kuntz

With a tense, fierce live show and a discography that can only be described as epic (not to mention visually stunning), Milwaukee's Protestant have precision-crafted their uniquely anthemic style to emerge in recent years as one of the cornerstones of American dark hardcore. Representing a more responsible, dare I say mature side of the crust/hardcore scene. "Because we're respectful, that's why!" was the explanation given for playing an eight-minute set at the end of a recent show that had gone too late—the band leaves no musical or lyrical stone unturned in their stark portrayals of a fallen world, spat out with the frustration and futility of a thousand dying suns. Cory and Chris take a break from making punk happen to tell us about their new *Reclamation* LP, staying productive in the face of constant disappointment and why Joe Elliott is the most underrated singer in DIY history.

Interview by **Lydia Athanasopoulos**
Intro by ***Will Blomquist***
Photos by **Mary Manchester, Nicole Kuntz, and Camille Guittard**

MRR: Hi there, introduce yourselves please. What you do in the band, where are you all from, how you met and the band formed.

Cory: Cory. Vocals/guitar. Lived in Milwaukee, WI since 1993. Met Brian via mutual friends and heard his grind band (with Chris) at the time needed a second guitarist. Here we are over thirteen years later… That band dissolved and became Protestant sometime around 2005.

Since they aren't here, Brian plays drums and Jesse plays bass and sings backups.

Chris: Chris, guitar. Live in Milwaukee, WI. Have most of my life. Met Brian because we were both worked for the same pizza chain and were sXe and into metal. He knew Cory (a mythical figure, that I knew only as a metal dude that worked at the coop) We had a few different bass players (Bob from Doomsday Cauldron, Erik from Northless) before settling on Jesse, he was one of my oldest friends in the sXe/hc scene.

MRR: You have a pretty extensive discography—in many different formats—released over the years by a number of punk labels. You're quite the busy pack.

Cory: Indeed. We appear busy at least. Prolific might be the word. Our cycle of record/release/tour roughly once per year seems to work for us I guess, though the sheer volume of releases is becoming harder and harder to recall…

Chris: It seems like we are busy when you look at our release schedule, but we are not the kind of people that eat/sleep/live/die for our band. We just practice once a week at 9am on Saturday mornings, record and tour once a year. We are definitely a working class band (not in a 'get your hair cut' sort of way) but we all have full time jobs/responsibilities. We aren't concerned so much with making money on tour, just playing good shows and meeting cool people. Since Cory puts out our records, we don't need to impress a label, or meet demands. We do what we want.

MRR: I remember seeing the cover of *Antagonist* and the name Halo of Flies, and then listening to the record and thinking it was one of the most rotten, mean, misanthropic things I'd seen and heard in a long time. You choice of 16th century-esque woodcut designs is always pretty morbid and anti-humanistic. What's your take on the aesthetic you've used for your artwork?

Cory: Well thanks! As for the artwork, I can only credit Chris' use of what he finds and makes work for us in the most perfect ways. I think it reflects the band's music and especially our overall contempt for things, as is often the overall theme of the lyrics. We're laughing most of the time together, but I think collectively we hate just about everything else going on near us. I also think it's good to have used the art themes we have in the past, as it's kind of an identifier. We might move away from it from time to time, but the woodcuts and the like seem to help define us somehow.

Chris: I worked very hard on the covers/layout for that record. I wanted it to look great but also be super punk. I printed them all by hand, it sucked but it was worth it. As far as the images themselves, it's woodcuts—I fuck-

Photo by Mary Manche

ing love woodcuts. There is something about them that has always been captivating to me. Most of the ones we use are biblical in nature, which works well with the band name. They are so detailed, yet so simple. They are so much more brutal than photographs—the terrible expressions of hatred and suffering on all the faces. It's fucking amazing that these images are more captivating and beautiful/ugly than most current art given all the technology available to the modern "artist." I think anti-human is a one-way to describe the overall aesthetic of the band. Most people are garbage just wasting space and bumping into things.

MRR: What brings out this particularly pained and enraged sound?

Cory: Well, I suppose while we are all somewhat happy, friendly people in person, I think it has a lot to do with wanting to play the music we want to hear to some degree coupled with (and I'm speaking for myself here) a total and outright feeling of disgust towards most things around us. Frustration is probably my most often felt emotion. In others, my predicament in the moment, and the shockingly inane and sometimes downright evil shit that surrounds all of us.

Chris: Milwaukee can be a miserable place. Long winters. Garbage everywhere. Violence. Racial tension. Apathy. The punk scene here has many great bands but is not without it's flaws. We are often without venues, or have competing shows. There always seems to be some sort of drama. It's a small enough place that it's easy to make friends and get into each other's business. There is a lot of competition between bands/friends. Not much sincerity these days. Maybe it's like that everywhere, but it bothers me. I am also bothered by punks/most humans just settling for whatever is easiest. We make jokes or flat out ignore all the shit that is going on.

MRR; So, this contempt and feeling of frustration...do you channel it into anything else besides music?

CORY: Not really. I work super long hours at my job and label, so I'm fairly tense and 'all go, no slow' all the time. But it keeps me busy/distracted. And tires me out. Otherwise I relax with my girlfriend and have a few beers. If you meant activism or art or something akin to that… No.

CHRIS: I filter all the anger and frustration through my involvement in hardcore punk. I also do use the frustration as a motivation to stay focused on the few positive things I do see going on—the coop in my neighborhood, community garden, being friendly and kind to others.

MRR: Your tempos seem to alternate between slow-pounding agony and fast menacing anger. Does this reflect any duality or bipolar activity you experience in your daily lives?

Cory: Yes and no. I am very happy at times, and just as often want to punch fucking everything. But that's everyone to some degree I think. We have different tastes and like to play and write differently. It just happens more so than it's is a reflection of how we feel.

Chris: Slayer rules, and so does Black Sabbath.

MRR: You also sometimes go between searing soundscapes, black metal riffing, blast beats, post bits... it sounds like you set few boundaries, which I like, but where does that stop? What is something you'd never do?

Cory: Indeed. That has a lot to do with the years we've all spent listening to different kinds of music, playing in bands, etc. We have the most varied tastes I can imagine in a band. And since two very different people write the bulk of the songs, it happens to work out that way. I like it. I'm glad you and others seem to. Limits? Hmm. Clean vocals are unlikely to occur as none of us can really sing. As for things I can never see us doing? Electronic drums, 20-minute noise songs, ska/reggae or rapping.

Chris: We are all very big music nerds. We all spend way too much time listening to way too many different bands. We are equally dedicated to punk, hardcore, metal, and many subgenres.

MRR: Speaking of records—are any of you obsessive record collectors? It seems these days—what with the availability and ease of the internet—one's punkness seems to be measured by how many records one owns…

CORY: I'm not a collector per se, but I do buy a lot of records. Ironically, since I trade a lot through via the label and what not, and have hundreds and hundreds of records next to me in the office/in my basement/etc, you'd think I'd be sick of them. But no, I buy records old and new on a weekly basis; I'm addicted. But to comment on collecting in and of itself, it's something that takes a lifetime. The internet has opened up people to so many lost bands/records and it's awesome. On the other hand there's eBay insanity and silly limited pressings geared towards hype/bragging rights/$$$$. I've sold my collection a few times, and do miss some of the more crucial items, but it's just records in the end. If you don't look at them or listen to them, who cares?

CHRIS: I don't give a shit about record collecting. I buy records from bands that I think are good.

MRR: So what's your process for recording? Lock yourselves in a candle-lit room and channel dead warrior spirits? Do the lyrics come to you in nightmares?

Cory: With only one exception, we record everything at Howl Street Studios here in Milwaukee with the best guy ever, Shane Hochstetler. I hate recording personally, but thankfully we've worked with the same guy for seven years and it's far easier than it could be. We write at practice, often with Brian and Chris bringing in full songs. I write lyrics, usually the month before we record, under much stress. Headphones on, pen in hand for hours. I wish nightmares would deliver me lyrics; it's the hardest thing I have to do in the band bar none.

MRR: What is the meaning of your new album's title, *Reclamation*? What are you reclaiming and does it have anything to do with the lyrics "If wolves are to sheep what beasts are to prey, we've become both"?

Cory: Well I think it's two-fold. Firstly, I think the line between DIY punk/hc and 'fake big' punk/hc has become so grey that even our friends do silly things that make no sense, like the much mentioned Scion garbage and other equally lame shit. Chris and I spoke of the fact that we absolutely hate that kind of sell out shit, and think people should hold others accountable for doing rock star crap and, even more so, for pretending. So while it could be argued that we aren't even in a position to be tempted by those sorts of ideas, we don't want to be part of that crud and would prefer to help real punk/DIY versus the guarantee holding, Kickstarter funded, showcase-playing types roaming the world. Reclaim punk. From major indies, from MTV, from whoever tries to steal it, even so called punks themselves.

Secondly, locally our city is a hyper-segregated time bomb like most of the 'rust belt' cities that have failed in the last two to four decades. Running a city/state/country with absolutely no intention of actually helping its people will only result in some sort of catastrophe. But alas the war on the poor and middle class continues. Seeing as that's the majority of folks, it only stands to reason that people should do whatever it takes to protect their future. I don't believe in a future really and have resigned to a pretty bleak outlook on things, but if you have hope and want change, then fucking fight for it. I personally approve any and all measures in doing so.

The lyric has more to do with the recurring theme of the left to protest and speak out (especially in the US), but usually weakly and with some sort of code of ethics and morals. If they are trying to destroy your world and in essence kill you, why is peace the answer? Why must disobedience be civil? Why second-guess rage? I know more extreme forms of action often turn people against you, but honestly, I don't give a shit.

Chris: Protestant will only release records with an American car company. We are a working class band! Hahaha. OK really, I agree with a lot of what Cory said as well. As far as large corporations sticking their noses into punk, etc, it's bound to happen and it has. I am not really going to personally slag on someone's band for agreeing to take money from Scion or whatever, but it is not punk, by my understanding of the word anyhow. I guess the question is really "is being punk that important to you?" If I liked a band and they agreed to work with Scion for something, I wouldn't stop liking them. If they started to be preachy about something involving capitalism or environmentalism I would maybe think of them as hypocrites. All of us are hypocrites at times, even punks. What I really do not like is that things like Scion fest give people the idea that there is a "making it" in punk. That is shit. It brings posers into the DIY scene. DIY punk shows should exist as an alternative to the big rock club shows, not as a stepping-stone toward them.

Onto *Reclamation*—To me the title is also about things in our culture being stagnant, settling for a cheap, artificial version on life. We are surrounded by plastic shit and we always want more. Reclamation means working against that.

The line "If wolves are to sheep what beasts are to prey, we've become both" is one of my favorite lines Cory wrote and I think it speaks to the fact that most of us come from privilege and are very comfortable in our place (on top) in the world, even if we disagree with the direction we see the world headed in. We choose civil disobedience because we really don't want real change; we just want to feel OK with our pathetic cowardly selves. We will do whatever it takes to move forward, even trampling over all in our way. We just won't allow ourselves to look down. We need to start looking at all the slavery, the human trade, the violence, the misery. We need to look at it and accept that we are a part of it.

Photo by Camille Guittard

MRR: It sounds as if you have taken things in a slightly slower, more melodic direction for this LP, digging deeper into certain elements. How do you feel about your evilution so far?

Cory: Mmm, somewhat slower I suppose. It's natural. We have a slew of songs/releases and we are bound to repeat ourselves. So we try to make it interesting I guess. We all spend more time (overall) listening to non-punk/hc music, so when we get together, we try to squeeze out a few new things amongst the steady stream of bare chords, etc. Example: Journey > Tragedy.

Chris: There is one slower song on the record, "Unbecoming," but it is not our first to not use "the beat." I don't agree that we have taken a different direction. I think it is pretty similar to the 10". We started adding more straight metal influences when working on the 10" and stuck with it for *Reclamation*. Sorry.

MMR: On the track "Salad Days" from you new LP you sing "Life-

times spent waiting, wasted. Already dead." How futile is life in the knowledge of imminent death?

Cory: Totally futile. But that doesn't mean you cant live or enjoy what you have and what and whom you have around you. Life is troublesome, awkward and painful and most of us, myself included, often choose to fill it with lies, vices and distractions. But that's alright. We live, don't we?

Chris: I say, "Drink (coffee, beer, soda, vegan milkshakes, tea, liquor etc.) and be merry, for tomorrow you may die!" (Or maybe just be a dead crust punk whose new record sucks.) Life is shit most of the time but make the most, spend time with friends/family, don't be a fucking annoying whining goth baby.

MRR: Cory, you also run the label Halo of Flies and have released a bunch of dark, post-hardcore punk records and I know running the label is like a full time job for you. What about the rest of the band? What happens to you all outside Protestant?

Cory: Yes indeed. I've released a shit ton of stuff. And will continue to for some time I imagine. I also run a café and have worked there for over seven years. The label and job kind of rotate around each other, workload wise. Both are full time.

Chris: I work full time at a natural foods coop. It is a union shop and I am the shop steward. I also am on the board of directors for another, smaller coop in my neighborhood. When not doing coop shit, I am in several bands. Shut-in—a heavy brutal fast hardcore that I run around and yell in. Quitters—noisy raw hc punk à la Poison Idea/Deathside. As well as projects like a UFO/Pentagram/'70s style band with some fellow co-op mates and a traditional D-beat band and a working class street punk band as well. I think I said I would do a black metal thing with my friend's boyfriend too. I do not really know how to connect with humans that well and music seems to be a way that I do, so I have began just starting as many bands with as many folks that I am fond of as possible.

Brian works at a bank and records ambient shoegazer and sometimes black metal music. Also he's addicted to gummy bears. Jesse works for UPS, skateboards a ton and loves talk radio.

MRR: If you hadn't turned to the unholy shrine of punk, what do you think you would be doing and why?

Cory: Hmm, well that's looking pretty far back for all of us I suppose. I'd likely have a more serious job and/or would've gotten better at guitar and ended up in some go nowhere metal or indie band. Bottom line, I'd be a bigger asshole most likely.

Chris: Bullying people. Death metal.

MRR: I was reading an interview with Cory that *Vista* zine did online, and he mentioned that he likes cheesy MTV pop. Do you find any kind of sociological value in keeping up with mainstream music trends?

Cory: Ha! Indeed. I like some pretty questionable music, though on any given day I'd rather listen to Loverboy than some Disclose cover band that is all the rage. It's music. Whatever. From a cultural perspective, while we all may hold our noses up at the trendy and vacuous garbage all around us, I think at least being aware of your surroundings has more merit than sticking your head in the sand and pretending a steady diet of D-beats and 'War is bad, look at my patches!' sloganeering will keep you safe.

Chris: Cory does like some shit music. Is there modern mainstream music? It seems like the modern rock radio stations I hear at work still play Nirvana and Green Day. I am pretty fucking out of touch with mainstream music. I do know some of the more ridiculous catch phrases from newish radio rappers, but I'll spare your readers because it's real dumb.

MRR: From the questionnaire made famous by Proust: What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?

Cory: No longer being able to do what I love, whatever it is.

Chris: Doing dumb pre-selected bullshit because you no longer know what it is you love because you are a pathetic coward who lies to yourself and everyone you pretend to care about and have lost total sight of yourself.

MRR: I know there are a number of good bands in Wisconsin, with varying sounds and styles. Do punks support their local scene? How easy is it for punks there to get shit done on their own terms?

Cory: Very true. As for support and without splitting hairs over who/what's punk and whatnot, I'd say yes. And I'm speaking of Milwaukee, not anywhere else in Wisconsin. The little scenes collide and don't in varying ways, but there are *a lot* of bands and shows for a city of 600,000 and shows are often pretty well attended and well-behaved, as well as friendly and super supportive. In the warmer months I can't keep up with all that's going on in what amounts to a pretty small part of town. Well… We have a few bars, one of which is awesome, as well as the requisite couple of houses that host shows. I think we fair pretty well. There's a bunch of people who know how to screenprint, record bands, own labels/release records, etc. here. It's actually pretty awesome when I look at it from a little further back.

Chris: The scene here is weird these days. Too much competition. Too much shit talking. Too much apathy. Not enough fun. Not enough loyalty.

MRR: You mention the Sikh Temple shooting in your new album insert. How are punks in your scene dealing with this situation?

Cory: I think it's stated pretty clearly in the insert that *they aren't* really. Personally, it was a blip on my emotional radar. Racist goes nuts, shoots people. Not terribly shocking to be honest. Local as fuck yes, and a fuckhead who was, I suppose at one time, associated with punk/hc, which is pretty hard to stomach or believe. I'm proud that parts of the city stood up to help people that were affected, as I like to hear feel good stories as much as the next guy. But sometimes the 'punk scene' really cares more about what awesome food they made or had recently or whether they will have enough beer for the night.

Chris: That shit was fucked. It was very sad. One really sweet, sincere and hardworking punk here threw a two-day benefit show for the families and from what I saw the attendance was pathetic. I am pretty bummed on a lot of the Milwaukee punks I know and call friends these days.

MRR: On that note, and given the band name and the imagery you associate with your music, is there something you would like to say about religion?

Cory: Yeah we kind of walked into that one, eh? I don't believe in god. I don't care if someone else does. I thinks it's childish to berate people for doing so, but I'm typically disappointed that religion is important to people. On the same side of the coin, a belief in god seems to bear little or no fruit in this day and age, aside from an emotional security blanket. Our current political climate is rife with ideas and the lobbying of said ideas because of the idea that god/Christianity and its teachings are more important than freedom or common sense. Examples: abortion, gay marriage, science education, prayer in schools, public funding for choice (re: often religious) schools.

Chris: I do not believe in god, but I don't give a fuck if someone else does. Believing or not believing does not make you more/less punk. If you start to spout some patriarchal/ homophobic/puritanical shit I will have a problem with you keeping your punk membership card.

MRR: Do you think punk is allowed to get away with being apolitical and/or not reactionary? Should we be doing more than bands / labels / shows / zines / etc?

CORY: Punk often gets a free pass, most often because we're together to avoid the shit in life. And that's a copout of course. But…I mean… Punk is a hangout. A hideout. A community of sorts, but it's still limited by the fact that (in the western world) we all live fairly regular lives, with jobs and shit, and have to deal with that, usually ahead of 'punk,' if you know what I mean. So sometimes the ideals we've grown

accustomed to become rote, unquestioned and dull. Punks drink their asses off, complain constantly and do a little here and there. All the music related facets of punk are just that. Music related, as punk/hc/etc is usually a reference to genre. Should we be doing more? Yeah, for sure. I suppose we should. Punk as fuck things exist outside of our little show/record/zine world and sometimes those people/things have outgrown the small resources of our little 'scenes' so we don't recognize its relevance or use as we might.

CHRIS: Politics are so fucked and things are so hopeless that I totally understand how someone would want their punk-life to have that shit removed from it. Any band that is bleak could be reactionary to what is going on. For me, I love it when I see a band that's passionate, whether it is about their music, or their message. If it's fake/flimsy you can tell. Truth is what is important to me. I am not super interested in listening to some recycled, half-hearted speech about straightedge-anarchy-shoplifting or whatever. I know that Agnostic Front used to do benefit shows, and use the money to buy toys for kids on Christmas. All Christianity and capitalism aside, I think that is fucking awesome. There is actually a hardcore band from Chicago called the Killer (Jesse used to be in it) that does the same thing. My brother is in grind/metal bands and also volunteers at a women's shelter. He books an annual benefit show for that as well. Punks should stop putting out average records and focus their resources on helping with things that need help and are going on around them.

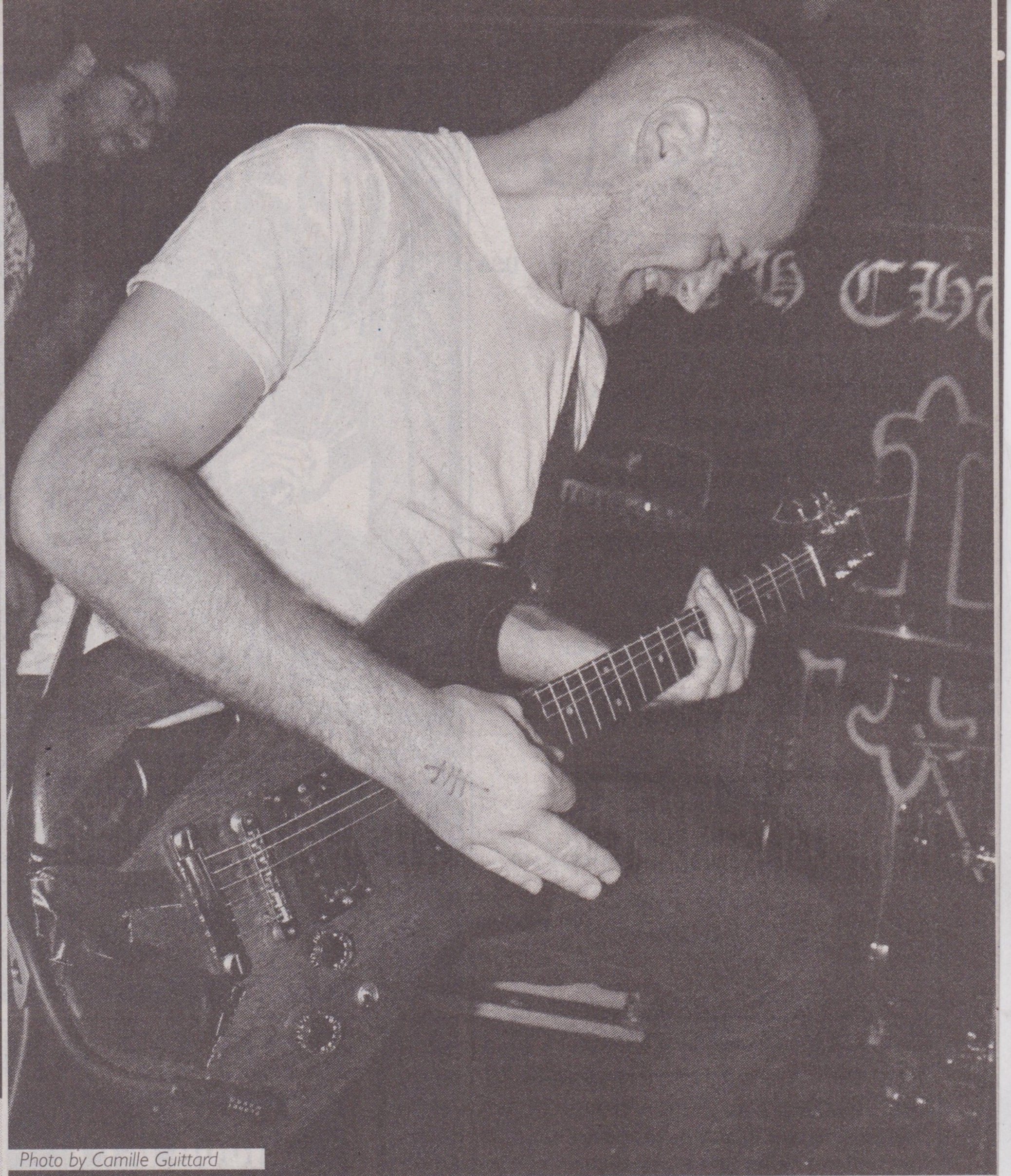

Photo by Camille Guittard

MRR: A lot of bands nowadays seem to reproduce the same old aesthetics, both visually and musically. Are you at all preoccupied with nostalgia? Or the future of punk?

Cory: Not terribly, no. I mean, I like old records, old TV shows, old movies, etc, but punk/hc is, while bound to be repeated musically/etc all the time to some degree, it doesn't have to be. I mean, half of what we call hardcore was pretty much metal 20 years ago. And likewise I'm not terribly concerned with the future of punk. It lives on in a great variety of ways, musically and otherwise.

Chris: Punk has no future. People have no future. Things are fucked and we are clinging to the spoils. There are no new ideas left. No one is actually creative. We are all lazy and stupid and easy to please. Of course we all look to old things to copy and of course we are all mostly satisfied when people do that. The game is to rip off things that have only been ripped off a few times rather than a few dozen.

MRR: The world is coming to an end in two months. What's on your bucket list?

Cory: Play with Def Leppard. Play football on Lambeau Field. Do a Gorilla Biscuits cover band with my brother on vocals. Go travel to Scandinavia, Eastern Europe, Asia, Antarctica, Russia with my girlfriend.

Chris: Fist-fight my boss. Set a house on fire. Go to Easter Island, Loch Ness and Galapagos Islands. Rob a bank. Kiss my lady. Bulldoze Chicago.

MRR: Well, you have already been around the States quite a bit, your tour with Fall of Efrafa a while back was apparently sensational, and you actually only just got back from an eight-day tour up north in the US and Canada. How did that go? What's your next move?

Cory: Yes, we have in a sense. Two short West Coast tours, a few East Coasters, including the little monster you mentioned. The recent tour went very, very well. We don't tour a lot, nor are we the band that everyone is talking about, but the shows ranged from good to amazing and we played with a ton of great bands (Heartless, Masakari, Ilsa, Alaskan, Cloud Rat, Le Kraken, etc.) in a short amount of time and (in most cases) to a lot of really stoked and awesome people. Next move? Most likely same as last time. Write, record and tour. Where? No clue. The list is long.

Chris: Japan. Iceland. Australia.

MRR: Lastly, what song from your Doomsday mix tape plays when you greet Death?

Cory: "Bringin' on the Heartbreak" – Def Leppard

Chris: "Fall from Grace" – Morbid Angel

MRR: Final comments and curses are all yours. Cheers!

Cory: Thanks a ton to *MRR* for the interview and for existing all these years. When I bought my first issues in 1988, it opened my eyes to things I never knew existed and got me involved in some awesome stuff along the way. Cheers!

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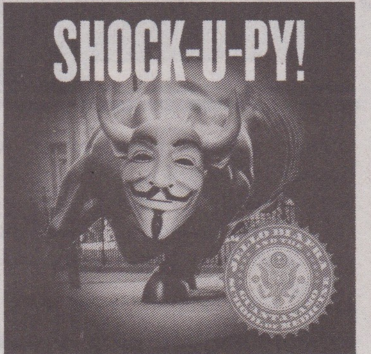

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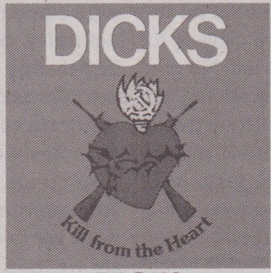

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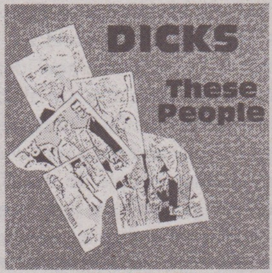

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Carolina Pfister was born in Switzerland to Brazilian parents fleeing dictatorship. She is now an awarded filmmaker based in the US after spending many years in Brazil. Over there she was introduced to punk and DIY ethics and got involved playing in bands like TPM (Trabalhar pra Morrer) and editing fanzines like Água in the late '90s. Now she's just finished the movie Viva Viva, *a documentary about the São Paulo punk scene, the fierce birthplace of Brazilian punk.* Viva Viva *is being submitted to cinema festivals this month. Interview by Juliana Almeida.*

How would you define what the documentary is about?
Viva Viva is basically about being punk in São Paulo, Brazil. It looks at what that choice brings to your life in general, also within the context of São Paulo, an intense South American metropolis. It has the outline of the movement's history in Brazil, but mostly focuses on the lives of a few characters, from the slums to the city center, and how punk is applied in those disparate realities.

How did the idea to make this movie come up?
I've always been interested in outsiders, especially in those who find it difficult to reconcile the injustice of it all with their day-to-day lives. Punk is but one community that harbors such deviants, but it's one I know well.
Also after moving to the USA I wanted to document something of the urban South American experience that so few seemed to know exists here. São Paulo specifically was a very influential aesthetic experience for me; so I went back home and made this punk tale, it just felt like something I needed to do.
Viva Viva isn't a tribute to punk, far from it, but it is a portrait. I carry good and bad memories from that movement. But I once read somewhere that a love-hate relationship with your subject keeps you objective and makes for a better story in the end.

So you moved to the USA a couple of years ago and played in bands here like Wrecker, as well as in punk bands in Brazil like TPM. How do you compare these two experiences in punk scenes? What are the similarities and differences in your opinion?
I actually moved to the USA late 1999 for Graduate school. I had promised myself to stop having bands, but a few months later I started one. It was incredibly easier to find a practice space and used equipment and there were more women playing music. I was also able to play heavier music as I kept meeting women who were Neurosis or High on Fire fans, for example, it was great! Then we went on tours, which in itself is a very different experience from Brazil. There just wasn't enough of a scene for a tour, so we'd play different cities over the weekend and that was about it. There was also some machismo or overtly enthusiastic receptions with female bands. Not that I have never encountered that in the US but it's more insulated here, as punk hardcore has a much larger presence. The similarities in the experience of playing in bands in both countries, is that what we're doing is universal at this point. This language punk hardcore has created and the community around it, I don't think there are many places left in this world where we wouldn't find our little freaky community and feel right at home. What a thing we've built!

How did you find the people who are in the movie?
Some are well known in Brazil's punk history, or in São Paulo's punk/hardcore circles, and some are people I met during shoots and ended up following out of curiosity. It was a unique moment in my life as I had some time on my hands, so I just kept going where the story lead me. I created a ton of work for myself by following people without a scripted sense of when to stop shooting, but the story eventually fell into place.

In my opinion this documentary is really different from the previous ones about punk in Brazil because it tells a little about the life of each character, who are not necessarily famous in the São Paulo punk scene. Was it on purpose?
Yes, it was on purpose. The "non-famous" folks also give you a good sense of the Brazilian punk roots, because it was first a working-class movement. And like many other middle-class '90s kids, we weren't necessarily experiencing that reality, even though to be alive in Brazil is to witness poverty in a scale no place should allow.
I also wanted a more intimate look at what it meant to be punk in São Paulo, but mostly this is a reflection of how I feel stories matter. "The personal is political" cliché holds essential truth; I feel it's through our understanding of each other that more sustainable action and change comes about. Or else it's just rhetoric.

This documentary was shot between 2002 and 2005. Why exactly did you choose this period of time?
It was shot during those years because it was right after graduate school, this little window I had to just roam and find my voice. I was freelancing and was able to pay for my tickets, and I kept it all as simple as possible—no crew, just me and some friends who chipped in generously. Nothing better than a DIY filmmaker—it's an insane undertaking. I think the last shoot was defined by the fact that I finally had no money left and no jobs lined up. You can keep on shooting documentaries forever; it was difficult to admit I was done shooting.

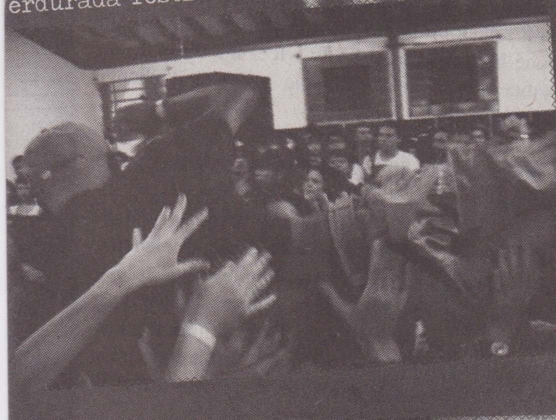
Why did the movie take so long to be finished?
For a while there I had lost faith in the whole thing. The more I kept on working on the project the less I believed the whole thing mattered. It was hard. I didn't think punk itself deserved that much work, and I didn't think I was being effective in my desire to create change by working on my art. So I worked in non-profits for the following six years, always trying to find a window to edit this piece but delaying it because of life—like for example almost losing my tapes during Hurricane Katrina.
But last year I finally made peace with the whole thing and dove back in. I worked on it everyday and it's finally done. I needed to go full circle, to reconcile my desire to make art with my desire to contribute meaningfully. I think it's all part of the same urge to create. And now it's a necessity in my life again. Viva viva!

Toca's bedroom, photo by Scott Johnson

Wrecker

by Carolina Pfister from Viva Viva

Verdurada festival, Sau Paulo



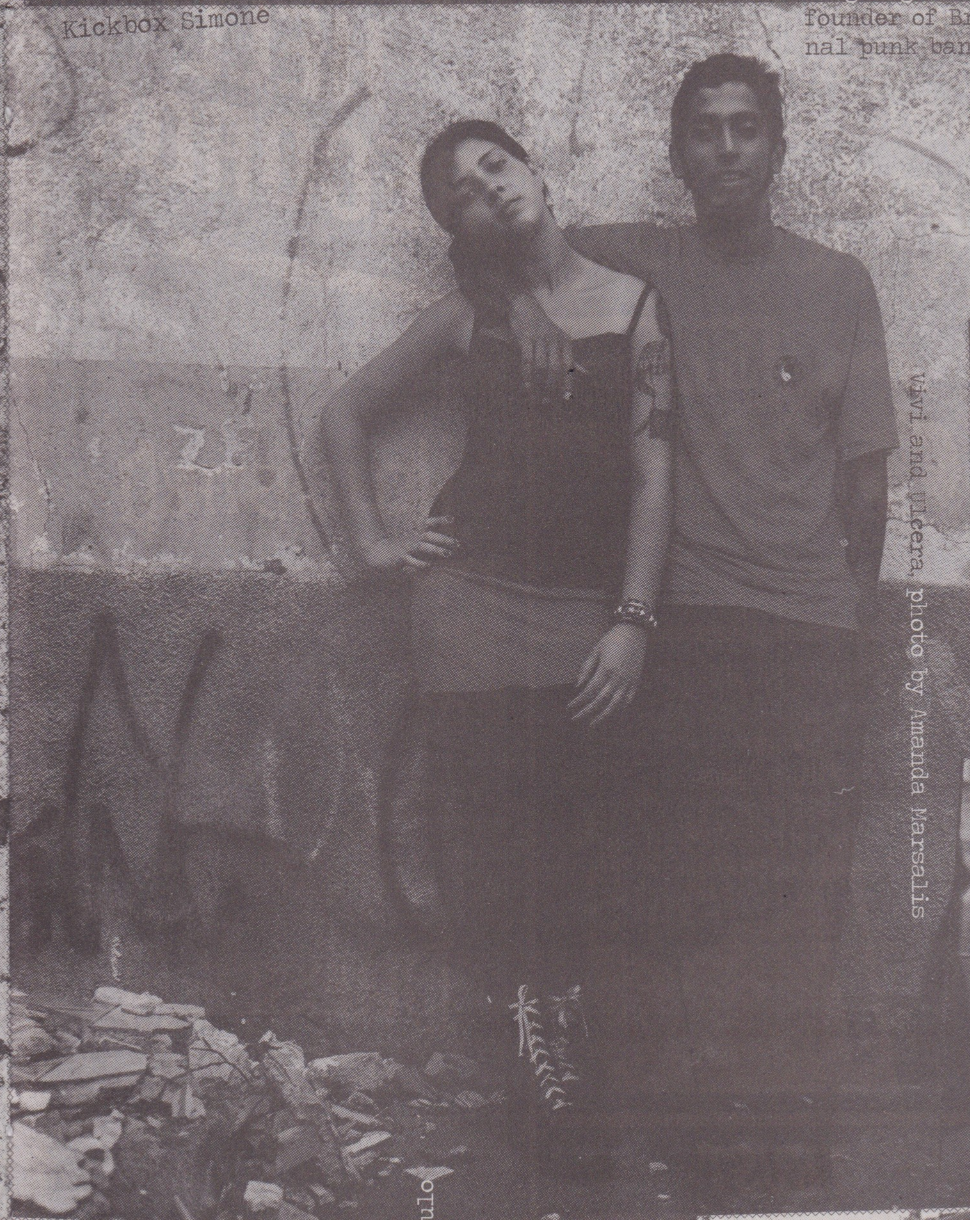
Elisa. photo by Amanda Marsalis

I Shot Cyrus at Verdurada fest

Kickbox Simone

Redson, the deceased singer, guitarrist and founder of Brazil's seminal punk band, Colera

The director, photo by Erik Larson



Vivi and Ulcera, photo by Amanda Marsalis

Toca and friends

Moça

Children at a punk show, San Paulo

Ulcera

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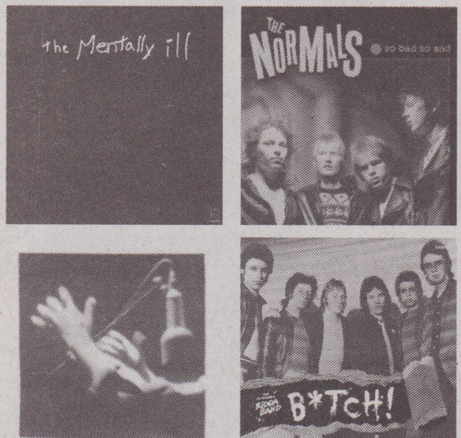

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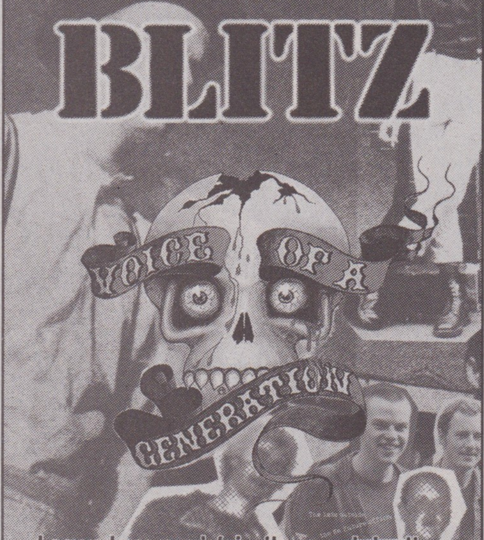

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"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

These Are Da Results Of A Thousand Electric Voltz (that's how they spell it) is a grind/punk band slaying out of San Jose, CA. **TADROAEV** (that's the acronym) pummels through tracks with a complete disregard to formal song structures. With crushing indiscernible riffs and vocals like a garbage disposal—they are an onslaught of pure noise. These guys have a refreshing attitude toward grind and punk, and they are quickly building a buzz in the Bay Area beyond just the grind scene. By being real and playing any show they can outside of their small and sometimes forgotten town—this band makes me stoked on "extreme music" and gives me hope that not all grind is made of social climbers and overhyped message board blast beats.

I asked them to meet up with me on a weekday night in my basement in Downtown San Jose to find out more about them and these are da results.

Interview by Rich Gutierrez,
Photos by Murray Bowles.

These Are Da' Results of A' Thousand Electric Voltz

MRR: Yo. Who are you and what do you play?
Gary: Gary, guitar.
Seneca: Seneca, vocals.
Eric: Eric, drums.
Juan: Juan, bass.

MRR: What's up with the long ass name?
Gary: One day it was just me and Eric in the garage before we were even anything, we maybe had like two songs. And I was just rappin' and it happened to be an Eminem song I was rappin', I sang the first verse and Eric was like, "aye, say that again, what you just said," and I was like, "what?" and he said, "Rap that again what you just said," and I said, "aiight, These Are The Results Of A Thousand Electric Volts" and he said that should be our fuckin' band name fool…it'll be hella long and hella crazy! We could use the Initials and shit. That's pretty much how that shit came about …Rappin.'

MRR: How did all y'all meet? (blunt one lit)
Juan: Aw fuck…me and this guy are brothers. (points to Eric)
Gary: Juan and Eric are brothers.
Seneca: They met in the womb.
Eric: Not even fool! (all laugh)
Juan: Fuckin' Gary over here, just homies. Eric: Since we were little ass kids. We were in a band called Fist To The Face way back in the day.
Gary: We were like fifteen when we met?
Eric: We met Seneca…
Juan: Fuck, like how long ago?
Eric: A year or two? This guy he just got in though he's the newest member (points to Seneca).
Eric: We all basically grew up together except Seneca, but you know he's still our homey.
Juan: He's still down

MRR: That's how y'all hooked up cause of growing up together?
Together: Uh huh.
Gary: Music, graffiti, beer, weed.
Eric: Skating everything.

MRR: How did you guys get into punk?
Eric: With me it just came about with skating—growing up skating, and I liked it, because it wasn't what everyone else was doing. I didn't ever wanna be a cholo ever really in my life so, you know…and I've always liked music. Growing up my dad always played music, he plays guitar and bass. We just took what he showed us to another level and we do what we do now.

MRR: Did he ever play in any bands…punk bands?
Eric: Yea yea.
Juan: It wasn't punk or anything. He played stuff like ballads to fuckin' cumbia…a lot of Mexican shit.
Gary: I just remember being in middle school and feeling like a fucking outcast, ya know what I mean? I was into typical shit like the Slayer and the Metallica, because I didn't know any better…and one day I remember this one kids walks by with a fuckin' jean vest and fat Misfits skull on the back. I was like "That's sick…that's fuckin' dope! That's what I wanna be. I wanna be a fuckin punk!" Then I got into Misfits and Dead Kennedys and all that shit, and from there into highchool….

MRR: …your pants just got tighter? (all laugh)
Gary: Exaaaactly, my mohawk got fatter.
Eric: And taller.
Gary: I was drinking more.
Eric: You started the Disregards remember?
Gary: Aw yea, I started a band called the Disregards when I was fourteen, that's actually how I met these guys! We played a show in their shed, in their backyard—since then it's a wrap.
Eric: Damn, Nemesis and the Snot Rags played that show back in the day.

MRR: How did you get into punk/grind/whatever the fuck?
Seneca: Probably started in sixth grade…started skating. I mean with San Jose it's usually skating. Started listening to Minor Threat and '80s hardcore. I started meeting people at shows and learned more about grind and powerviolence.
Eric: Pretty much skating.
Seneca: A lifestyle of skating and graffiti.

MRR: What or who are some of y'alls main influences? (silence)

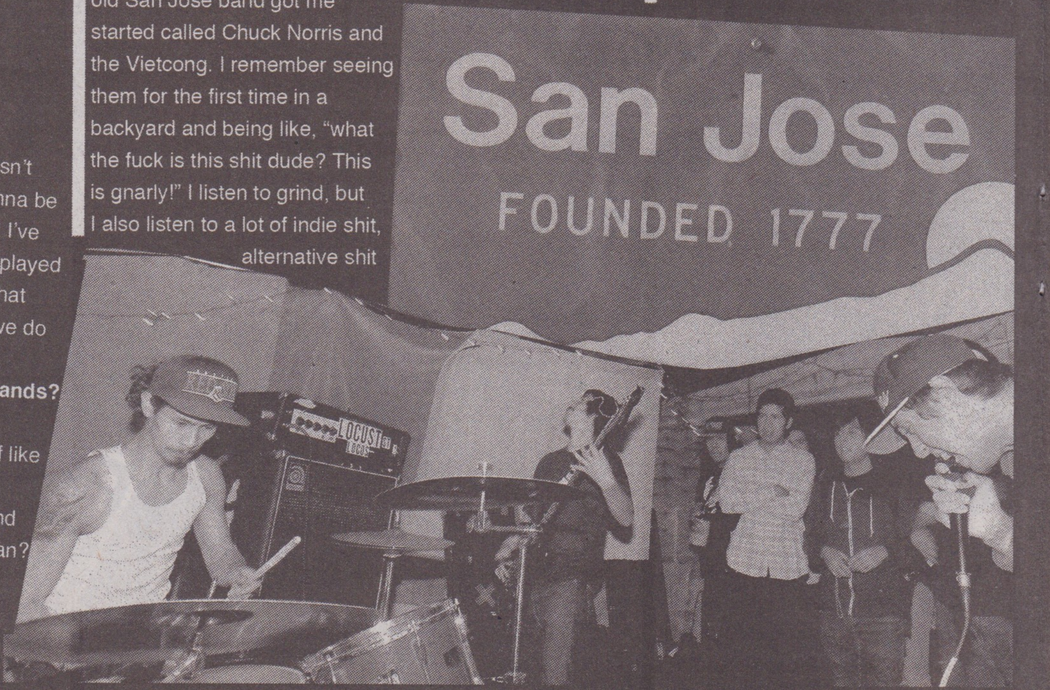
MRR: Who do you look up to musically or whatever?
Juan: We don't listen to a lot of grind—the music that we play. I listen to a lot of rap, hip hop and other shit, but I mean it's kinda hard to say. You mean like specific bands?

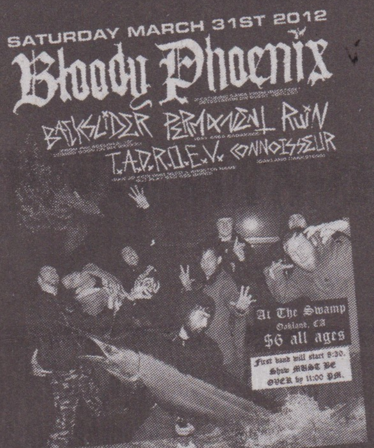
MRR: I guess anything?
Gary: Any genre?
Juan: I mean there're some bands…
Gary: I guess bands like Rosenbombs, Doppelganger, all those bay hardcore bands that really got me into making some noise. Got me into the idea that, "Oh shit, we could just play some straight carnage." Actually an old San Jose band got me started called Chuck Norris and the Vietcong. I remember seeing them for the first time in a backyard and being like, "what the fuck is this shit dude? This is gnarly!" I listen to grind, but I also listen to a lot of indie shit, alternative shit …bands that a lot of grindsters would say, "That's weak shit," but, hey, I love music, dude!
Eric: Shit.
Juan: Shit.
Eric: I just always liked music.
Gary: Your emotions.

MRR: Hahaha! So basically—no idols? Just whatever comes out?
All: Yeah.

MRR: How long you been a band for?
Eric: We could say like, about over a year. (blunt two started)

MRR: So you're all from San Jose. Tell me about San Jose as opposed to the rest of the Bay?
Eric: Fuuuuuck
Juan: Where should we start? What do you wanna know?
Eric: When people think San Jose they think its nothing but gangsters and northerners here, because there's a lot of Hispanics here, ya know? They put me in that category because I have long hair and I'm Hispanic and I have a fuckin' mustache and shit! (All laugh)
Eric: Sometimes people in San Jose don't get a good view of what else is going on outside of this place. When I first saw Hostile Takeover I felt it in my bones, they showed me a whole different side of San Jose and what's outside. We don't get as much love or attention as the rest of the Bay. A lot here are a little fuckin' tough because we all grew up fuckin' fighting.
All: Yeah





Eric: I mean from whatever they call us—fuckin "rockers," whatever we're being called, we gotta fight to do whatever it is we're doing.

Gary: I got in a few fights over some rocker shit a couple times.

Eric: Exactly.

Seneca: A lot of kids grow up really fast here in San Jose.

Juan: Yeah.

Seneca: You have to pretty much.

Eric: Rough. Juan: Yeah, it roughens you up a little bit There is hella good shit that comes out of here, but mostly it doesn't get talked about. They just talk about the typical shit that people think we're known for that usually isn't talked about here, but they put it out there and it's a bad thing.

MRR: I have heard people/bands come through San Jose and they always say San Jose is like its own world away from the rest of the Bay, why is that?

Juan: It's hella homey, people treat you good…if you're down, you know if your down with them. (everyone laughs)

Eric: I see that people say that we're our own little world in the Bay Area because we are separate from the Bay a little—we're the South Bay.

Juan: But were actually in the middle of everything! You're an hour away from all the towns.

Seneca: It's cool.

MRR: Do you think people see you differently than a band from San Francisco or Oakland?

Eric: Yeah, definitely. I feel that we stand out a lot.

Juan: Music-wise a little, but we always let 'em know where we're from, because we are from here. It's nice to tell people where you're from. It's not just coming from nowhere.

Eric: We stand out a lot more because our scene was up for a little bit, but it died out for a few years. And being a band from San Jose playing outside to other spots, there aren't many bands that come out of San Jose, but when bands do come out from here they stand out…

MRR: You think there's a lot more pride?

Eric: A lot more pride!

Juan: People from here will show you love, but only to a certain extent. (blunt 3)

Gary: It's my city, but there're still a lot of dumb kids.

Juan: If they could just hear the good shit, I think shit could change. People get used to the same old stupid shit.

Eric: We definitely stand out from the rest of the bay.

MRR: There're no all ages venues in San Jose how do you feel about that?

Juan: There's mad kids out here. If there's any spot they will show up.

Seneca: I don't know if we need more venues or if we just need more cutty underground spots, because the kids will fuck it up. I just can't see it happening. The shows will have to be done by the scene here and not by the city's permission. It's up to the people to respect the spot and keep it cutty

MRR: You think its possible to have legit venue in San Jose that the kids ran? Y'all think it could happen?

Juan: Here in San Jose? No way. They are only lenient to shit that is about money, not street art or loud music. In Berkeley they got Gilman and that shit is people owned , but here a lot of people don't respect places. They are never exposed to that shit, so they wile out and shit ends up going down the drain.

Eric: They get a little bit of something, they take it to the fullest. They open a spot up, get overwhelmed with the amount of people and then get discouraged by the vibes that people who don't know what's going on give off. Like fools who just show up, but don't know anything about the music and shit—it fucks it up for everyone, even for all the bands. Sometimes I don't even feel like playing the show, when people don't act right. Some fools don't appreciate the shit folks do. And that shit happens a lot here in San Jose, a lot. So there only ends up being a handful of folks trying to keep shit going because everyone else falls out, all because kids aren't exposed to the way shit could be.

MRR: People don't leave the block and don't know what's going on?

Eric: Exactly.

MRR: Do you think it makes things unique in San Jose?

Eric: Yeah, it's bad and good. You always know shits gonna go off.

Gary: Yeah.

Juan: You gotta take it how it comes.

Eric: They've never been exposed to a spot other than backyard shows, not a venue.

Juan: Yeah, they're like, "where's a potty, where's da potty?" (all laugh)

Eric: People just expect the cops are gonna come so they just go crazy anyway.

Juan: That's not what should be happening though.

Seneca: We gotta start like a new generation of fight club style venues. (all laugh)

MRR: So shit's real temporary there?

Seneca: Doesn't have to be.

Juan: That's how it's been. But it could change.

Seneca: It will take a lot of cooperation. Everyone has to put in.

Gary: Not gonna happen—with punk here, there's not much respect or cooperation.

Seneca: I don't know how that shit works in other big cities!

MRR: Patience.

Juan: Yeah, if you kick a fool out, they will come back and try and do some shit.

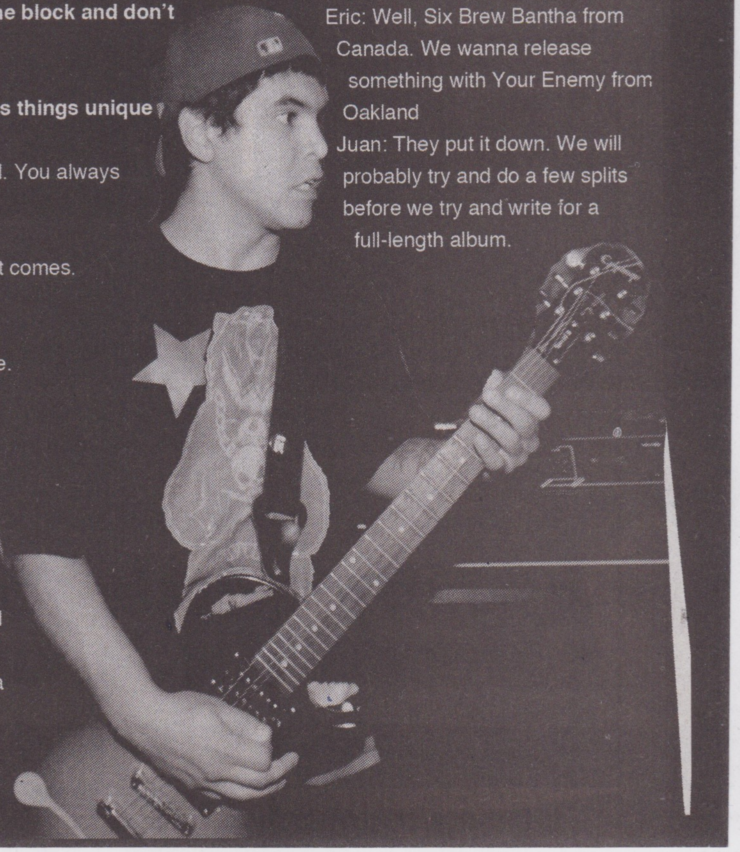
MRR: You guys have been playing a lot around the Bay and released a full length demo, but what's in the works for the future? Near or far future.

Eric: We're planning on going on our first tour soon. We wanna go down south and up to Canada. If we can get over, we got a lot of people that support us out there and we've never even played out there. That's real fuckin' shit—that people know about us by word of mouth and shit. They hear that we are cool people, so that makes us feel great. We're just some small town east side kids, just a bunch of Mexican kids who grew up playing some music together. I guess we got something else to offer up that stands out to people? And that's fuckin' great. We want to release a couple splits with a few bands too!

MRR: Which bands?

Eric: Well, Six Brew Bantha from Canada. We wanna release something with Your Enemy from Oakland

Juan: They put it down. We will probably try and do a few splits before we try and write for a full-length album.



Gary: In the meantime, we're just writing new stuff.

Eric: Check us out on Soundcloud and if you like that shit we can work something out!

Juan: Yeah, we're down to network.

MRR: If you could tour anywhere in the world where would it be and why?

Juan: Fuuuuuhh. Tour everywhere!

Eric: Fuuuck it spread the love…spread t hat shit…San Jose grind love! (all laugh)

Juan: Fuccck.

Eric: I wanna go to Australia! I heard their grind scene is crazy! I'll go anywhere, really, other than here, you know what I mean?

Juan: Out of the country for sure.

Eric: Wherever you guys want us, hit us up, hahaha. (all laugh)

MRR: What do you all do for a living?

Eric: I'm a farmer… (all laugh)

Eric: I just farm what everybody needs. It smells great and smokes great.

Juan: I do art and skate and recently got into the denim business. (all laugh)

Gary: I work at a garbage company full time Monday through Friday, sorting through people's trash picking out the recycling and shit. I seen a lot of nasty shittt

MRR: Like what?

Gary: Just like bloody tampons, baby diapers and dead cats.

Eric: Fuuuuuuhhh.

Gary: I'm waiting to see some carcass. Some hands and shit.

Juan: You see a foot! hahaha. (all laugh)

Gary: I'd just throw it in the recycling.

Juan: Put it in the compost pile!

Gary: My bad. (all laugh)

Seneca: I'm a dishwasher.

MRR: You have a song on the demo called "Get Used To Hearing Accents Again." What's that about?

Eric: We got our own type of slang, there's a proper way of speaking English, but we all speak our own way—we don't speak proper English. No matter where we are in the world we will communicate this way. The singer AJ on that recording can speak like four different languages.

Gary: That's a wrap for that one.

MRR: How does being brown and punk, change your perspective on punk?

Eric: Well…punk seems, from what I think or remember while growing up, it's usually a white thing, ya know? Punk seemed to be, to me, for light-skinned white people.

Juan: At least from what we see from here, from what's really known to us.

Gary: From what got big.

Eric: I felt like I could only see mostly white people on stage. Like Metallica and those motherfuckers.

Gary: I hate metal (all laugh)

Eric: Like Sex Pistols and those motherfuckers. Even at shows today when we play outside of San Jose, you don't see many Hispanics playing, you see a lot of white folks. We're like a shadow on the Bay, I guess that's why they say we are like our own little world. We stand out like a sore fucking thumb when we play in different towns.

Juan: People see Latino fools or whatever and expect us to be one way, but **we are just doing what we're doing and it happens to be punk.**

MRR: If you could play a dream show with any bands and any time, who would you play with?

Juan: Los Tigres del Norte, fool! (all laugh)

Gary: Shiiiiit, lemme see.

Seneca: Oingo Boingo. (all laugh)

Juan: If we could just grind 'em all together! (all laugh)

Eric: I don't know, dude.

Gary: Any time?

Seneca: Uuuhhhhhh.

Gary: Early '90s Blink 182 and Doppelganger, I guess.

Eric: Shit man, I would just wanna rock with my good grind bands from San Jose. I just like supporting our shit, these are my dream shows! I'll bring all the bands back—bring back Uzi Suicide too!

MRR: What do you listen to that's not grind?

Eric: Rap and hip-hop.

Gary: Eric and Juan mostly listen to rap and hip-hop.

Juan: I like jazz too, fool…and high energy, fool, wassssup!

Gary: I'm a big fan of indie and pop punk—like the real shit, not the fake shit.

Eric: I listen to a lot of banda music and Brazilian music, you know! (all laugh)

MRR: What does DIY mean to you?

Juan: Keeping it underground and doing it yourself. Keeping shit moving.

Eric: Doing shit that you have to do for yourself.

Juan: No matter if it is a spot. You make it a spot.

Gary: Keep it original and stay real.

Seneca: Take things into your own hands.

MRR: What advice do you have to grinders in small towns? (all laugh)

Eric: If your hella mad and you got hella energy.

Juan: Start grindin', start grindin'!

Gary: Find someone, play and record that shit on a shitty tape recorder and then throw it out there!

Eric: Or don't play. (all laugh)

MRR: Grind and weed are like butter and toast, do you agree?

Eric: Yezzzzz.

Juan: Hell yeeaaa, foool!

Gary: Well, I'm recently sober for three months.

Juan: What about before then?

Gary: Oh yeah, I guess, but now I just prefer the bread. (all laugh)

Juan: No butter?

Gary: No butter.

Eric: I'll butter you up later. I always have extra butter. (all laugh)

MRR: Any shout outs?

Eric: Godly Gold from the Federation and the homies from everywhere, especially from San Jose. Everybody that helped me come up to where I'm at right now. Specifically one dude, this guy Mikee, he's El Salvadorian, he really inspired me to play drums, shout out to that motherfucker! He used to play drums in this band from San Jose, Masacre. My parents, the Montiel family, my dog Duke, weed and most of my peeps.

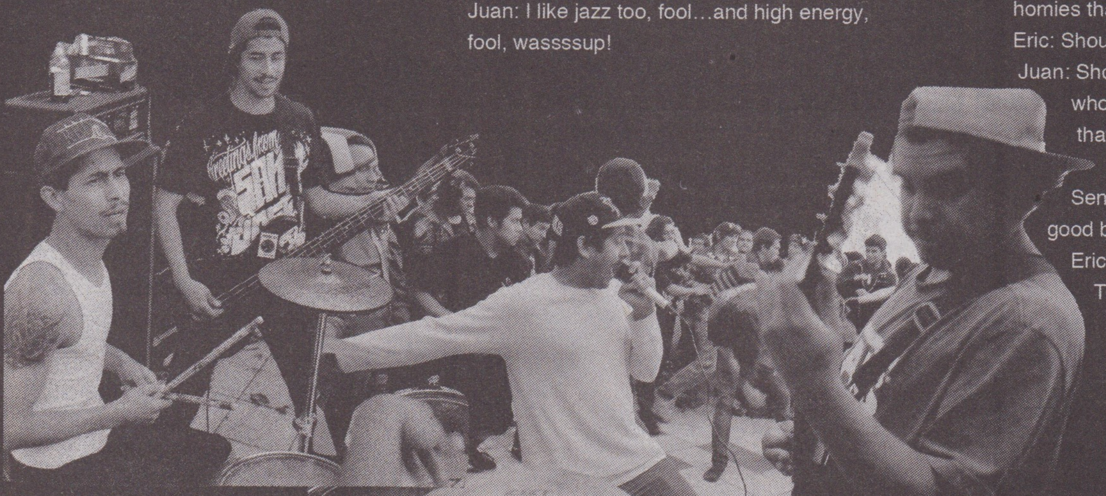
Gary: Shout out to most of my homies, they know who they are, and all the cool ass kids who still keep coming to shows and know what it is and they aren't just there for a fucking party—the ones that are really there who are actually about it. Shout out to those homies that keep it alive.

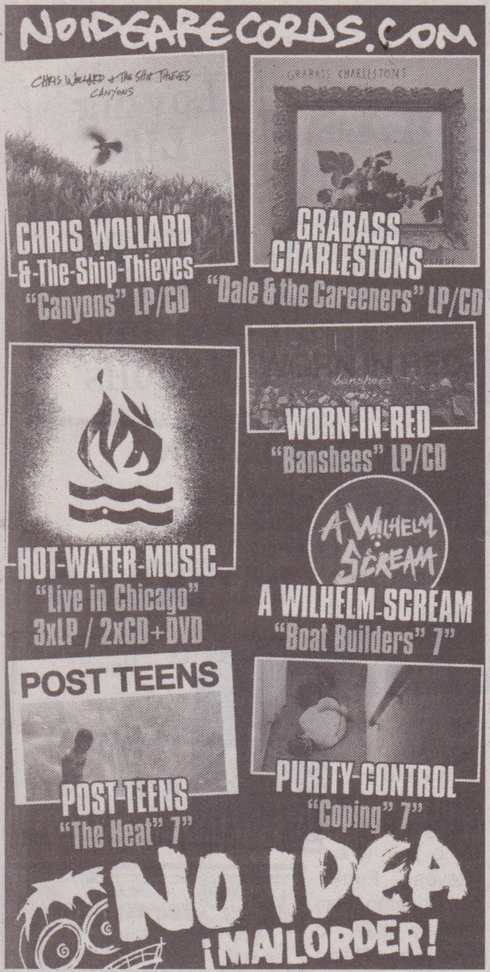
Eric: Shout out to graffiti.

Juan: Shout out to anyone who keeps it moving, whoever is coming out and supporting. Doing that real shit, doing it raw, doing it rough. Shout out to the fucking crew.

Seneca: To all the supporters and all that good business.

Eric: Shout out to weed again (all laugh). That's it.





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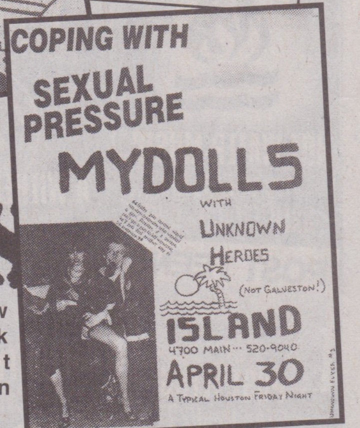
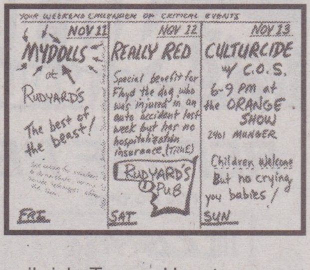
Ben Desoto

Loving Life (and the Cramps) with Houston's Mydolls





MYDOLLS

Mydolls are a Houston punk band that began playing shows in the late 1970s. They were an important part of the Texas punk scene alongside bands like Really Red, Big Boys and the Dicks. Mydolls' music is imaginative, political post-punk that stretches the boundaries of what most people consider "punk" and also challenges the status quo. The band was active until the mid-1980s and then made a comeback in 2003 with the release of a CD anthology of all of their previous work called A World of Her Own. *The original Mydolls lineup was Trish Herrera and Linda Younger on guitar and vocals, her cousin George Reyes on drums and Dianna Ray on bass. George was later replaced by Kathy Johnston, who passed away from cancer in September of 2011. Now David Ensminger is the fourth Mydoll, although he does not participate in the following interview. Mydolls is a treat for those of us who already know and love early experimental post-punk bands such as the Raincoats, the Slits, Kleenex/ Lilliput or Essential Logic. I spoke with Herrera, Reyes, Ray and Younger about the early Houston punk scene, their influences, feminism, Big Boys and punk as experimentalism. Interview by Osa Atoe*

MRR: When I got to spend time with you in Houston a couple of months ago, I was struck by the closeness and longevity of your friendship. You have been friends, band mates and even roommates for decades! When did you meet and, briefly, how did Mydolls form?

Trish Herrera: Dianna and I met in 1977 and talked about starting a band. I played guitar a little and could play piano a bit. Dianna had no instrument but somehow got a hold of a keyboard bass and we started trying to write songs. Linda was my client at my hair salon and we started talking about playing music.

Dianna Ray: I met Trish through a friend of a friend at the end of an evening out. She took one look at my Cherie Currie feathered hair (be fair, it was 1978) and said, "We've got to do something about that hair!" With those words, a friendship and so much more was born. Music was central to both of us and we went out to the Island, Houston's original punk rock club, most every night. The Island had many Houston and Texas bands playing there, as well as touring acts. A number of the bands were just this side of terrible but it never stopped us from going. One night we decided we couldn't be any worse, so let's start our own band; it'll be fun. Trish had a great voice and that stage-front personality. I was much more of the back of the stage type and had no musical skills at all. By default, I ended up on bass and it has suited me just fine. George is Trish's cousin and he knew how to play drums, so he was in and what a gift he turned out to be. Linda rounded us out nicely with her own oft-admired guitar and vocal stylings.

Linda Younger: I met Dianna getting my hair cut at Trish's salon. Funny, how it all goes back to hair. Even now we tend to meet up there and let Trish do her thing while we plan fun times together. When I had chemo in 2006 for breast cancer, we had a very special ritual there when Trish shaved my head for me with such love and tenderness.

MRR: How did a punk movement start in Houston?

George Reyes: Punk in Houston was largely due to Pacifica Radio (KPFT). There was a lot of opportunity for alternative music to have a voice and platform. Also, although in oil-rich Texas, Houston was going through a lot of economic upheaval. Along with Detroit, Houston had a reputation for a badass police force. Lots of repressive news on a daily basis was being broadcast.

Linda: I think all of the ingredients for the recipe just came together in the right degrees at the right time. What is most interesting to me is how it seemed very un-self-aware for a good number of years. It just was. [Punk] didn't question why or where it was going, and that is when it was most beautiful and accessible. There was a lot of creativity. We had visual artists, performing artists, musicians, fashion designers and it felt very much like a movement that birthed itself.

Trish: There was a lot of space between each city so it wasn't as easy as the Midwest or the East Coast to get the wave that was passing over the country.

Linda: It was truly the "perfect storm." The art and music scenes were inextricably woven and still are. Creativity was the name of the game and we were lucky to be right in the middle of it all.

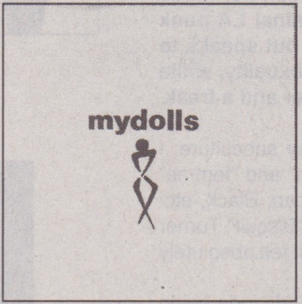
MRR: What was your earliest involvement in Houston's punk scene?

Diana: First we were the audience and in many ways, we still are! Then we just sort of jumped into the fray and started playing. When there wasn't anywhere to play we would rent a space or play inside a warehouse in 110° heat with no AC and love it. For the most part I didn't feel a

real separation between the audience and the band because most of us were all friends or had seen each other around the scene. When we toured or when touring bands came to Houston someone always let you stay at their house and usually they were in a band too. We were a subculture and we were taking care of our own.
Trish: Mydolls opened for the Hates at a gay disco.

MRR: Did you play with Big Boys a lot?
Linda: Not enough...but thank goodness for the Biscuit Bombs for keeping the songs alive.
Trish: Yes! We loved playing in Austin. Once we got our tires slashed by frat boys. There was a big Houston-Austin connection then. The entire art and music and dance scene was fused. We did a lot together in Texas, more Austin than Dallas. In San Antonio we friended all the bands in the Kung Fu Movement, which included the Butthole Surfers.
Diana: Yes! What an exciting band and a great group of fellows. I lost my two front teeth in 1982 while watching them play.

MRR: It is my opinion that over time, punk has come to be understood as a specific style of music, perhaps almost a formula rather than a place to experiment. When you were active in the late 1970s and 1980s, did you feel like you were going against the grain of what people expected from punk or do you think there was less of a herd mentality about punk back then?



Diana: I think initially there was much less of a herd mentality. A few years into it Oi! and hardcore seemed to begin to define what it was to be punk and things became much more aggressive musically and in the audience. There was a "second wave" of kids that started coming to the clubs at the same time new-wave began playing on the airways, so this may have been a bit of a push-back against that; I'm not sure. In retrospect, the very idea of defining "punk" is an anathema to punk. At the time it really did feel like the beginning of the end to me.
Linda: I honestly never thought about that. For me it was permission to say what I think and I got tremendous enjoyment from others wanting to listen. It's incredible how the lyrics hold up to the test of time. "Walls of Tunisia," "Politician Kill Your Son," "It's Too Hot for Revolution" all could have been written today.
GR: Linda had a great interview with John Peel that talked about the demands of the audience and the kind of music you wanted to play. I think that we just wanted to play our own music and didn't really consider expectations of punk. There were those on the fringe that I guess would follow a herd mentality but we really reflected our experiences socially, politically and environmentally through our songs. If it turned out to be punk then I guess that's what we were.

MRR: Who were your favorite bands to play with in the 1970s and early 1980s?
Diana: Big Boys, Really Red, Butthole Surfers, Meat Joy, Siouxsie and the Banshees, the Judys, AK47, the Hates, DOA and Dead Kennedys.
Linda: We mustn't forget the Cramps. What a double bill, my favorite poster of all. There were so many local bands that we played with, bottom line, we were all like family.

MRR: Do you think that being a mostly-female band had anything to do with your willingness to create unusual sounds that push the boundaries of punk and new wave?
Trish: We were very influenced by the British girl bands and bands like Young Marble Giants and Red Krayola. Mayo Thompson being from Texas and the Red Krayola starting here, there was a huge connection. I think Linda knew his mom.
Diana: Mydolls is three-fourths female and we would not have our sound if it weren't for both the male and female influences in our band. Half of the band had no musical experience and we learned on the job, so to speak. There is a certain freedom in that because you are not constrained by rules. Plus, we just really wanted to have fun.
Linda: George is the foundation for our music; he is an awesome drummer and dear friend. Honestly, he is "one of the girls" to us, and so tender and loving to his wife, kids, and mom who he visits every weekend since she was diagnosed with Alzheimer's. We are so blessed to have each other and our music.

MRR: One of my favorite bands of all time is Crass. They manage to combine anarchist politics with an equally radical and unique aesthetic that is almost impossible to emulate. Mydolls express political ideas, specifically feminist ideas, in your songs, from "Soldiers of a Pure War" to "The Rapist." What is the relationship between your lyrical content and your sound?
Trish: I love the Crass. "Punk is Dead" came out and it was true; punk was dead. You could already buy torn t-shirts at Kmart in 1981. Yes, we talk about what pisses us off and try to imagine life without the stupidity of war and hate.
Diana: Many of us from the first-wave of punk are still playing music, making art and staying politically active. Politics and art was a part of what brought us together in the first place so it was necessarily a part of the music.
Linda: It was a way to express our selves in a very personal way. Most of the songs, if not all, were based on real life experiences. Our new collaboration was one that was especially meaningful since both Kathy and I are/were battling cancer; we feel her when we work on it now and are planning to record it soon. It's called "Don't F***ing Die." Those are the words Trish wrote in the journal that I had for friends who stitched on my "Bound by Friendship" quilt. Most of the entries were positive affirmations of how I was going to kick some serious cancer butt and words of encouragement. But when Trish went to write in it, she wrote those words as her tear fell on the page, something like that had to be expressed in music. I am just sorry that Kathy can't be here to help finalize the music and play her awesome guitar. We hope to somehow use some of the early recordings with her in them on the CD.

Ben Desoto

[Punk] didn't question why or where it was going, and that is when it was most beautiful and accessible. There was a lot of creativity. We had visual artists, performing artists, musicians, fashion designers and it felt very much like a movement that birthed itself.

MRR: I love the title of your CD anthology *A World of Her Own.* To me it speaks to the creation of an autonomous physical and mental space to exist as an artist and as a woman, free from social pressure and expectation. What does the title mean to you?

Diana: I think you nailed it, Osa!

Trish: It is about the isolation of relationships and how that relates to learning to become strong as an individual, male or female, the trick of course as we travel the road is to somehow let another person in once we know who we are. The words are from a nursery rhyme.

GR: The title and lyrics are making more sense to me now as I experience many different roles in my life. I agree that it is a journey.

MRR: I read Alice Bag's book *Violence Girl* earlier this year. For those who don't know, Alice Bag was the lead singer in seminal LA punk band the Bags. She is Mexican-American and bisexual but speaks to the feeling that social identities like gender, race and sexuality, while still important, took a backseat to her identity as a rocker and a freak. Do any of you relate to this perspective?

Diana: Absolutely! I am gay but I wasn't "raised" in the gay subculture; I was "raised" in the punk rock subculture. Labels like "butch" and "femme" didn't exist there. People were Punk first and Queer, Mexican, Black, etc. secondarily. You had gay men like Gary Floyd and Randy "Biscuit" Turner fronting punk bands just the same as heterosexual men and it felt absolutely level to me.

Trish: George and I being Hispanic and Dianna being gay and Linda being Cajun from the beautiful swampland of Louisiana, I think we can all relate to not being what America would like to portray as English-speaking white bread. The inclusiveness of punk was sweet... until boys got all sweaty and spikey and started pushing us out of the slam thrash. Then it became a uniform just like Dockers, Nikes and printed t-shirts are now.

MRR: What are some of the most exciting things coming out of Houston's DIY community currently?

Diana: Collaboration. A lot of musicians play in multiple bands, teach each other about their craft and share that with the next generation as well. We have our own Girls Rock Camp in Houston and it is run entirely by volunteers who put a lot of time, effort and heart into bringing music and self-esteem to a whole new generation of girls. We really can do a whole lot more united than divided. Listen up America!

Linda: Girls Rock Camp Houston is awesome. We've been involved in that since its inception and continue to support it. Most of the parents express their delight in seeing their daughters allowed to express themselves through music. Friends for life are connected here. I can't say enough about it! Go make a band!

Half of the band had no musical experience and we learned on the job, so to speak. There is a certain freedom in that because you are not constrained by rules. Plus, we just really wanted to have fun.

Disguise is part of what I can only describe as a polluted wave of new punk and hardcore in Ireland that is finding itself in rawness, brutalism and fun. A band that fills my black soul with so much negative energy I have to bounce off the walls! There is a definite influence heard from some of the more recent punk to come out of Spain. Bands like Glam, Destiono Final and Otan to name a few, but also a serious nod to Japanese masters such as Gauze or even Human Gas. Gut-shaking bass reverberates from sewers below and the guitar distorts your brain into pieces. This is all blended up with some '80s USHC and Andy's unmistakeable death metal lurching gurgle vocals, sodden with reverb, giving a definite menacing edge. The lyrics are of a minimalist style which I think fits perfectly. They are accessible in the way outsider-art is I guess. By that I mean they are poetic and filled with passion and hate but manage not to come across as pretentious or too ambiguous. Alienation and rage are rife, but the topics remain with subjects that I think most people can relate to, especially here on our damned little island: "Junkies rot on toxic coasts, feral children thirst for blood, buildings sit like broken teeth, semen sprayed from holy ghosts." Come to Dublin and you'll understand. Here is an interview recorded in the DIY punk space the Karate Klub in North Dublin with added hyperbole from esteemed guest Jersey Mike.

Interview by Eric Twoheadeddog (www.stormhag.tumblr.com direwolf@riseup.net)

Photos by Lyndsey Putt (www.lyndseyputt.tumblr.com)

MRR: First off introduce yourselves and tell me what you do in the band.
Al: I play guitar.
Andy: I sing.
Colin: I sing..no I don't. I play the drums.
Emmett: I play bass.
Jersey Mike: Cocksucker!

MRR: I feel there's a new wave in Dublin punk and the HC scene that's putting out more raw distorted music which I think you are a part of. Why do you think that came about? What do you attribute that to?
Andy: I think in general it's just..things are grim.. It's a grim style. I think in my time it was more straight forward HC or crust. As far as we go, it's just our common ground. I think in Crowd Control we used to try and mix death metal and hardcore, but now I just play in a death metal band and a raw HC band rather than trying to mix them.
Colin: I like doing it because I always wanted to be in a band like this. I like doing it. Even though I'm in many other bands this one is like number two or something.
Al: I think there's been a lot of bands in Ireland, for years, that have played a mix of genres but there hasn't been a lot of straight up bands. I think that's something people are getting more into because it's something different. It's not original in any way necessarily but where we are it kind of is, because for a good few years a lot of bands were playing stuff that wasn't so straight forward.

MRR: Yeah, there was more of a tradition of being weird and having loads of influences, rather than to just be straight up.
Andy: I think now you look at the scene and there're loads of deadly bands, where they'll play a completely different style of hardcore, but they'll play that style in pureness. They're not trying to mix anything else with it. There's like us, or Loose Nut, or Contort or Putrefaction even you know.

MRR: OK so you are all in a lot of bands besides Disguise, some you already mentioned. Tell us a bit about your other projects, etc.
I play in four bands; with Al, Drainland, Disguise, Wolfbait and Strong Boys.

MRR: So Strong Boys is a band you are all in, but it was started by youEmmett..You wrote all the music.
Al: It's all Emmett.

MRR: You guys just play live.
Andy: We're the session musicians.
Emmett: Yea, it's a one-man band, it's me basically, I play everything and I record everything. It's a gay hardcore band. We used to have a band where I used to play bass but it never really happened, so it's the songs I wrote for that band that I used for Strong Boys because I always wanted to do a gay HC band. So after I released the tape people were asking about me playing live and these guys were all interested as well as Eddie from Bang Bros/Loose Nut as well.

MRR: And you did all the artwork and recording too, yeah?
Emmett: Yeah, everything.

Colin: When I listen to it I feel like I'm in a dark place or like in some sort of machine that's taken over my body and I'm watching a horror movie. It kinda reminds me of Video Drome.
Andy: Yeah, if you like horror movies…

MRR: As Ireland slips further into this crippling economic recession, the punk scene seems to be growing and growing and gaining more ground. It definitly seems more vibrant and alive than when we first got into it. What are your thoughts on this and the scene in Dublin, or on Ireland as a whole at the moment? Basically being recession punks.
Andy: Yeah, not to take away from it or cheapen it, but yeah, I think a lot of it has to do with that people really want to get fucked up right now. And where's a better place than at a punk gig or a punk party? And that's cool you know, that's made things more buzzing and more exciting.
Colin: The way I'm really involved right now is because I don't work. I have the time. I put all my time into playing in bands.
Andy: There's this cool fuckin' place (the Karate Klub) where you become a member for a very reasonable rent, for your own practice space. And you don't have a job but you've got the dole so.
Jersey Mike: Is that enough to survive on though?
Al: You can get by.
Andy: Yeah, I think so. Your're not gonna have a luxurious lifestyle but…

MRR: It's being cut every year in succession.
Andy: Yeah, it's not gonna be here forever but right now on the world stage it's pretty OK.

MRR: For a punk lifestyle you can survive definitely, but if you have kids or a mortgage or any commitments like a dependent mother or father you're pretty fucked.
Jersey Mike: Even with a punk lifestyle is it enough to get by? Like, can you save?
Al: Depends how good you are with money.

MRR: It helps if you live in a collective house like Colin.
Colin: I moved to Portobello.

MRR: Oh no! I don't wanna talk about your shitty little rented house in Portebello. I wanna talk about the amazing derelict mansion in the hills!
Andy: Well, I think places like that play a part too. Like, I was only ever at two gigs in that house, but they were both awesome and loads and loads of people came. Like you said, it was buzzing, it was vibrant. Like when Rats Blood played their first gig there, it was one of the best sets I've ever seen in Ireland. And that's the thing too here, like the scene is really vibrant but the prevalent attitude towards music in Ireland is that if you're not making loads of money you must be shit. Like, music is really big here, but it's only taken seriously if you're successful financially. On top of that, you've got these pubs where you're paying them lumps of cash to have a gig but they act like they're doing you a favour. But that's the culture that we have, like we don't have cool spaces like in Germany, etc. So that makes it difficult, because you can see we have huge potential here for things to be really, really good but understandably you can see people getting pretty sick of going to these shitty pubs. So when you have a party in a cool house like that, you know people even act differently. The self-consciousness just melts away. They relax. They have fun.

MRR: In terms of the queer scene in Dublin is there an overlap with the punk scene? Is the punk scene lacking in anyway in terms of this, or is it OK?
Emmett: I think it's fine. I wouldn't really be involved in the gay scene or be going to gay bars or clubs or anything; I wouldn't be involved in that at all. But at the same time I don't think there's anything wrong with the punk scene. I don't think there's anything that stops gay people being involved. It just doesn't cross over that much.
Colin: Where are the bears?
Emmett: There're definitly no bears.. that's the downside.
Andy: RIP Mero!

MRR: I ask because when I lived in Melbourne, there was quite a big crossover and it made me more aware of other scenes that exist, and it's just interesting to see how different punk scenes grow in different ways. Also, were you inspired by Knifed who were basically the Irish Limp Wrist in the early '00s, or was that a bit before you became involved in the punk scene?
Emmett: Yeah, it would have been a bit before. I was living in Dublin, going to college but I wasn't really going to gigs at all. I still would have heard Knifed and they would have been an influence just like any gay HC band. And wanting to sing in a band as well was another reason why I wanted to do it.

MRR: Yeah, I think it's cool the way the lyrics are; while not similar to Mero's lyrics, but reminiscent in that it's talking about these issues from a very Irish perspective, you know. That's really cool. OK, any one else wanna talk about bands they're in?
Colin: I play in Wolfbait with Al and it's like Disguise only not. I also play in Fag Enablerz, it's just punk rock, mostly about the music but looks comes second. Everything else, like the fans and the money come last.
Andy: Al is in Rats Blood who are really good. Scandinavian type HC. And Contort. They're raw blasting crasher punk. The singer kinda sounds like Sakevi. He also does Feral Torch, that's really cool.

MRR: That's your solo project yeah?
Al: Yeah, it's like synth punk… Three-chord dark synth punk…

MRR: It's terrifying though… It's not just punk!
Andy: Yeah, I think a lot of it reminds me of black metal… Or death evens.. it's gnarly.

MRR: I definitly think with gigs in the city centre here there's always an air of menace.
Al: Oh yeah!

MRR: Like there's always the collective memory of say, someone's gonna glass you or a bouncer's gonna throw you out, or the expensive pints, etc. Everyone just goes into a sort of night club mode where it's not your space, it's just a place you go for four hours, get entertained and then smash the jax and go home. But when there's a gig in a house or a collective space, people suddendly act like themselves, like you see that freedom come out of them a bit. I totally agree with ya.
Andy: Yeah, I think a lot of that with the self-consciousness is just also, you know, the 'Catholic Nation.' People here generally tend to be a lot more worried and stressed about how they appear to other people. Also, I think people have a tendency here to just feel guilty before they've even done anything. So they're afraid to dance in any way, or at all even, in case somebody thinks of them as 'the dickhead.' Which probably wouldn't happen, but because we're so Irish we think, 'Oh no I better not. I'd just be a nuisance.'
Al: There are people that do enjoy themselves and do dance and stuff but they are the few. There is an air of stagnation.

MRR: Well, so, there's a move now to get a DIY collective space in Dublin.
Al: There's a want and a need for it and there are people trying to organise it.
Colin: I had this idea that I'd play this marathon gig with each of my bands as a benefit for the Collective space. It'd be nine sets.
Al: You're also gonna drink a bottle of Buckfast [brutally caffeinated Tonic Wine] for every set.

MRR: I hate comparing bands, but if I had to describe your sound in relation to what's come before, I'd say in parts early Gauze but also the more up-beat and spiteful modern Spanish bands like Destino Final, Glam, etc. How did you arrive at this sound?
Andy: I think the way you described it is pretty much it, but also to me, I dunno about the other lads, there's a bit of a Boston thing like Jerry's Kids. I think this was the first time with a band that it was fairly clear cut, like we all knew what we wanted to do.

MRR: You started out with a plan.
Andy: Yea, like Japan, Spain, Boston basically and whatever else just comes through. I mean, they're all just styles that play noisily and have reverb.
Al: It wasn't even consciously those places, but we wanted to have a band that's just raw and fast. No fuckin around…
Andy: Simple.
Al: But those are all bands we'd agree on that we really like.
Andy: Just a hardcore punk band with stresses on both those words.

MRR: I also think some of your influences may be less obvious than they appear at first. What bands specifically would be some of your influences?
Andy: Firstly, my biggest influence with Disguise would be like you said Japanese punk, like Gauze but also Gism. To me they're a huge influence. Like, definitely the lyrics, you could say they're socio-political. They're intensely violent and aggressive but I definitely agree that there are things in life and situations that are inspiring the lyrics. So it's the same for us. They don't sit nicely into a zone of punk necessarily. They're simple and direct and straightforward but they're still unique, which I think is the hardest thing to do. To try and make simple and raw music but still sound like yourselves. I think they did that, Gauze too.

Then like you say, modern Spanish punk was definitely an influence. Seeing a lot of those bands has blown my mind. The claustrophobic feeling, the feeling of just a room. Isolation. Like Gism have the ferocity and the character but these bands have maybe a more emotional depth. Like we're obviously not an emo band, but there's definitely a feeling to that music that I identify with. It just feels tight. It just feels like you're just sitting in your room on the dole.

MRR: It's tense.
Colin: One of my influences for drumming at the start was Burial. Only because they're really cool. I saw them when I was way younger and they were just really cool. I get to play way faster which is even cooler. Also John Kelleher style drums. Like the Rats Blood drumming is definitely an influence for this band. Like a lot of rolls which I don't get to do a lot. Burial and John Kelleher. That's my influence. And NOFX 'cause I like shit fast.

MRR: OK, geek question to Al and Emmett, what pedals do you use?
Colin: I use a standard Tama bass drum pedal.
Al: ...Ha ha and sticks.
Colin: ...and sticks.

MRR: Two?
Colin: Two, yeah, they have to be the same weight and balance.
Emmett: Yeah, I just use a Big Muff and an octave pedal, like pretty noisy and pretty bassy because the guitar is very trebly so it's the complete opposite.
Al: I use an EQ pedal and a Metal Zone. I've tried different things but right now that's the best I've got. It sounds pretty nasty.

MRR: So I just wanna talk about the lyrics, Andy. You sang in Crowd Control and I feel like you've gone in a different direction with your lyrics in this band. They're more blunt and compounded. Is that a reflection of the musical style or something more?
Andy: Well yeah, I think it suits the style. I've sang in a few bands so I'm really conscious to try and really make an effort with the vocals and the lyrics to sound different, not to just be 'that lad, with that voice'. It wouldn't suit it either because all those bands were different. I definitely wanted the lyrics to be more blunt and to the point, because it suits the music better. Generally the songs have a really distinct topic and that's easy to write really simple lyrics about; whereas Crowd Control, there were definitely specific topics but way broader and there was more room to be a bit more obtuse. With this I just wanted it to be direct.

MRR: I know the demo's out, so people are gonna read the lyrics you have already, but what sort of topics are you writing about at the moment for the new stuff?

Andy: The new songs are maybe even more blunt again. We have a new song called 'Kill the Future' which is about moments of nihilism and hopelessness I guess. Then I have another song called 'Leader' which is about Enda Kenny, the leader of the country and what a jackass I think he is. How he can't even remain resolute in the idiotic and totally conservative things he spouts. He'll say something completely simple and direct that totally conveys his feelings and some journalist will say 'Well can you clarify that?' and he'll just back pedal. So he's just the worst because he's not even committed to anything good or bad. He's just filling a seat.

MRR: "Take down the moon, take down the cross, take down the star, burn them all". There seems to be a prevalent anti-traditionalism in your lyrics, particularly against religion and Irish/modern culture in general.

Andy: Yea it's a religious thing. I feel strongly about that and I'm anti all organised religion. I feel all of them have their strengths and weaknesses and it's a totally delicate topic because there's an obvious understanding that there're cultural differences between some religions. Like if you're raised in an environment like ours, especially these days, where you don't have to be a Catholic as much as you used to. The choice is more open, even if you're parents are Catholics or whatever. You make that willing choice more. Whereas there're other religions in the world where I feel the culture and the laws are really dictated, to a heavy degree. And I can see more why you might follow that religion. But at the end of the day all organised religion is bad. That song is more about how religions are just cultural badges. They're just walls. They're just boundaries. You know you have your moon, you have your cross, you have your star, that's what people are focusing on and if we just got rid of all of them... You know this is a hippie moment but if you just got rid of all of them then everybody would just be people you know!? I mean of course we've still got flags but at least it'd be something.

MRR: Al, you have a lot to do with the imagery of the demo and the imagery of the band as well. You're also involved in a lot of art projects.

Al: The imagery on the cover of the tape was basically an idea that Emmett had, but I just tried to translate that idea into a picture. I like it and they seem to like it so...

Andy: I think your artwork marries the sound pretty well. They're reflections of each other.

Al: Well yeah, with that stuff I tried to make it more empty, more bleak. Some of the stuff I do is more complex but I tried to do something more stripped down, to suit the music.

MRR: You've got a very definite, unique style. Where does that come from and what're your influences?

Al: I'd say with the fine-line drawings it's just from being compulsive and getting really into doing really detailed stuff. Maybe drinking too much coffee! It's also like therapy. If I'm doing a big drawing that's complex and kind of repetitive, I get into a head space with it where other shit that's going on will leave my head and I just get into what I'm doing and feel much better afterwards because I've cleared some shit out of my head. It's also just fun to make shit.

Colin: I think the cover of the cassette is really good. It's the first thing we put out and it's just a guy taking a disguise from someone else. Well, ripping his face off.

Emmett: It's to show that everybody wears a disguise basically, but everybody eventually gets captured up by society. Like when you walk down a street and you don't know anybody, they're all just faceless.

Al: And the culture you're in.

Andy: Not even just society but your culture also. Like that's what the name Disguise means. There's a song called 'Disguise' too and that's what it's about. Like no one is one hundred percent honest. And that doesn't mean you're carrying these big dark secrets, but there's no pure existence. Even getting angry about stuff and saying 'I have to work on that.' You know you're covering up this thing, whether it's for the good or the bad, everybody is just suppressing and covering up things all the time.

MRR: Ireland is quite isolated geographically and culturally from the rest of Europe. It's hard for bands from here to get out of here and tour and it's quite difficult for bands to come here too. What're your thoughts on this and are there ways around it?

Colin: I think it is way harder than anywhere else in Europe. Like we're not connected to any mainland. You have to go through another island with all your equipment just to get to the mainland.

Andy: There are ways around it. It's easier to do a shorter trip. Like you fly to say England and play three gigs, get the train or bus and borrow gear. It's always possible for bands to come here. They can contact me. It's hard for it to be a complete disaster coming here.

Colin: There is cheap flights and people willing to help you out.

Jersey Mike: Coming from an American standpoint, when you're in mainland Europe it's pretty much open borders, whereas here you have to go in a different line, like non-EU. I know bands have got denied in England even though they were on a mainland European tour.

Al: It's easier here.

Andy: Once a band gets into the UK, Going from Hollyhead (Wales) to Dublin, it's easy.

MRR: If you're coming with gear you're probably on the boat and on the boat it's so lax. They don't even usually check your passport when you get off in Dublin. It's different if you're on a plane.

Jersey Mike: What about flying into Ireland directly from the States?

MRR: Well you probably wouldn't be flying in with a backline so you should have no problems.

Colin: I have the board game Risk and Ireland is part of Great Britain in it, so sometimes I think people think Ireland is part of the UK.

MRR: Anything else yiz wanna add?

Al: Check out these bands! Fag Enablerz, Putrefaction, Contort, Wolfbait, Rats Blood, Strong Boys, ZOM, Twisted Mass, Swine, the Objectorz, Loose Nut, Bang Bros, Drainland.

Jersey Mike: Cocksucker!

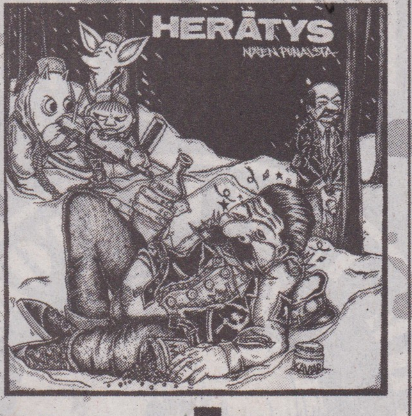
Colin: Up the punks.

For touring bands looking to book shows in Ireland contact Andy: andythebull@gmail.com.

For a look at Al's twisted art check out: www.nuclearpoisoning.tumblr.com.

To download the demo go to: www.disguise.bandcamp.com.

To contact the bands for shows or to order their demo cassette and upcoming 7" email them at: disguisepunk@gmail.com



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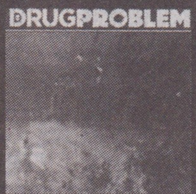

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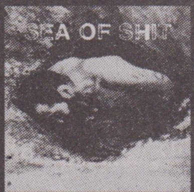

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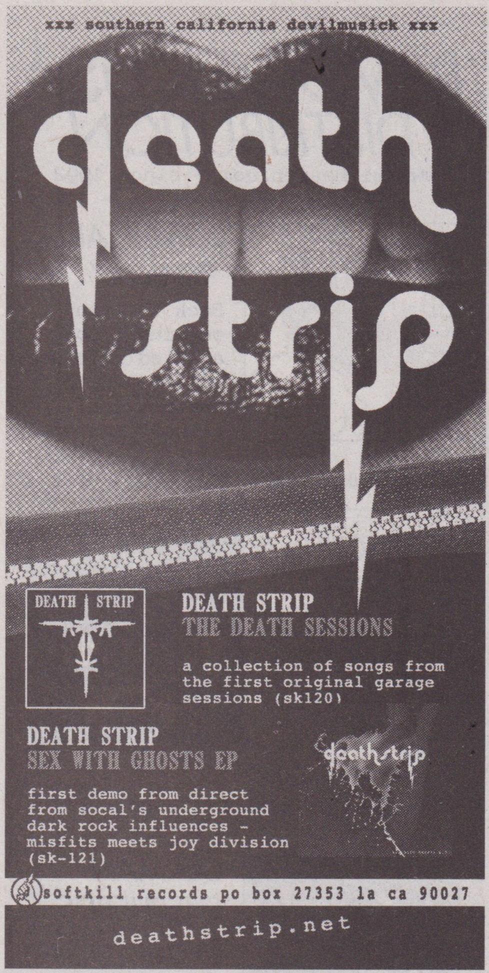
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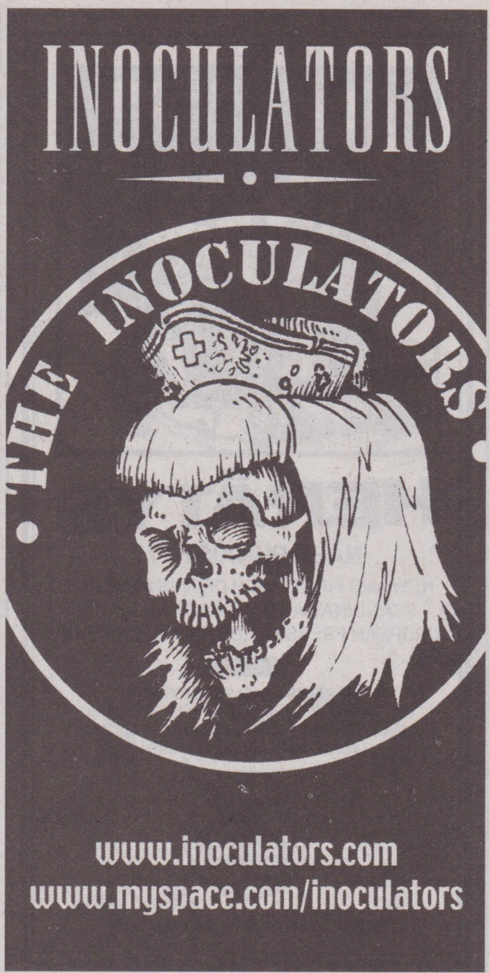
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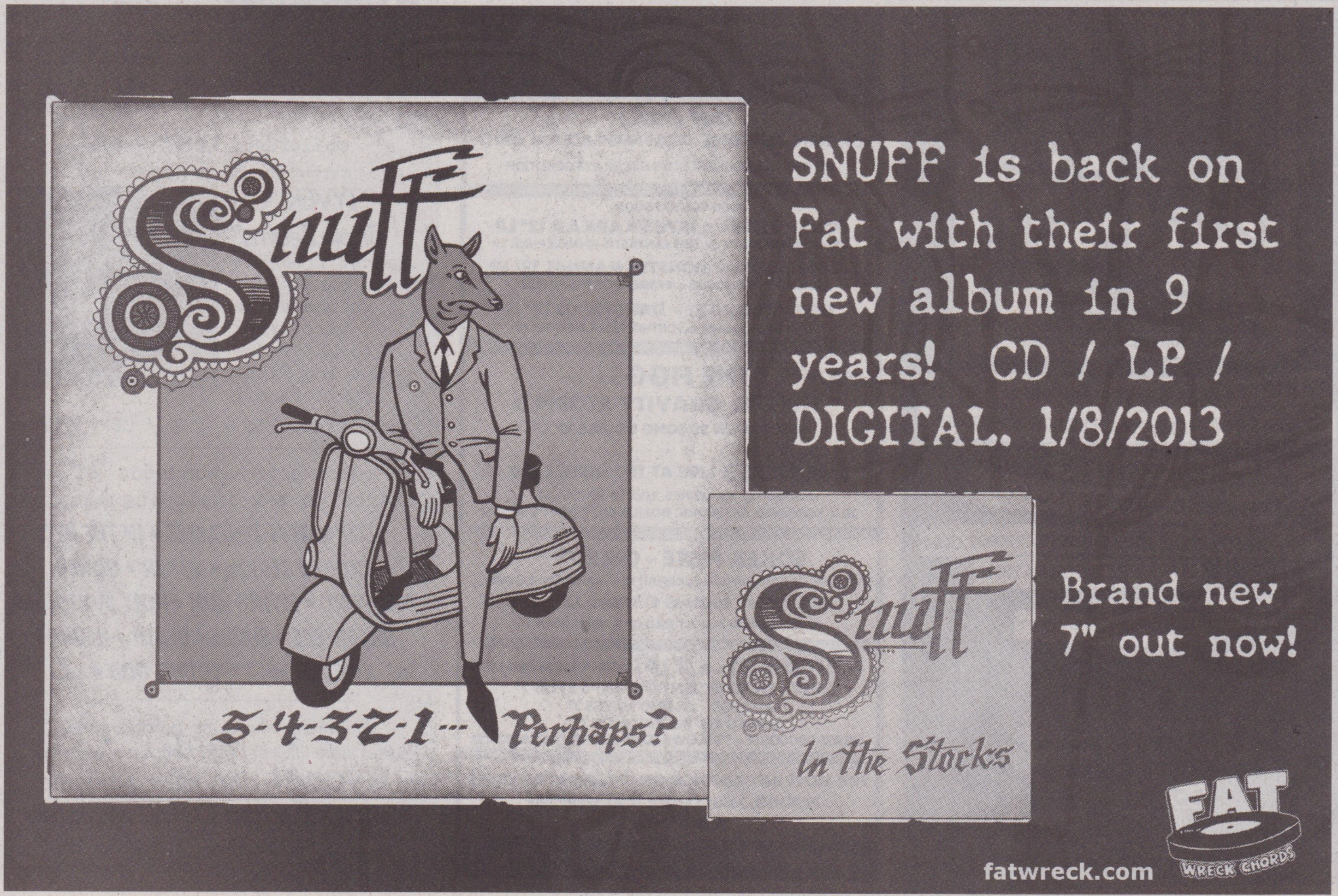
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Off the Hip Records

Interview by **Geoff Drechsler** *Photos by* **Mick Baty**

The unassuming little bright green painted door of Off the Hip records on the equally unmemorable dingy and windswept Tavistock Place, leads to a new, literally underground world for garage rock connoisseurs. For anyone in Melbourne, and indeed Australia, with a lust for the roar of distorted raw guitars, when it comes to music Off the Hip records are a regular fixture "in the scene" when it comes to '60s inspired stuff and related things. It is an amalgam of record store, record label and live venue, launching some of the most famous unfamous people on the Australian underground garage rock circuit.

As Off the Hip records got set up for one of their instore parties (always a doozy), I slipped down into the vaults of the record shop to have a chat with The Mickster, lifelong garage rock drummer, would-be vinyl entrepreneur and Boags beer drinker, to get his insights on running a small indie label and to finally find out why Australia's coolest band changed their name.

MRR: Where did the idea for a record shop and a record label come from?

Originally, about ten years ago, we started as a magazine and we were kind of filling a void. There weren't any Australian based garage fanzines at that time.

MRR: What kind of music did the fanzine cover?

The fanzine we were doing was power pop, garage and psych stuff. There was nothing like that at the time. People had a "hard-on" for the internet and they were burnin g their fanzines at a furious rate. We just thought that the bands we were interested in weren't getting coverage, and we started the fanzine, called Off the Hip, to fill that gap.

MRR: Originally, you were sort of out in the suburbs in Preston. What was it like out there?

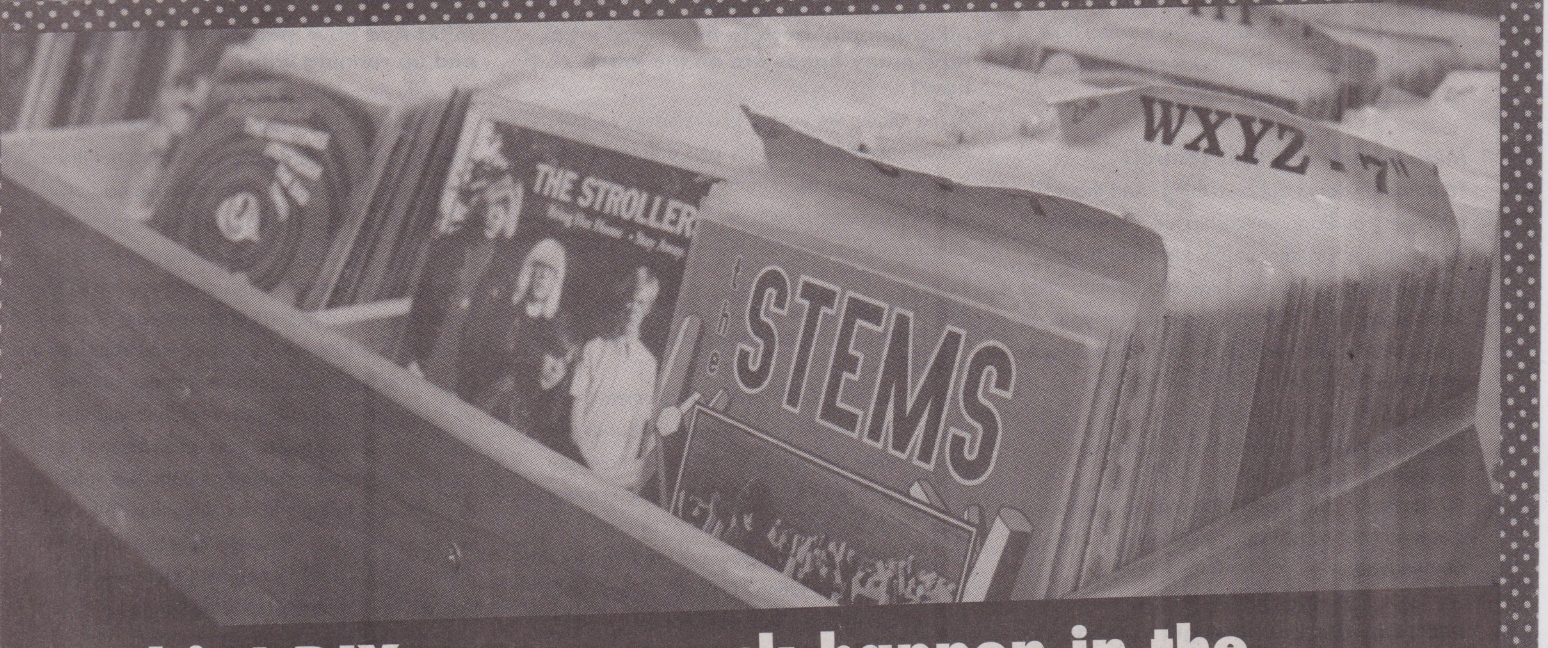
The fanzine was up and running, we were selling copies to shops. Then we started off doing some recordings for my own band, the Stoneage Hearts, and when the time came to look for a label, it just made sense that if we were selling our own fanzines to shops, we could sell our own releases as well. That kind of started up out of the spare room at the back of my house in Thornbury. At around our second magazine and our tenth CD release, I was having kids at home, so space was limited. My brother was moving from Sydney to Melbourne, and was looking for a place to live. I got a terrace house in Preston so we could move the office in there. We had the label on the side. Chris and I were partners in Off the Hip, so we based everything in Preston then. That's about 2003, 2004, and we ran it out of Preston until about 2006. Then we moved everything into the city.

MRR: Was the move from the suburbs a sign of the interest in, and the success of, that project?

I wouldn't say success...it just meant that it could turn from a hobby into a paying day job. That's a "success" in a lot of people's terms! So these days I get paid to drink beer and talk to fanzine writers from San Francisco!

MRR: And not start work until five o'clock! Great things!

I was here at three o'clock today. Out for lunch, so that's a busy day for me!



Makin' DIY garage rock happen in the southern hemisphere.

MRR: You've done a bit musically. Do you want to give us an outline of that? What did you do before the fanzine Off the Hip and all that sort of stuff?

I'm a drummer in crappy punk, garage, power pop bands–Crusaders, Pyramidiacs, Finkers, Stoneage Hearts…

MRR: Was the Crusaders the most famous of them? I seem to remember seeing them on the ABC one time?

Infamous?

MRR: Well probably!

We were more like cabaret. We had that thing where there was an entertaining live show. We'd get drunk and fall over, bait the crowd. We played a "brutal sort of garage punk" as Maximum Rocknroll described it in '94, and we kind of did things our own way. The Crusaders was good because it taught me how to exist outside of the music industry. We learned how to do our own recordings, book our own gigs, no manager, no label, no interference.

MRR: Complete artistic control?

Four retards doing our own thing. And that sort of training and apprenticeship meant I was able to do Off the Hip later in life. I learned a lot from organizing our own gigs and dealing with small labels; all the pitfalls, the mistakes you can make, watching other people make them. Hopefully we don't make those at Off the Hip.

MRR: How long were the Crusaders together?

We started in 1989 or 1990 and we finished maybe a year or two ago, so the best part of twenty years.

MRR: Oh, OK, but I thought you hadn't been active for a fair while?

We played a gig a couple of years ago in Sydney, and we played one in Melbourne about three years ago. The guitarist Chris has just done a documentary on our careers. It runs about 40 minutes and it's got footage of our tour of Spain and America and lots of the mayhem we got up to. That's coming out sometime in 2012, maybe as a DVD, maybe as a DVD plus three CDs.

MRR: When did you go to Spain and America with the Crusaders?

America was May 1998, and Spain was February 1997.

MRR: Before the Crusaders what were you doin' musically?

Before the Crusaders we were called the Purple Knights. Most of the Crusaders plus two other fellas. And I did a power pop band in Sydney called the Pyramidiacs, which was a Teenage Fan Club sort of thing.

MRR: Jumpin' back to the record label, how many bands are on the label now?

At the minute we've got 110 releases so that would encompass like 40, plus different bands over time. Guys like Johnny Casino have done ten, twelve records with us. But most bands do a release or two and then they fold.

MRR: In the great rock'n'roll tradition! What sort of styles does the label cover?

Alohas are surf, Dolly Rocker Movement that's psych…and we've got a few psych bands, the Long Strides, but mostly what we're known for is garage rock… Aussie garage rock—Frowning Clouds, Hands of Time, Lords of Gravity. They're the sorts of things we're most known for, so rock'n'roll like Johnny Casino, Asteroid B6-12. I've done a few international bands—Urges, Good Night Loving, Los Chicos. A couple from France, Holy Curse…more hard rock Detroit. So I guess the label really reflects the sort of things that I would buy and be interested in musically, and that's really the template for the magazine, the label and the shop. Things I would want to buy or sell.

MRR: I saw Los Chicos (from Spain) here and you've obviously had bands from all around the country. How do you find the bands, or do they find you?

In the beginning we used to have to go find them, hunt them down. For every three bands that were our mates from gigging over the years, there'd be one I'd chase down too, that I'd be proud to release it, kind of expose it to some other people. When we got to about release number 40 or something, then it was more a case of sit back and bands were contacting us. We were doing twelve to sixteen releases a year. So, on average I get about 20 albums a month to listen to now, and yea or nay.

MRR: And how many of them do you end up running with?

We only do one or two a month. That's all we can do as a label. I did this thing one month where I did four albums, expecting to get three or four times the sales of normal. We had an increase of sales, but it wasn't three or four times. I realized then that our wholesale customers and our end customers that are interested in the label can only digest a certain amount of new releases because they're getting new releases from other businesses and companies, so from us they can only handle one or two a month. I find the best way to pay bills and what not is if we do have a release every month, because if I don't have a release for four months, no fucker wants to pay or is interested in restocking other titles if there's nothing new to get as well. It's that blend of a business model where you need to find at least something each month.

MRR: Something to keep them interested?

And keep me interested, too. Otherwise I'd sit around and drink beer all day.

MRR: Do you have any relationships with labels overseas?

In the last couple of years a lot of bands have had success releasing vinyl versions in Europe, so Shimmys, Pop Balloon in France, Frowning Clouds and Wrong Turn in Spain, Russian Roulettes, P Trash in Germany, Thee Wylde Oscars on Copasetic out of Germany. Recently we did the Moonstones. They had a vinyl version on a German label, so that's the sort of thing I'm more interested in at the minute, and that sort of thing, working with other labels. My feeling in general is that if four independent little labels, in four different territories, released one band's album, it would help it get to a wider audience. I don't see that we're stepping on each other's toes. Maybe if we all did a vinyl version that

MRR: I thought you were doing 7 inches?

Well, I've done a couple. Next we do another 7" with Johnny Casino, one with the Dominicks, and then the first LP will be Johnny Casino's new album. While I'm saying, "Oh wow, we've got 110 releases," some people are still looking at us as a label with only two 7 inches. I think, really, we're starting from scratch in some ways. With all the things we've learned about CD releases, almost throw that out the window, because in the next couple of years I want to change over to a vinyl label, and it'll be almost impossible to do twelve albums, like I've been doing with CDs. It'll be like three, and a lot of the smaller bands I've been servicing are going to have to drop off and either do it themselves or find another label.

to release. I'm proud of the things I've done myself...Stoneage Hearts' second album Guilty As Sin which I did with one of my heroes, Dom Mariani (guitarist with the Stems).

MRR: Came over all the way from Fremantle?

Well, he did. What happened was that Ian and I would record the backing tracks and we'd get a cassette from Dom with a chorus and a verse. We'd then work out a structure and then record the structure back here, in Melbourne. We'd send him a cassette of the structure that we had. He'd have to go and complete his parts, and then when he was touring with the Stems, he'd stop in the studio and jot down his parts. There's nothing on the record that we played together, but it was one of those things, working with your heroes...and to get a result at the end of it, I've kind of got a soft spot for that.

might just be a bit redundant, but I think in general with shipping, with the way the dollars are, I think it's good for two or three or four labels to release the same record if it's deserving of that sort of thing.

MRR: Given that Europe seems to be a bit more into the music that you'd be doing, do the bands find that they get a bit more success overseas than they do here at home?

It's a difficult thing. At the moment the Aussie dollar is too strong, so it's fucked to export. My guys get the interest in Europe, but when they tour they struggle to break even, so they're still treating it as a holiday. American sales have almost dried up because of the American market, I think. The economy in general is struggling, and the other thing that works against us as a label is that we're not vinyl-centered. We still haven't found a way to press LPs and make it work financially, so we're still in that CD market where I think we're getting a little bit left behind.

MRR: What is the top ten of stuff you've put out so far?

The Good Night Loving is a Milwaukee band and they do this country sort of thing, and they've worked with Reigning Sound, Greg Cartwright. They were nice guys, it's a record that I play again and again and again, and I was really proud of the tour that they did here. The Frowning Clouds because we recorded here in the record store where we're standing, teenage kids...

MRR: And they're from Geelong (my hometown)!

And they're from Geelong, home of Aussie rock'n'roll! It's one of those things that we just did. I think we captured a sound on that record that those kids won't ever capture again. I think it was just a magic combination. They were at the right stage and they were able to listen. They're too arrogant now to listen to direction, and I think they're just going to fuck it up over time! Anything Johnny Casino does I am proud

MRR: The name Mass Cult Suicide has to be one of best band names in rock'n'roll, but when I last come along to see them, or saw anything from them, it was Mass Cult or something like that?

Yeah, that's the bands making their own decisions and yeah, I thought they hit upon some magic there, but they dropped the "Suicide." I have no idea why.

MRR: What does Mass Cult mean? Is it some kind of religious affiliation?

Sure, there's a Jonestown massacre story in there somewhere, but look, I think they just wanted to get away from negative connotations that had come back with reviews for their first record. Dan might be here tonight so you're welcome to ask him.

MRR: I'll run it past him!

Sax (the house DJ): Hey dude, they changed the line up of the band, a new set and

everyone was calling them Mass Cult since they started anyway, so, they just dropped it.

Off the Hip: As simple as that.

MRR: It was a great name though...
Off the Hip and Sax: It was a great name.

Sax: It was a great record, too.

MRR: If someone was thinking about setting up a record label, would you have any tips or suggestions for them?
Tips for sure. Only release things you're passionate about yourself, because over time you can't complain if things work or don't work, because at least you stuck to your guns and released things you were interested in. Don't deal with distributors, try to just invoice out small boxes regularly rather than leaving someone with all of your stock, because then you're susceptible to their problems or issues…like going in and out of business.

miss out? The pressing gets paid, the promotion gets done, the bands get paid, whose $30,000 misses out? Me. So if it means I have to go up to the post office, pack boxes, type invoices and do that part of it, the distributor's role, that money goes in my pocket. For small labels our size, that's a working model, that's what's helped us keep ahead. Because if I was going through a distributor, I'd have to have a day job, to pay myself a wage, and on top of that do all the work running the label, dealing with the bands…

MRR: It'd still just be a hobby?
It'd be a hobby because it wouldn't pay me, but I'd be doing an awful amount of work with 110 releases, dealing with all those bands. The way I've kept it going, and kept in front, is to do those small tasks myself.

MRR: You did some stuff for the Melbourne Music Festival this year. You

bands, the idea behind the release is that the band will come and tour at some stage. Now, with Los Chicos, we'd had them tour before, and they'd had a great reception, so it was easy to rebook them even though they didn't have new release. People were pushing to get them to come back, and venue bookers were only too happy to have them, and the crowds… they had pretty much sell out crowds. They also got to play at Boogie festival, which then got them to play in front of a couple thousand people on the Saturday night.

MRR: Where's Boogie festival?
It's in a little place, country Victoria, called Tallarook, I think…just north of Victoria, right? That's given them a lot of exposure and we've already booked for them to come back again. So now they've got a new album, In the Can, that Off the Hip will release later this year, and Los Chicos will be back in the middle of next year.

MRR: You mean sending the stuff directly to record shops overseas or in other cities?
As much as you can, and if you deal with a distributor, don't give them all of your pressing, give them 50, don't give them all 500. When they sell the 50, get paid for 50, then give them another 50. Pay for your stock up front and warehouse it all yourself. Don't let anyone else pay for your pressing and hold it. You always want to be in control of your own thing, and that's in that DIY ethic. What does it matter if you have to go up to the post office, with ten boxes every day? Sounds like work, but you're getting paid for those ten boxes. The distributor's doing it for you. When I sat down last year and did the sums, Off the Hip as a label sold 7,000 albums. Now, if I was distributed by a distributor here in Australia, the distributor would take $4.50 for each album. It's about $30,000 a distributor would make out of those 7,000 sales. Last year I paid myself $30,000. Now if I went through a distributor, I'd be getting $30,000 less, so who's going to

were even on the old schedule. Why did they approach you?
That was something they just started up this year. I'm not sure why they approached me. In a lot of ways we're tucked away, we don't deal with the music industry, we don't pay for any advertising, we're not really in anyone's face. None of our bands are packing 600, 700 seater venues. A lot of times we exist outside of the music industry. When the Melbourne council came and asked us to curate a week of exhibitions, it's kind of like a pat on the back in some ways, and it's a bit of a pat on the back for them as well, because they can actually understand what goes on in their own city without being told, or just going with the flow of advertising. We curated Lluis Fuzzhound and Neville Walker. We did exhibitions of their work, both photographic artists who've dealt with the label, and it was something I'd love to do again.

MRR: Tell us about the tours the label has been involved in this year.
Well, most times when we release international

MRR: They put on a pretty crazy live show. I remember seeing them in here when they were sort of crawling around on the floors, playing their guitars and stuff. Is that the attraction?
They have a great set of songs, and live they are just a kind of…I don't know how you'd describe it? If you heat up atoms they start to move faster, and they just go. They just go a little bit out of control. Los Chicos, they've got great personalities and when they get on stage, they really do just have a party. That comes across immediately to the crowd, and the crowd has a great time. It's one of the funny things, when you listen to them on record, they sound like a good rock'n'roll band, but they don't sound like a great rock'n'roll band. But when you see them live, it all makes sense. They're really sweet. They get up and play a really exciting show, and then you kind of go back to the records, and when you listen to the records you're just remembering what a great time you had at the gigs. The other band that we've had tour recently was King Salami and the Cumberland 3 (from the UK).

MRR: They set off as a 1960s R'n'B party band or something when they started out?

Exactly! When you listen to their records, you hear that they'll be this great, wild, live band, but having watched them play, they don't have that sort of presence to get the crowd into a frenzy. If I could get Los Chicos to play the King Salami set, I reckon we'd have something really world beating!

MRR: King Salami and the Cumberland 3 is a pretty crazy name. Is that a geographic reference to where they're from in the UK? (Cumbria, a region in northern England, is famous for its "Cumberland" sausage).

I have absolutely no idea, but as long as they've got some meat, sausage, bratwurst reference, they're happy I think.

MRR: Tell us about their tour? Did that go off pretty well?

The record got radio play…all of a sudden they got a really quick buzz and I'm sure three of the four shows were sold, and then they did all these little side shows unannounced. Already they're talking about when they can come back and do it all again.

MRR: Were the three shows in Melbourne?

They did the shop, they did Luwow, the Retreat, the Cherry Bar and the Espy, and a live-to-air on PBS. That was all in Melbourne. Then they flew to Perth and did two nights at Deville's Pad. They basically had a week's worth of shows here in Melbourne.

MRR: It's interesting. They seem to have been received really well…I mean you're talking about the airplay. Was that 3PBS (a public radio station in Melbourne)?

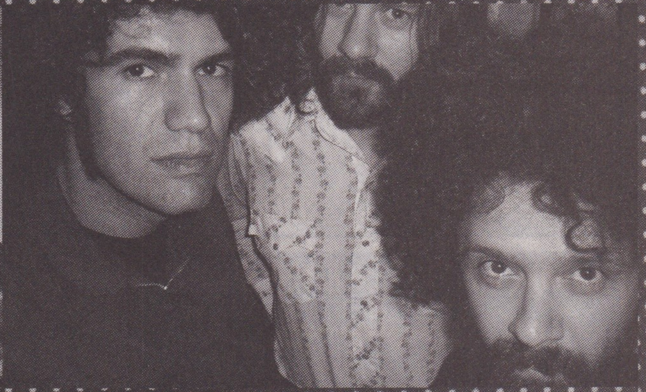
Mainly PBS, Triple R (another public radio station in Melbourne) got behind it as well, but for a band like that, most of the DJs on PBS got behind it. It was album of the week, and that was through no push from us. It was just all the DJs just saying, "This a great record." It crosses a few lines and we're happy to have them.

MRR: It seems like a shedload of gigs to do in one city…

Melbourne can handle that sort of thing.

MRR: The Zoobombs (from Japan) were out as well, which the record label was getting behind. They've been around for a while. How did you end up getting involved with them?

We were signing a young Melbourne band, Mesa Cosa, and we were talking about them, their touring, their gigs and the 10" release that they had. They pitched this idea of bringing the Zoobombs out from Japan. They were going to fork out for airfares if we were putting in for tour support and for the CD. Did we think we could make a tour together? So, it was one of those things where a young band comes in and puts a really good idea on the table. We made it into a really good run of dates, and they had a much better response at the pub level than even King Salami or Los Chicos. That was actually a real surprise for us.



MRR: The other day you were talking about how you've got a thousand records from Norton records and from Crypt records. I'm sort of looking around to see if I can see them. Norton Records has obviously been around for a long, long time…

Twenty-six years this year.

MRR: Do you see either of those labels being a model for what you're trying to do?

I met Billy and Miriam at Norton in 2008 when I was travelling through America, and one of the things I liked about the way that they worked was they don't use a distributor. So they run a record label, and they sell to distributors, or they sell to shops, or they sell to customers direct, but everything is on an invoice system. And normally, when you work with a distributor, the distributor holds your stock, they pay for it when they want to pay you, and you're always under their regime. With Billy and Miriam, they run the label, everything's on invoice, everything gets paid upfront or in 30 days. As far as cash flow goes, running a record label, you always retain your stock, so if a distributor goes out of business, a normal record label would go out of business as well. Which folds under the weight of their (the distributor's) debts, and they don't have access to their stock. It's in someone else's warehouse, and they miss out. So watching the way that they worked was a really good reaffirmation that the way we do things by holding our own stock and selling to shops, and distributors, but always on invoice, always on 30 days. And we always hold our stock so we can't ever get tripped up. We always pay for our stock as it's getting manufactured, where we don't do any deal with the distributor where they pay for it, they keep it, they pay you…after sales sort of thing.

MRR: Does that mean their biggest thing is the mail order, rather than across the counter stuff in the shop?

Well, I think it just means, all things added together, that they're paid regularly and it all works in their favor because they're holding the aces.

MRR: What about Crypt? They obviously got the shop going in Hamburg or wherever it is. Have you been there?

Well, on the same trip I visited Tim Warren (owner of Crypt records) at his Brooklyn store, and I got to hang out with him, and we partied that night. He's a good leveler because Billy and Miriam do it one way, which is more professional, and really working, and Tim's a bit more out there.

MRR: Well, it looks like you got a good thing going. I wish you all the best and thanks again for doing this!

Yes, cheers!

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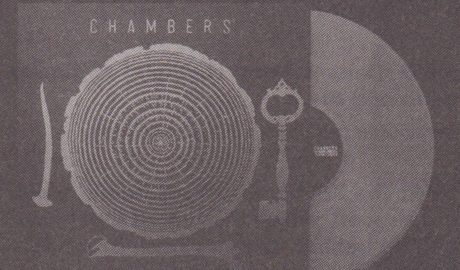

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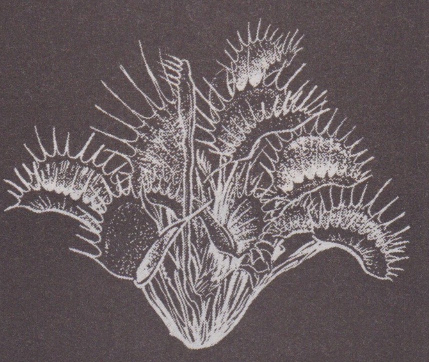

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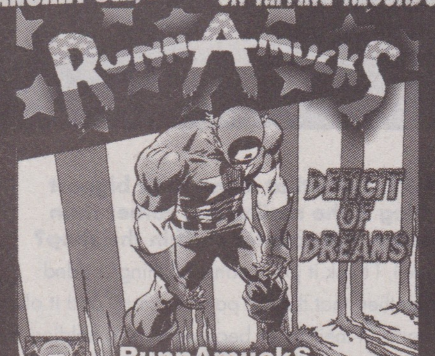

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Notes on the Peruvian Underground: Part II

BY SHANE "GANG" GREENE*

IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT THE MUSIC MOTHERFUCKER

It's about the scrawny guys who love to mosh, but can't get laid; the plump chicks with blue hair; the rich-white-black-sheep-dip-shit lookin' for a way to piss off daddy-the-banker; the middle-class-black-freak who likes the feedback instead of the bling; the introverted homo ass-lickers and the outed lesbo butt-kickers; the ideologically discontent; the socially disabled; the mentally unstable and materially unkempt; the ungodly but not exactly geeky. Freaks, queers, drunks and junkies. Well-formulated Dr. Allin, well-formulated indeed. And let's not forget the bored art students and future intellectuals.

We know punk's not just about the music. It's about these unlikely gatherings of unlikable people that the music likes to bring together. It's about the misfits—with a small 'm'. Punk finds a way to disrespect borders, even when—or maybe especially when—particular punks start to regulate non-conformity by imposing it on unsuspecting new-comers. Punk goes in search of disrupted homes and perfectly well-adjusted families at the same time; it seeks out personalities pitched on the precipice of anti-sociality and places them in the same room with the nicest, most generous of human beings with nothing but unreciprocated love to offer. There's nowhere you can go where there are no misfits. Oddly, there's also no necessary place you go to find one. They just appear; and punk offers them a language, a context, and a friend or two, another misfit who may or may not be trustworthy but might be cool to hang with for a little while. It's all a little Bartleby-esque, isn't it? I prefer not to motherfucker…

Such is also true of the punks growing up in the shithole of Lima during Peru's tumultuous decades of the '80s and '90s where being a misfit could get you killed, arrested, detained, or imprisoned. Or force you to keep your head down. Or make you wonder if you should talk about peace in the middle of a fucking war. Or just take refuge in your relatively safe upper-class residential district far away from the massacre of thousands of poor and provincial Indians in the countryside. Lots of choices to be made and lived with. Decisions to be unsure of or maybe get dead with. Lots of choices that weren't really choices at all.

It's impossible to locate a single, much less a simple profile of who or what a "Peruvian punk" is. Yes, big structural patterns emerge. More middle- and upper-class than not; more white or mestizo than Indian; way more guys than girls. And there's no question that punk was and still is almost entirely urban; or that, musically speaking, it is deeply Euro-American in most of its past and present manifestations. In fact, only a select few bands (Del Pueblo or Seres Van from the 1980s era) were inspired enough to create other musical texture by using Andean or Afro-Peruvian instruments (flutes, panpipes, charango, cajón) into the emergent genre called "underground rock." Drums, guitar, bass and a dude singing into a mic. That's still the basic 1-2-3-4 of rock'n'roll almost everywhere you go.

Yet, despite all these structuring factors, the punk personalities really are fascinatingly hard to pin down. Like "a garment that does not fit the person for whom it was intended" (the etymology of 'misfit' attested from the 1800s) Peruvian punks don't fit well into our neatly shaped social scientific variables. Their thoughts are too irruptive, their attitudes too disruptive. The best we can do is approximate their misfittingness, perhaps by paying attention to the polysemic possibilities of their inglorious nicknames.

There's Leo Escoria, because he's scum, and there was Leo Bacteria, because he was infectiously funny right up until he killed himself (Rage In Peace Leo). There's Daniel F, because he's feo (ugly). There's Chiki because when he was an adolescent he looked like that Chiquidracula character from '80s Mexican TV. There's Loquillo because, they say, he's fucking crazy, and El Negro Brunce because he's black and 'Brunce' may or may not be the weirdest Peruvian last name ever. There's María T-ta because she likes her tits to hang out and Támira because she's kinda shy and artsy—hence needs no nickname. There's Mono Blanco but I have no idea why he is a white monkey, and Chancho Viejo because, I assume, he's an old pig. There's Sandro Dogma, more unassuming than dogmatic, but rather bold to have made it all the way from Lima to NYC without a stamp in his passport. There's Chato Victor and El Chato (Inchaústegui), because they're both short. There's El Gordo Gabriel and El Gordo Memo because, well, they're both pretty fat. There's Pedro Tóxico because he's a really nice guy who wrote those beautifully poisonous lyrics for Sociedad de Mierda's classic "Púdrete Pituco." There's Boui (not Bowie) cause he's tall, thin and light-skinned, dies his hair white, and does a lot of cocaine. There's Miguel Det (not Death) because he's one part metal, one part punk, and all parts gloomy. And because frankly there are enticing words in English that make no phonetic sense *desde otro punto de vista lingüístico.*

It's true. There's fuckin' misfits a plenty in the Country of the Incas. Schedule a visit; arrange a tour; snap a few pictures of these restless natives living in the Shitty City of Kings.

IT'S ALSO ABOUT THE ART AND IDEAS

If music is artistic, and art requires ideas, then artistic ideas are also musical. Influential images sorta sing to you. Memorable music walks directly into your field of vision, trying to make a scene. Excellent ideas don't bother to raise their hands to be heard. None of this transitive reasoning should be taken to imply that artists, intellectuals and musicians always get along. Sometimes they do; sometimes they don't. But the nature of the punk aesthetic is to tie together sight, sound and insight. Leo Escoria is a good example of a Peruvian punk unleashing such an aesthetic. Bassist for Leusemia and idea-man for some of their snottiest songs (e.g. "Rata Sucia"), he also designed the flyer art for the early "Underground Rock Attacks Lima" shows. Simple, primitive hand-drawings reflecting the gloom of Lima's white skies and offering a dystopic outlook on a society about to implode: This was the aesthetic message that brought Lima its "underground rock" sensibility and gave Lima "subtes" (unders) their name. But one could be equally enamored of the flyer art of Guillermo Figueroa of Gx3, more comic-bookish than desperate-and-cynical in design, but still visually striking. Figueroa's flyers, along with a few others, were crucial to creating a distinct aesthetic vibe for the short life (1988-1989) of the Hardcore House in Barranco district. More playful than petrified, more positive than pessimistic, the flyer art of the Hardcore House combined with the music to create a distinct Lima Hardcore sensibility. Or, according to the Hardcore House's *cholo-punk* critics, to reflect an upper-middle class refuge mentality in the middle of a war that was raging, literally and figuratively, far away from their weekend concerts.

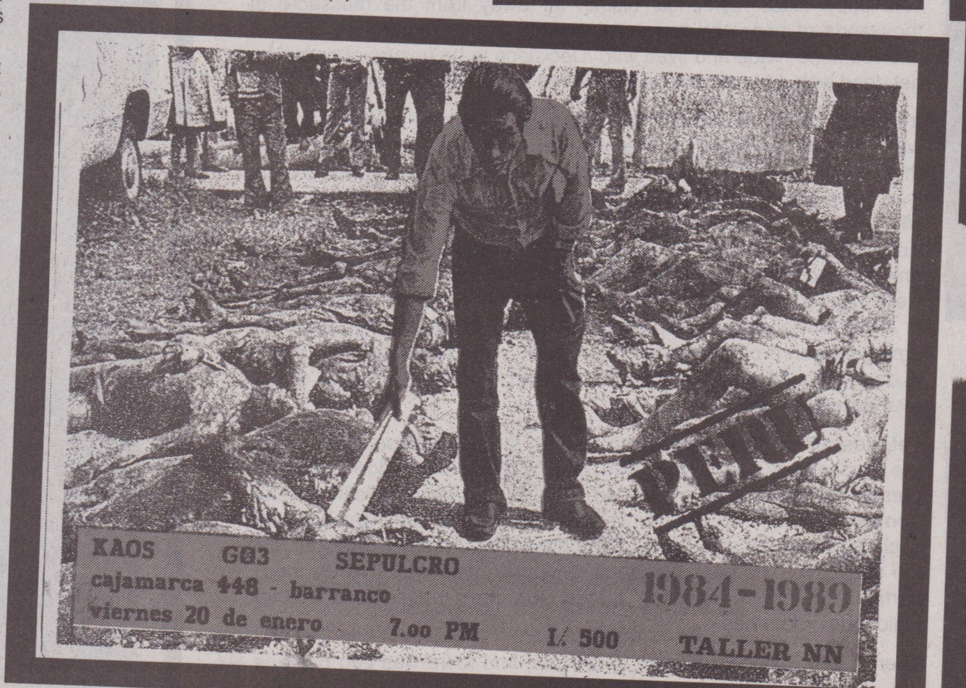
There are also those moments when the artists and the musicians and the idea guys want to rip each other apart, maybe even tear each others' heads off and piss down the respective dangling necks. The Beasts—the art collective of disgruntled architecture students that emerged at Lima's Ricardo Palma University and attached its mission to the underground bands—put on a series of famous shows called Bestiaries between 1984 and 1986. They were complete with ephemeral, trashy art installations and memorable performances by virtually all the notable underground rock bands of the time. Everyone seemed in a celebratory mood, or, at least, that's the way the organizing artists like to think about it.

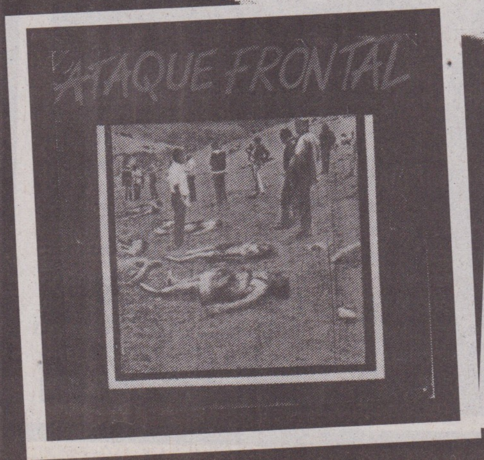
Truth be told, several of the Beasts sought to engage with Lima's subte movement as a space of deep intellectual introspection and some emerged from it compelled by Peru's atmosphere of political radicalization. All of this started to piss off some of the this-is-just-fuckin-rock-n-roll musician types; the ones who thought the visual guys were just a bunch of artsy-fartsy, lefty-bourgeois-bullshiters. But, surely, bullshit is in the eye of the beholder. No punk can release a demo or have a show or produce a fanzine without thinking in terms of the visual. So, let's face it. There was formidable punk art produced for covers, flyers, and fanzines. And there was forgettable punk art produced by dudes who, visually speaking, had no fucking idea what they were doing. Being visually influential instead of inconsequential takes ideas…motherfucker.

Amid all the random magazine cutouts, crappy drawings, and thrown-together collages, I can identify my three personal favorites of unforgettable images that circulated in and around the subte movement in the 1980s. In no particular order except the chronological one here they are:

NUMBER ONE: Herbert Rodriguez' 1985 punked-up, painted-over version of the famous facial profile picture of José Carlos Mariátegui (greatest Latin American Marxist ever) simply rocks. Nothing more Peruvian or more punk to define what was happening in these Peruvian punks' heads. This, for me, is a crucial moment at which punk became part of what Mariátegui himself liked to call "Peruvian reality"—this idea that Peru is a place where global processes are happening everyday but must also be appreciated from the point of view of their Peruvian particularities. This, for me, is the moment that Rodriguez provokes us to consider the idea that Mariátegui, in his own Peruvian Marxist way, was punk as all fuck.

NUMBER TWO: I also admire Ataque Frontal's use of an image by visual artist Jaime Higa for their self-titled EP (released in 1987 by France's New Wave label). The directness; the minimalist retouching; the use of red to exaggerate the blood: all these elements attach to one of the most loaded images in Peru's war. The appropriation of a famous photo of the discovery of eight murdered journalists and one executed guide in the Andean village of Uchuraccay (presumably killed by villagers fearful that they were Shining Path militants) relies on a crucial disconnect that the artist and the band were trying to comment on critically. The incredible divide between "deep Peru," long a euphemism for the large native Andean population living in impoverished racial marginality, and "legal Peru," the exclusionary state that protects coastal, middle- and upper-class





Peruvians who routinely think of Peru's indigenous population as dirty, stupid Indians. This social schism, one that defines Peruvian history from the colonial period up to the present, becomes deeply ironic once one opens the EP. The critical political awareness contained in Higa's cover image is suddenly contradicted by the ridiculous stereotyped images of contented Andean Indians—playing flutes, wearing wool hats, and walking their llamas—that some ignorant French punk in charge of production decided to include on the insert. Wake the fuck up Frenchie! The whole point was about violent historical contradictions playing out in the Peruvian Andes.

NUMBER THREE: By 1986 the art experiments of the Beasts were dead. Soon after, several core members of that group (Alfredo Márquez, Álex Ángeles, Enrique Wong, José Luis García) formed a smaller collective known as Taller NN, "Workshop of the Unidentified." Yes, as in unidentified bodies to go along with the pseudonyms they used in their works. Some of the "Unidentified" artists, like Márquez, were dedicated subtes, others less so. But the core group, along with others like Herbert Rodriguez that came and went from the workshop, retained ties to the punk underground as the decade came to an end and the war escalated to a boiling point. NN embarked on a series of projects that proved deeply dangerous due to the political ambiguities surrounding them. The simultaneously political, pop, and punk aesthetics of NN's major works—most of which circulated completely underground with the notable exception of a couple of pieces exhibited at the 1989 Havana Biennial in Cuba—contributed to several NN members either going to prison, fleeing to foreign countries, or adopting super low profiles to survive the Fuehrer Fujimori's witch-hunt approach to defeating the Shining Path during the 1990s. My favorite example of NN's work comes not from their various Warholian appropriations of Marxist icons—although it was an artistic reinterpretation of Warhol's famous Mao in the context of the Shining Path's militant Maoism that was later used to persecute Márquez on charges of "sympathy for terrorism" and then send him to prison for four years in 1994. The one I like the most is a flyer NN designed for the final gig of the band Kaos in January of '89. It presents a stunning juxtaposition of Peruvian punk and Peru's reality of political violence. Atop a grotesque press image of corpses found in a mass grave near Pucayacu (in Ayacucho province) NN used neon colors and banners to advertise a cheap, underground punk show to take place at their workshop. Studying the image the viewer is forced to confront discordant realities: the man caught on camera identifying a decaying body, representative of Peru's descent into political chaos, is now being used to "market" the chaotic hardcore of Kaos' last show.

Brilliantly sonic. Visually sordid. Intellectually solid. This too is Peru.

IT'S ABOUT THE MOMENTS

Finally—or at least util next time—let me argue this idea about the "It's not about..." a wee bit further. I think it's not about the shows per se (motherfucker) and more about the moments before, during, and after. Not that there weren't kick-ass shows with cool names: Metal-Core (I and II); Rock en Río Rimac (ironically intended to be not nearly as sexy as Rock en Río de Janeiro given the bleakness of the River Rimac). The point is that Peruvian punk's memorable moments are always too many to ever name. These moments are even harder to document, working with so many fried brains, bad memories, and fading photocopies. But let me mention at least a couple that everybody, more or less, likes to remember.

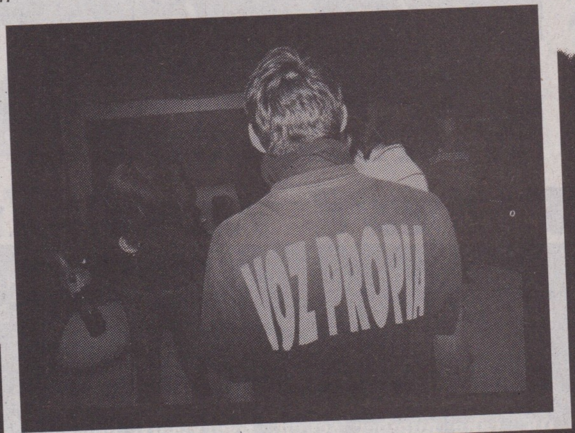
Remember when Narcosis shut down Rock en Río Rimac in February of 1985 with the song "Sucio Policia"? They were one of many bands that played this open-air concert in downtown Lima—most of the others with much more commercial sounds and intentions. Initially nervous about the large police presence at the concert, the trio was not sure a song titled "Dirty Policeman" would go over well. But two or three songs into the set and they decided, well, they were punks, so fuck it. The pigs, without the requisite humorous self-deprecation necessary I guess, didn't appreciate the opening lines at all: "Dirty policeman dressed in green / You act out of convenience / Dirty policeman dressed in green / You defend decadence." The cops surrounded the audience, fired shots in the air, and swarmed the stage. And then the naughty trio Narcosis fled down the streets of Lima like the snotty provocateurs they were.

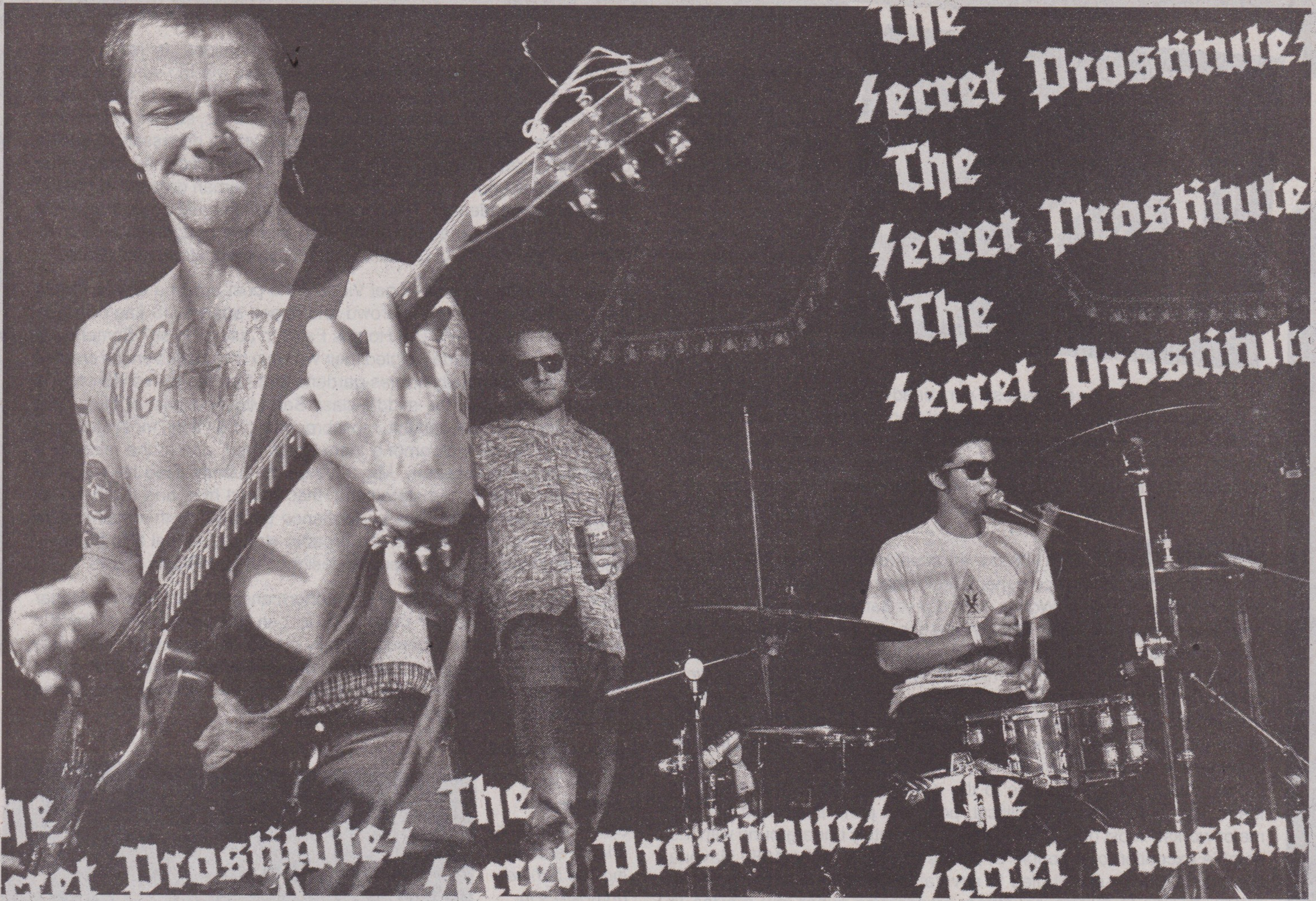
Remember when Miguel Angel Vidal of the post-punk band Voz Propia threw a dead dove into the crowd and ripped apart a US flag on stage at La Feria del Hogar ("The Homes Fair") in July of 1988? Somehow a few underground bands wiggled their way into the music venues created for this otherwise totally homes-gardens-and-families-with-children type fair, held annually in the middle-class San Miguel district of Lima. Voz Propia, one of Lima's darkest, most brooding (and I think most musically interesting) bands was among them. Back then, and in the midst of a tense political atmosphere, Miguel Angel frequently used his place as frontman to offer public statements that leaned him, and the band as a whole, to the far left. His performance gestures at this mainstream venue were in fact reflective of a broader strategy—Vidal also routinely distributed leftist political flyers he designed at Voz Propia shows.

That said, the provocation of the performance at La Feria del Hogar not only caused the fair organizers to ban the performances by the remaining underground bands. It really pissed off the guys in Eutanasia who were due to play next, and instead found themselves shut out of their own opportunity to be punk, provocative and politically pissed amid this ordinary, every-day kind of Peruvian public.

To be concluded...

**Shane likes multi-grain cheerios, minor chords and having sex behind dumpsters in poorly lit alleyways (but can't get enough of two out of the three).*





The Secret Prostitutes are a three piece from Houston, Texas. This interview was conducted outside of Bummerfest 2012 in a GMC Envoy on Nathaly's phone. No stupidity has been edited out to protect the punk. Interview by Eric. T. Neal. Photos by Matt Juarez.

MRR: Which end is it? This end? This end. OK, take number seven. Everybody, state your name. Name and occupation.
Josh: Josh Wolf, I play guitar.
Chris: Chris Ryan, I play bass.
Adit: Adit, I play drums.

MRR: Alright. And, you guys want whiskey or something?
J: Yeah.
A: Sure, yeah.
J: Please.
C: Watch out there's a cop.

MRR: Oh! Cop coming. Wait, wait on the whiskey. Alright, so I guess you guys have a few records coming out and you've played a few shows.
All: Yeah.
J: We've played a couple shows.

MRR: How long have you guys been a band?
J: Since 2008. I saw Adit. The way it started, I saw Adit.
C: 1908.
All: 1908.
J: 1908. I saw Adit on the goldmine wearing a Seige t-shirt. I was like all stoked, ran up and talked to him. And then a few weeks later at Noisefest he showed up at my house and Frank had said "Hey, that kid Adit's a badass drummer." So we started a band. We were gonna try to sound like Upright Citizens' first album. So that was the original plan.

MRR: Which is why you called yourselves Secret Prostitutes, after that Upright Citizens song...?
J: Originally we were called Prostitute Attitude.
MRR: Prostitute Attitude?
J: But we changed it. We changed the name.

MRR: It's better to have secrets.
J: Mm-hmm.
A: Always.

MRR: You guys have been around for four years. You've done, I don't know...Five...
J: Two records!
C: We have 100. Almost, well...
J: We have 98 songs!

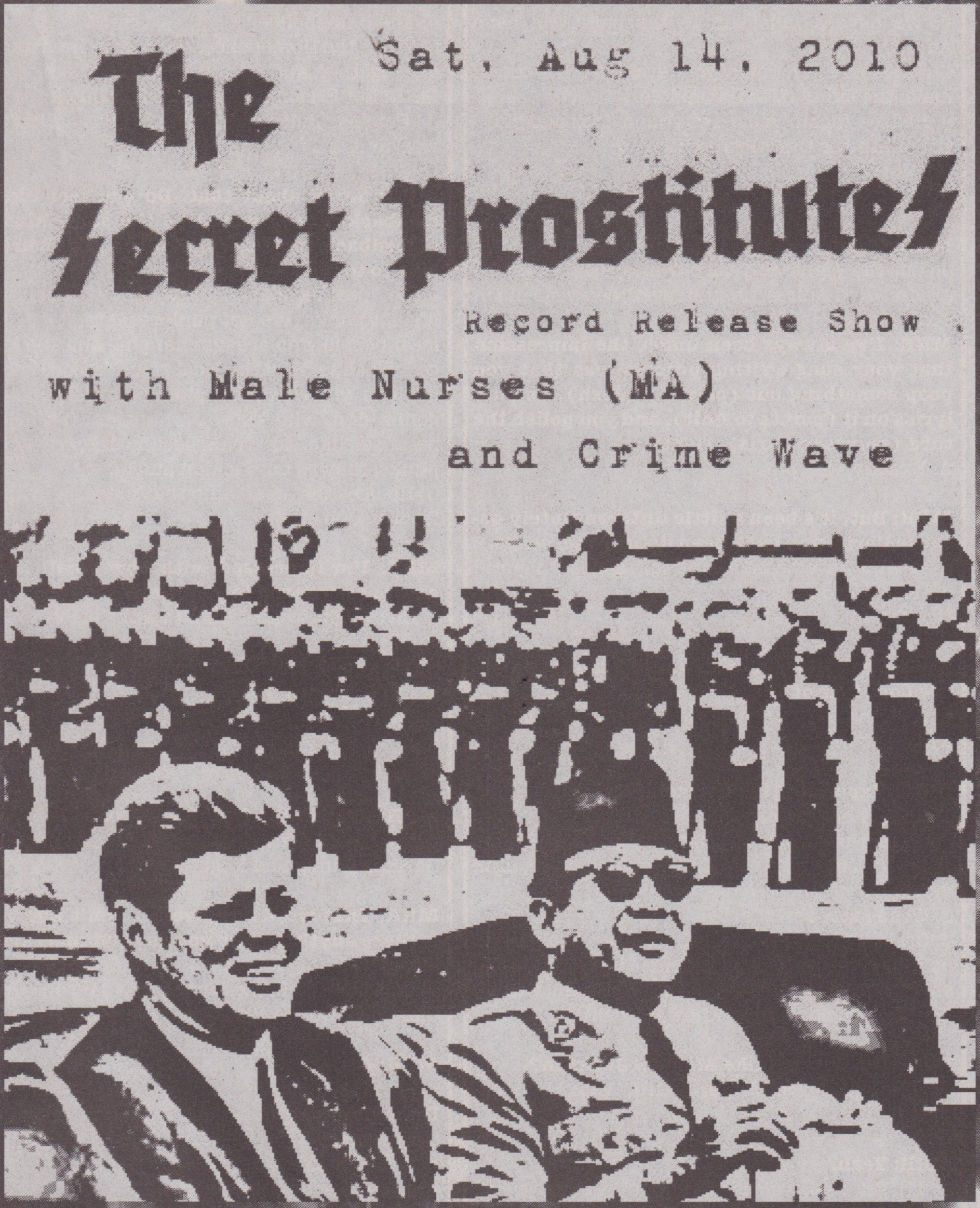
MRR: You guys have like, ten records, but four of them will come out this year.
J: Yeah. We have 98 songs. Our ninety-eighth song is gonna be on our new LP, which is called Welcome To Punk, Viva La Evolucion. We Can Do Whatever We Want.
MRR: Ninety eighth song. What's 99 and 100? You're saving that for something special?
J: Yeah, man. Like something real special. (laughter)
C: When you lose your virginity.
A: Exactly.

MRR: That kind of special.
J: When I lose my virginity I'm gonna write fuckin' 98 and 99, 99 and 100.

MRR: So besides playing shows in Houston and I guess a couple shows in Austin, have you guys played outside of either two cities?
All: No.
(laughter)

MRR: Never outside of Texas, barely outside of Houston. Is there any plans for that in the future at all?
J: I don't know.
A: I wanna play San Francisco.

MRR: San Francisco?



J: I fuckin' wanna book like three shows—like just take a weekend and do San Francisco shows and just fly there and play and fly home. But we have to save up a buncha money to do that. As a band we're gonna have to save money. Because touring is like unrealistic. Because we work and like Adit fuckin' goes to school and shit. And like, we got stuff we have to do.

MRR: Right. So it's hard to leave Texas.
J: It's hard to leave fuckin' Texas. Unless we're going to Punk Island. Punk Island is located in the center of Texas.

MRR: Which is Austin.
A: The capital.
J: It's Austin during Chaos In Tejas. The only time Austin is Punk Island is during Chaos In Tejas. Other times it's just Austin.

MRR: So with all the Chaos In Tejas shows you guys have played...What is it, two or three?
J: Seventeen.

MRR: Seventeen?
J: Yeah.

MRR: How was the metal show you guys played?
J: Dude, they were fuckin' scared of us. They, uh...
A: I think you should talk, Josh.
J: I should just speak my mind. They were fuckin' scared...

MRR: Josh is the mouthpiece.
J: We fuckin' scared Toxic Holocaust and Midnight. Quote this shit! They were fuckin' afraid of us dude. And the fuckin' dude from Dystopia said that punk wasn't dead after seeing us.

MRR: There you go.
J: And he was in Ghoul I think, I don't know.

MRR: Yeah, drummer for Ghoul.
J: I don't like Dystopia.

MRR: You don't like Dystopia?
A: I like Dystopia.

MRR: Do you like being stabbed in the back?
Josh: Nooo.
(laughter)

MRR: Thought about that for a minute, didn't you? So of all...Never leaving Texas, maybe possibly in the future playing three dates in the Bay Area.
J: Yeah. Fuck yeah! That's the best place in the...

MRR: But you guys have had records out on numerous foreign labels.
J: Yeah, P-Trash the retard label.
(laughter)
A: Ken Rock.
J: P-Trash, the dude who doesn't listen to his test pressings or whatever the fuck he's doing. Watching cartoons, I don't know. Ken Rock fucking delivered. Ken Rock: thumbs up.
C: He sent us more 7"s and then sent me an e-mail three days ago saying there's more on the way.
A: Can I have more copies?

MRR: Stefan's cool man.
J: Ken Rock: thumbs up.
P-Trash: thumbs down, Vato. Word for word, write that.
(laughter)

MRR: I guess with the new split LP with Cola Freaks coming out...
J: Yeah, we got the test pressings in.

MRR: Larry of Bad Hair Life and then he's co-doing that with...
J: Bat Shit.
All: Bat Shit.
A: Chris Johnson of Death Exclamations.
J: Death Exclamations!

MRR: And the chick from...
C: Well she's now part of Bad Hair Life and they started over so it's gonna be Bad Hair Life number one.

MRR: OK, so Bad Hair Life has a Danish chapter?
C: They're gonna have two number ones. Yes.

MRR: Are they from Denmark, or am I lying?
C: Yeah, they are.

MRR: No, I know Cola Freaks is from...
J: Finland! Finland!

MRR: Man, we're totally lying.
J: It's pronounced "Finland."

MRR: Man we're from fuckin' Texas, man. Anyone not from Texas is from Denmark.
A: Soumi! Koulemaaaaa!
J: Put that in, too.
C: Don't say the Cola Freaks are from Finland.
(laughter)
J: Larry's new label mate is from Finland. Put all this in, every word. Yeah the Cola Freaks, they're from Dinland.

MRR: Dinland?
J: And we're doing a split with them from Finland.

MRR: I understand, so you got three splits coming out; probably in the next couple months.
J: Which three?

MRR: I know more about this than you do.
J: The Energy split, The "Real" Energy split.

MRR: The Real Energy split 7", the OBN III's split 7" right?
J: And then the Cola Freaks.

MRR: And the Cola Freaks split LP.
A: We're doing a OBN III's split?
C: No, no. That's Energy.
A: Energy, OK.
C: But we're also doing one with Crooked Bangs.

MRR: Crooked Bangs? Ok, cool.
J: Crooked Bangs is from Austin.
C: Yeah, we just have to write ninety-nine and a hundred.
J: Lena's a babe.

MRR: That's the point of this one?
J: Nah, that's not the point. (laughter)
J: It's because they're good. She just happens to be a babe. Fuck, so sue me. You're not gonna get anything, I don't have a bank account.

MRR: Oh, shit. So with the shape of punk evolution…
C: Babes to come.

MRR: With the shape of babes to come…I've heard that you guys are going in a different direction. Like a black metal evil inspired surf direction with maybe some salsa or like merengue.
J: We've been going more black salsa. Like, we've been going to black salsa mixed with like fuckin'…
A: Surf.
J: Uh, like death surf. Death surf mixed with black salsa, it's gonna be the new LP. We gotta about half a punk tune on there.
C: I don't wanna bum everybody out there, I don't know if you guys heard the news but rest in peace Prison Love and Special Sauce, Oct. 2012-Oct. 2012.
J: October Peace and Special Sauce died.

MRR: October Peace?
C: Prison Love and the Lifers, rest in peace Oct. 2012–Oct. 2012.
J: I guess that's going in the interview.

MRR: That's about a month of punk life right there.
J: Now I'm gonna have to deal with fuckin' Sims actually blowing me.

MRR: So once you guys reach 100 songs is that when you're gonna call it quits?
J: Fuck no, dog.
A: Gonna last forever.
J: Good thing about the Prostitutes is like, we don't have to practice on a regular basis.
(laughter)
C: Have I ever practiced with you guys?
J: You've had two practices with us.

MRR: And you play shows and you record. But Chris, you're a real musician, right?
J: We have a musician in the band, we have Adit…
C: I look at them and say, "Here, here is a tuner, make the lights go to the middle."
J: He like, fuckin' makes us sound good and shit.
C: I'm like the third Prostitute.
(laughter)
J: Chris is the special ed teacher…

MRR: Right.
J: I'm the eighteen-year-old in special ed sixth grade… And Adit is, uh, the seventeen-year-old in sixth grade.
MRR: I've always been under the impression that your song-writing process was that you poop something out (points to Josh), he puts lyrics on it (points to Adit), and you polish the turd (points to Chris), right?
A: Exactly, well put.

MRR: But, it's been a little different lately because Chris, you have been doing some songs.
C: Yeah, I have been doing some songs. I figured out how to do songs.
(laughter)

MRR: Yeah like out of a hundred songs you figured out four of 'em…
C: Exactly. I think Tom just went the wrong way, which is funny.

MRR: Expanding the horizon of punk.
C: Haha, here he comes!
J: Unlike our first LP, Chris is writing a good chunk of the songs, and they're much more, uhh, different.
C: Wrong way asshole!
J: Órale, Vatos, fuckin' motherfucker. Yeah cause he's writing a good chunk of some like, off the wall shit, because you want punk? You want weird? You want fuckin', you wanna get weird?

MRR: Off the wall like Michael Jackson?
J: Yeah, you wanna get weird, Vato?, I'll get weird.

MRR: Yeah.
J: I'll get real weird. I'll fuckin'…I'll get weird right now.
(laughter)
J: I'll put Chris's dick in my mouth, right now.
A: Oh shit.

MRR: I've seen your dick before, but never anyone else's dick in your mouth before.
A: My dick's too small.
J: Bill's…it was for a Homopolice picture.

MRR: That's cool, I've got no problem with that.
J: Salty. Salty dick. I didn't know dicks were made of salt. Apparently they are, it's gross, I don't like it.

MRR: So I guess except for the geologist, you guys have been in a couple of other bands together.
C: Josh and I?
J: Who, me and Chris?
C: Yeah, the Energy
J: The Energy…The Real Energy

MRR: The Real Energy, you don't wanna get in trouble.
C: Oh yeah, whoah…Close call, thanks.
J: The Homopolice.
C: Yeah , the Homopolice, we were in Homopolice together, and I think that's it though.
MRR: Not Prison Life and October Juice?
J: October Juice we started, but it didn't work out.

MRR: Sorry about that. Do you feel like feedback locally would be the same kind of feedback you would get if you guys were able to tour?
J: No, local feedback is mostly fake, because it's not punks. It's not punk rockers, it's just local people who are just hanging out. If you go look at some of the local "fans'"record collections, you won't find punk records, you're gonna find, who knows, whatever…It's just because, like no, yeah, locally they're not punks, they're not fucking punks.
C: He uses the small amp that makes a lot of feedback on stage.

MRR: I'm impressed with how small his amp is as opposed to your amp.
C: Oh tonight, yeah. I didn't wanna bring anything.
A: What amp did you use?
J: I used Herber's.
A: He was gonna pawn it earlier today, he told me.
J: Nah, he didn't pawn it.

MRR: Herber, the fourth Jr. Prostitute.
J: Two best fuckin' bands in Houston, fuckin' Garbage Dump and Noguey.

MRR: That works out well. I don't know, is there anything else you guys wanna talk about?
J: Welcome To Punk, Viva La Evolucion. We Can Do Whatever We Want.

MRR: Alright…

Discography:
Self-titled 7"
Mati Di Moskow 7"
Kiss My Machine compilation 7"
Nevermind the KBD, This is AD D LP
Fantasi Di Auschwitz 7"
Split 7" with Talk Sick Brats
Bullshit Vol. 1 Compilation 7"
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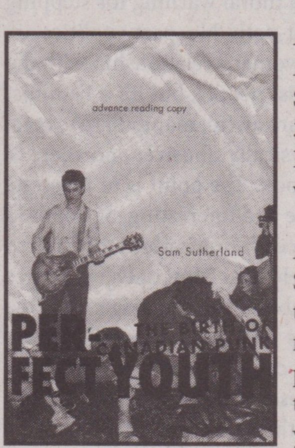


Perfect Youth: The Birth of Canadian Punk
Sam Sutherland
367 pages • $22.95
ECW Press
www.ecwpress.com

Perfect Youth is music journalist Sam Sutherland's meticulously researched history of the first wave of Canadian punk from coast to coast. It's a considerable project given the country's land mass and the fact that we're now thirty (or more) years removed from much of the action. What's more striking is that it's taken this long for someone to put this history together and really Sutherland does a bang up job with his research. I like to think of this as great reference guide, or companion piece to books like Liz Worth's Toronto and Hamilton based *Treat Me Like Dirt* (ECW Press, 2012) or the Victoria focused *All Your Ears Can Hear* (Jason Flower, Ricky Long and Kev Smith, AYECH International, 2007). I am also hopeful that others will pick up the mantle so that this can serve the same purpose to future releases that speak specifically to regional scenes.

This book began as an academic project for Sutherland and I think that's evident in a couple of different ways: foremost there is the reference list that he's included (a treasure for folks like me who want to delve further into specific material), the academic bent is also evident via his two non-regional chapters, on women and queercore respectively. Sutherland's organizational structure is unclear to me, as a chapter on Calgary is followed by one on Montreal (for the uninitiated there is no geographical connectivity between the two). Why not go coast to coast or chronologically? Having said that, this is the type of book that you could read straight through or you could just as easily go chapter by chapter on the basis of interest. Sutherland uses both primary and secondary resources (from interviews with band members to details culled from zines and releases) to piece together a narrative chock full of music trivia that is a treat to read. Additionally, his aside notes to the reader (no doubt a holdover from his job as a music journalist) clearly position him as a fan and differentiates this from what could have ended up a dry, academic piece.

Given that the premise of this book is to document "Canadian" punk, I do wonder if some will critique the amount of material on Toronto and Vancouver—each receiving three chapters a piece plus some additional space for Toronto in the two chapters on gender and sexual identity. It should be noted that Sutherland offers an apologia when he feels that he has to collapse several provinces into one chapter on the East Coast and one could argue that the amount of information provided is a reflection of the material that he had to work with, so I'm willing to cut him slack on that front. While much of my favorite material was based on regions that I hadn't previously read much about (Ottawa and Saskatoon come to mind as examples), it is was equally the case that I enjoyed reading about the scenes in cities that I had some familiarity with (Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Hamilton, and the obligatory Forgotten Rebels chapter…sigh). I think that's definitely a testament to the depth of information that Sutherland attempts to provide.

Sutherland gets plus points for his chapters focused on gender in Canadian punk, "Something You Can't Tell Your Mother: The Curse, the B-Girls and the Vital Role of Women in Canadian Punk" and on queercore's Canadian history, "Hot Property: The Dishes and the Northern Origins of Queercore". The central axis of the chapter on women in punk is based around a history of Toronto bands the Curse and the B-Girls. While it's true that bands like Calgary's the Virgins and Vancouver's Dishrags receive a paragraph each in this chapter, I wished there was more of a pan-Canadian focus here. It is true that these bands are included within their respective regional chapters, but it strikes me that given it's parameters this particular chapter could have expanded the discussion. I like that Sutherland leaves in references to academic sources like Lauraine Leblanc's *Pretty in Punk: Girls' Gender Resistance in a Boys' Subculture* (Rutgers University Press, 1999) as it offers an interesting frame to the recollections of Mickey Skin of the Curse and Lucasta Ross of the B-Girls.

The fact that Sutherland has taken the time to pull out material specific to the issue of gender equality in first wave punk is great. I especially like the fact that Sutherland is clear that the bands highlighted in this chapter made waves above and beyond the gender context. More importantly this chapter lays the groundwork for an in depth examination of the role that women truly played in first wave punk in Canada. In his chapter focused on queercore, Sutherland begins with an exploration of the role of Toronto based band the Dishes but follows with cross-Canadian recollections of intersections between queer culture and punk communities. Additionally, Sutherland includes interviews with filmmaker Bruce LaBruce, co-founder of groundbreaking '80s queercore zine *J.D.s.* I like the way that Sutherland expands upon the notion of punk as inclusive through this study.

Unfortunately a counterpoint to these chapters is the lack of any dialogue of race in the book (other than a reference to Ken Chin of SNFU on page 162). Class comes up only in brief, chiefly through anecdotal biographical information on bands like Winnipeg's Lowlife or Victoria's Dayglo Abortions.

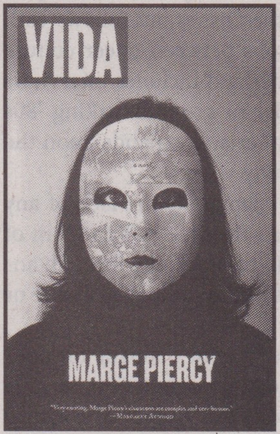
Most troubling for me is the lack of any cogent dialogue on politics. I really hoped that Sutherland would have thought it fit to include some conversation about punk and politics. The absence of political context is reflected in my least favorite part of the book—specifically the chapter on the Subhumans and in particular, Sutherland's depiction of bassist Gerry Hannah's activist past. Hannah was a member of the group Direct Action and he and four others were charged, tried and imprisoned on the basis of a series of bombings of targets that the group felt represented "...the evils of the state, weapons manufacturers and pornographers." In particular the group was arrested after the bombing of a Litton Industries plant that produced guidance system components for American nuclear missiles. Despite a message

to evacuate the building (Sutherland does not refer to this attempt to warn the employees in his book) the bomb that was set off in the Litton plant did end up injuring workers. Sutherland prefaces his discussion about Hannah with a graphic (even grotesque) description of the injuries sustained by a security guard. Sutherland basically makes the argument that "Hannah's involvement in domestic terrorism shouldn't cast a violent pall over the Subhumans. But it does" (p. 315). While this was admittedly a contentious issue in 1982 and remains so, I feel that Sutherland has been somewhat cavalier in his treatment of Hannah as any context of the politics that framed his activism is totally absent from this book.

Instead, Sutherland alludes to the support that Hannah and other members of Direct Action received in the pages of *MRR* and through benefit shows for the groups' legal defense held by DOA, the Subhumans and others in a particularly dismissive fashion: "…they came out in support of a series of bombings that horrifically injured ten innocent people…" (p. 316). While it may literally be the case that ten innocent people were injured as a result of the actions of these individuals, I don't think that it's fair to throw out statements like that without framing any discussion of context. For instance, given the references that Sutherland includes, why couldn't he have included a counter-opinion? For example, fellow Direct Action member Ann Hansen's book *Direct Action: Memoirs of an Urban Guerilla* (AK Press, 2002) gives that kind of background, which would be very welcome here. I realize that there are going to be people who disagree with my contention on this point, but I feel strongly that a political context is important to offer within any structural history of punk.

I want to reiterate the fact that I think this book is a good buy for fans of punk history whatever their level of engagement with Canadian punk. Sutherland does a great job of transmuting what I can only imagine to be tons of information into a highly readable format. His forays into socio-cultural examinations of women and queercore are great and I can only hope that someone decides to use his work as a launching pad for further explorations. The same can be said of any of the regional material that makes up this book.

—Saira Chhibber



Vida
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I'm not gonna lie—*Vida* by Marge Piercy is a seriously emotionally difficult book to read at times. The title is a fairly obvious play on words: It's Spanish for life and it's about the life of a woman named Davida, Vida for short. The book alternates between two time periods: in 1979 after Vida has been on the run from the law for ten years, and then it rewinds to1967 when Vida was a young activist working in a (then fictional but now existent) group called SAW—Students Against the War. At that time, she was also in an open marriage, and working as a secretary. As time goes on, Vida becomes more radicalized, eventually leading her to create an affinity group named "Little Red Wagon" that intends to blow up a building.

Given that the book starts more than a decade later, you already know the outcome of the group—one of the members is an agent-provocateur and LRW gets busted before they can plant the bomb in it's intended location. To escape arrest, Vida has to go underground, which separates her from her husband (who was not part of LRW) and all of their friends and family. The book was published in the same time period it's set in, so it's aimed at a different generation of activists—that is to say, Marxist-Leninists, which no one in their right mind under the age of 60 would claim to be today. Because of this, it can be pretty dated though at times it's still depressingly poignant.

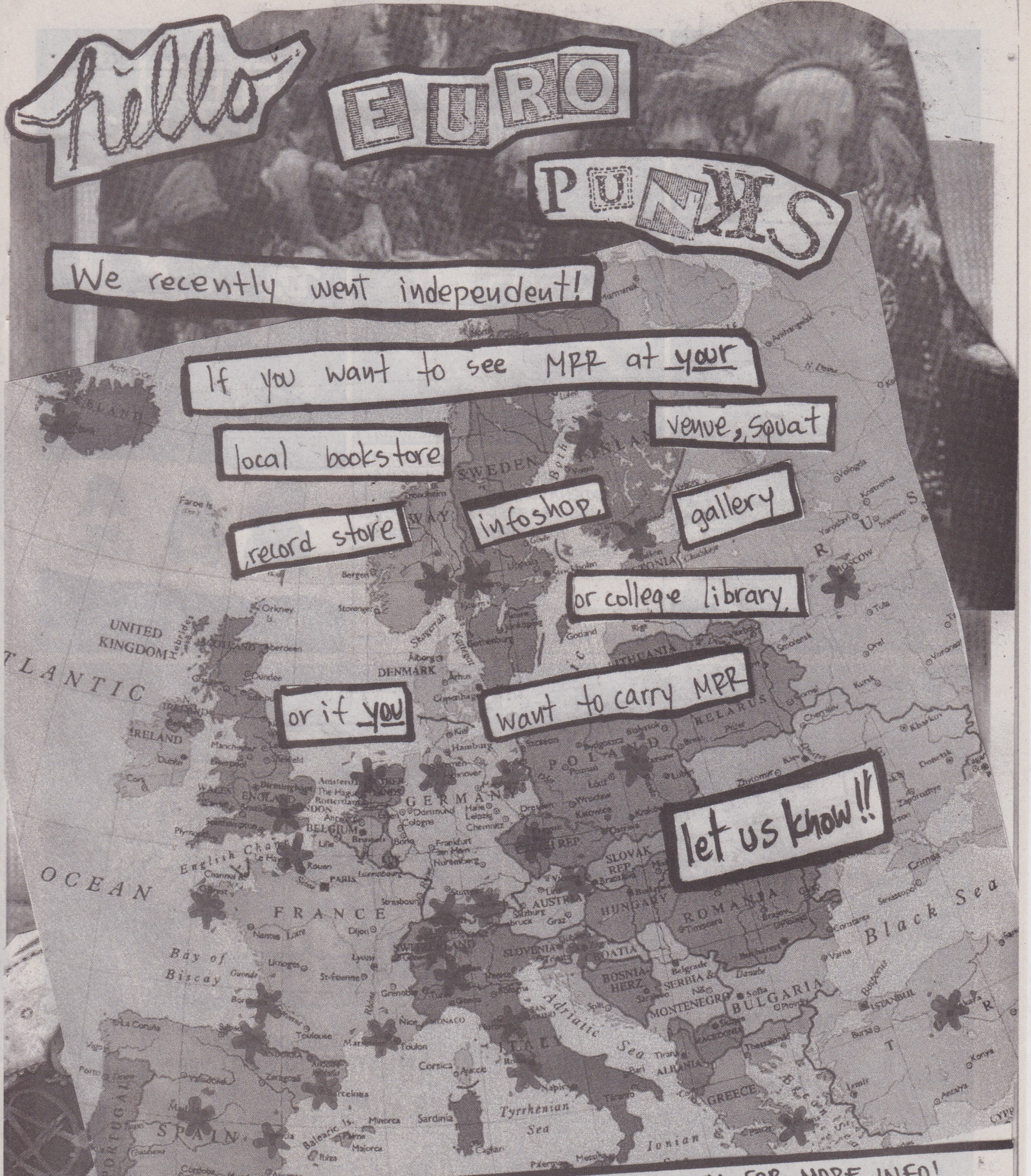
The point of the book isn't about the '60s or '70s, Marxism, the Vietnam war, "The Movement," nor is it a moral warning for stepping too far off the liberal, non-violent-protest-path. No, party politics are merely the backdrop to tell the story of a woman's relationship with the men in her life. This book is about Marxist people, but it's a Feminist story. Essentially all the men in the book are awful, manipulative, cold, degrading, controlling, verbally and physically abusive, and there is even a pretty intense rape scene in the book. The point is to illustrate gender dynamics in a way that's accessible and interesting; as opposed to pedantic and boring, and in that it succeeds quite admirably. When reading about Marxists rambling about Ho-Chi Min, one's eyes glaze over, but when Vida's sister is talking about her marriage, or Vida is fighting with her boyfriend about his jealousy issues, the things brought up often still ring true. In fact, it can be pretty gut wrenching to realize exactly how relevant and present many of these gender dynamics still are, even thirty years after this book was written.

There are some over-the-top and unbelievable parts too though. Like when in a flashback Vida recalls how her ex-lover tried to breakdown her door while screaming about how she was his property and thus had to put out. Don't get me wrong—I totally think there are men who can and do behave this way. The thing is: he was screaming this while stone-cold sober in a house of six or seven other stone-cold sober adults who were pretty much completely unfazed by his behavior. They tried to shush him because he was waking up the children in the house, but other than that, they had no comment. In fact, in the morning people yelled at Vida just as much as him for making so much noise and causing "discontent" in the house. I do understand that this book is written for a different generation of people, but...really? I have a hard time believing anyone would really condone such behavior.

Despite the politics and the semi-over-the-top interactions, the book is actually really well written. It definitely draws the reader in and makes you want to know what happens in the end. Does Vida get caught? Does she somehow get a pardon? Does she turn traitor and turn herself—and her comrades—in to get her charges dropped so she can go back to a regular life? Does she manage to stay underground, but settle down and live quietly in some farmhouse off the grid somewhere in Canada with her lover?

Because *Vida* really is such a page turner (in spite of itself), I recommend this book as a gift to give to any dude-bro you know who you think might be down to read a 400 page novel. The book's strength is that it's impossible to read about Vida and all the other women in the book interacting with these men who behave completely infuriatingly and not feel empathy for them. Definitely a lesson quite a lot people still need to learn. I have to admit, though, that I personally wouldn't give *Vida* as a gift to any of my "cool" friends, just the lameos who need to work on their shit. If I was looking for a novel to read that talks about politics and people in a way that's really cool and readable and says really challenging and exciting things, I'd recommend you skip *Vida* entirely and go straight to Freddy Perlmans 1976 novel *Letters of Insurgents,* written under the pseudonyms of Sophia Nachalo and Yarostan Vochek. Sure, it's twice as long, but it's also three times as good as Marge Piercy's *Vida*.

—Ariel Amend-all



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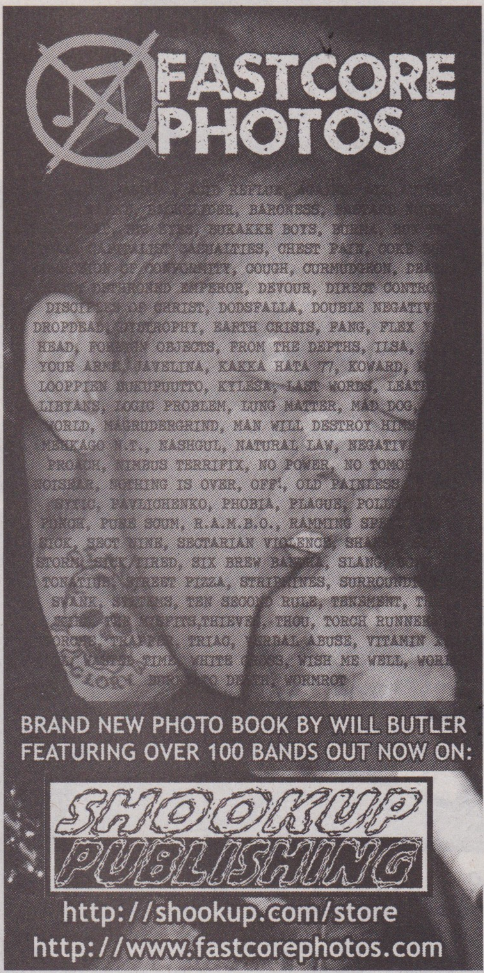
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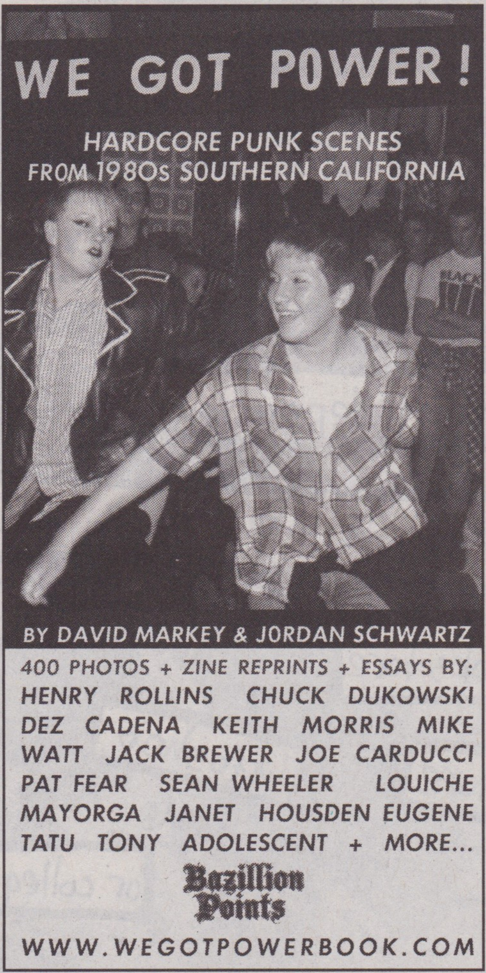
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MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

I look around, there's no place to play
They all tell us to screw away
Streets of Boston need a change
And Streets of Boston call my name

Punk nostalgia has got me down. It seems like every band is reuniting in some attempt to recapture some bit of lost youth (or more honestly a paycheck). It is weird to see a middle-aged person singing songs they wrote when they were a teenager. Or worse, releasing a new album. Face it: even if it is great, it is never going to be really good. Likewise, there is a glut of punk documentaries where every interviewee reminds you how punk was rebelling against the lameness of the 1970s. Everyone is so busy trying to make sure they get their place in history they are forgetting about what made punk fun. Punk is the now oldies circuit and we have only ourselves to blame.

Which brings me to **All Ages The Boston Hardcore Film**, the latest in the line of documentaries telling the history of punk. This one about the narrow section of the Boston scene—hardcore 1980-1985. It starts with a Gallery East reunion featuring DYS and Jerry's Kids. Christine Steele comments, "I love to see the kids here. We created something that didn't exist before and they're carrying it on and they still go to shows and they're participating in something that we gave birth to." I can't stand when a person in a documentary says something like this. All I can think is that this person gave up on punk thirty years ago and is suddenly back condescendingly saying thanks for keeping the scene warm for us, we're ready to bask in a miniscule amount of glory by getting to say we were there first. Meanwhile the true punks never gave up on it. We stayed punk all along.

Watching DYS perform at the Gallery East reunion show in 2010, that is all I can think about. It is annoying. Bob Hatfield of the F.U.'s remarks "[It's a] hardcore high school reunion. It's probably one of the coolest things that's happened around here in a couple decades, you know." Wow. That is really sad. Isn't that a cliché usually used to put down the former popular kids in high school whose life continually got worse after graduation? I hope Hatfield was simply feeling overly sentimental seeing old friends and whatnot and didn't realize what he was actually saying. I left Boston in 1990 and there really hasn't been anything cool going on in that town since then? That's questionable. Sorry to tell you Hatfield but just because you're not there doesn't mean it's not happening.

The most disappointing aspect of **All Ages The Boston Hardcore Film** is that it portrays the scene as so small and insular. There were only five bands: SSD, DYS, Jerry's Kids, the F.U.'s and Gang Green, with an acknowledgement of the Freeze, but somehow they weren't accepted. Apparently there was no influence of any of the '70s Boston bands even though Mission of Burma's name appears on some of the fliers shown throughout. The story according to the film begins with **The Decline Of Western Civilzation** playing in Boston. The kids go see it. The Dead Kennedys play at Emerson College, which spawns the formation of SSD. The guys from SSD go to see Black Flag play with the Freeze on the Cape. Black Flag becomes the most influential band to the Boston hardcore kids until they discover Minor Threat. *This Is Boston Not L.A.* is released. The hardcore bands start going metal. Jerry's Kids declare the end of hardcore at their last show in 1985.

Over the years I've had a few people let me know that the Boston scene was derivative and full of Neanderthal goons. I would always defend it because that was never my experience. However I didn't know any of the band members personally, never hung out with any of them and didn't exclusively go to hardcore shows. Yet that is how Boston hardcore punks are represented in **All Ages The Boston Hardcore Film**. It reinforces those impressions. Perhaps that's the way it was all along.

Like the majority of punk documentaries made after the fact, **All Ages The Boston Hardcore Film** consists mostly of talking heads. Oddly many of the talking heads in this film are placed before a blue screen. Then scenery is projected behind the subject. Choke is sitting in front of the Boston skyline. Curtis Casella of Taang records is in front of an old black and white photo of a Boston street. The majority is in front of an active street scene, which is so distracting. There is scaffolding in the foreground and an endless throng of people passing by, with the Beantown Pub in the background. Such an odd choice, unless of course the Beantown Pub is now at the location where Gallery East used to be. I'll have to look into that.

The reason to watch any punk documentary is for the old stuff. **All Ages The Boston Hardcore Film** does manage to get some good old footage of bands playing. The best stuff is SSD at Gallery East in 1981. There is also a nice montage of photos from the shoot for SSD's *The Kids Will Have Their Say* album cover. College radio stations are given a lot of the credit for helping the scene and getting the music out to people. Choke did one with Katie the Cleaning Lady at WERS and Dave Smalley did one at WZBC. Chris Doherty of Gang Green remarks, "Those radio stations are the ones that really broke it open. The only way that anybody knew about this was through the college radio."

Oddly missing from the film is SSD's Al Barile. He may not appear personally, probably not wanting another surprise visit from Springa like he got in **American Hardcore**, but his influence does not go unmentioned. He is credited with starting the Boston hardcore scene as well as having the idea for the *This Is Boston Not L.A.*, even though he refused to let SSD appear on the record. SSD only wanted to be on records they released themselves.

Jerry's Kids may have declared the end of Boston hardcore in 1985, but it was the metal crossover that really killed it. Fortunately there is footage of the last SSD show where Springa looks like he should be in an LA hair metal band. He struts back and forth on stage at L.A.'s Olympic Auditorium playing between the Minutemen and Suicidal Tendencies. He admits that he thought he was doing great until he looked down at the kids in the front row who looked so disappointed. He realized he blew it.

There are extras on the **All Ages The Boston Hardcore Film** DVD too. Springa takes you on a tour of his mother's basement as "The Springa Chronicles". He digs through boxes looking for SSD memorabilia. The most interesting thing is Springa showing his musical history through his collection of 8-track tapes. He started getting into punk with the second Television album *Adventure* on 8-track. There is also an explanation of "Rat Hunting," a twisted game played behind the Rat club and a preview of **Chip On My Shoulder – The Story of Slapshot**. I didn't get around to listening to director Drew Stone's commentary. I figured that since he is interviewed in the film already I probably wasn't missing anything. (www.allagesbostonhardcore.com).

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore, etc.—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

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9 LB BEAVER – "I Want it All" CD

A full length from the Seattle band. A band that does the late '80s punk thing with humorous lyrics. This almost has a drunk punk bar band feel at times. Not horrible but nothing special either. (RL)
(Big Steve)

ABADDON – "Wet Za Wet" LP

It's a rare treat to hear a stone-cold classic for the first time, and I can honestly say I have no idea why I slept on this band and record for so long. Along with DEZERTER, ABADDON are probably the best-known '80s Polish punk band, both because they were able to release records via labels in Western Europe and because, well...they fucking rip. Not only were they a great band for '86, they were great at any number of styles as the nine songs on this LP range from DISCHARGE-influenced driving hardcore ("System") to DK-esque surf-y punk ("Boimy Sie Siebie") to CLASH derived dub ("Ljubljana Night", which is surprisingly great). The level of both songwriting and instrumental talent in this band was pretty phenomenal for any scene, regardless of where they were from. Smarter punks than me have been rediscovering the Polish punk scene for years and I'll be heading down that path belatedly myself having been introduced to this amazing record. This reissue is incredibly well presented too, coming in a deluxe gatefold with an excellent booklet featuring an interview with the drummer from 2012 about the past of the band, the history of this recording and their future as well. Mandatory. (AU)
(Warsaw Pact)

ACE BUSHY STRIPTEASE – "More Parts Per Milijas" CD

Seven songs in eleven minutes and they are all over the place. It feels more like a compilation than a cohesive album. They start off with a well-orchestrated Plan-it-X-y tune; complete with horns and all. But then they go into a PAVEMENT cover. They got a punk song, a rock song, another folk song, then go back and play their first song at the end again (different version)—what a weird little CD. It's fun I'll give it that. (FS)
(Odd Box)

AEROPAJITAS – "Granada de Guerra" LP

I was really stoked looking at this at first and was happy for the reviewer copy. The first song starts out with a punch to the face but this shit gets way to clean and poppy for my taste... The closest thing to my limited knowledge that they remind me of is CALAVERA, but it just ain't doing it for me. It's way too fucking smooth. It's got a slightly RANCID/CLASH sound. Same bullshit. Maybe there's a Hot Topic in Peru where this shit flies. (RO)
(Canalla)

A.H.K. – "Demo" EP

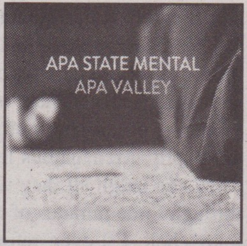
ADOLF HITLER KLAN is a hardcore band from Germany and this is a vinyl release of their 2001 demo. They play a really tight, straightforward, thrashing hardcore style. The vocals are throat shredding and sound very painful—like the vocals on the incredible HUL LP from Denmark—but pushed a little harder and cracking like a thirteen-year-old boy's voice does while just hitting puberty. The recording is a little on the harsh hi-fi side, but still sounds good. Is it necessary to put it to vinyl after eleven years? I'm gonna say just barely. (MA)
(Hardware / Righteous Fuck)

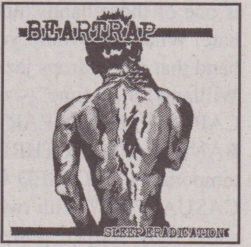
AOKIGAHARA / YDINASEETON POHJOLA split LP

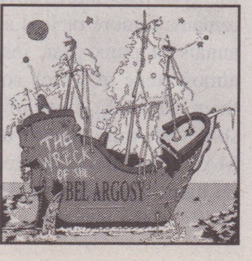
Hmm. I'm at a loss here. Two Finnish bands, two totally different styles. I have no idea why AOKIGAHARA is written in Kanji, nor do I understand why three out of five songs have titles in Kanji, but I do know I am not a fan on this side of the record. Is there some goal of sounding Japanese here? If so, I don't hear it. It's just plain bad. I don't really know what else to say without being mean. The other side, YDINASEETON POHJOLA, is actually pretty good. I don't dig the vocals, but the music rips pretty hard. Nothing really original or eye-popping going on, but definitelty some solid ass fucking tracks. I'd say research this band, and not the other. (KR)
(Nightstick Justice)

APA STATE MENTAL – "Apa Valley" CD

This Swedish band wins this month's award for the most nonsensical name. It brings to my mind the Napa State Mental Hospital site of the CRAMPS infamous 1978 performance. Though this isn't any Cramps wanna-be band, in fact they sound nothing like them at all. This is punchy punk rock. The songs are short and frantic with a bit of a sense of humor. They are on their trajectory and I for one want to let them keep going to see where they land. (CK)
(The Almighty Kong)







ATENTADO – "Dias de Rabia" MLP

After a few years, ATENTADO is back on vinyl with this nine track 12" full of scathing female-fronted Spanish hardcore. I like my D-beat slooooow, where you can bob your head all the way down and up, and hear the cymbals cut through with the kick drum (the way D-beat is meant to be played!) and that's exactly what ya get here. The reverbed vocals and buzzsaw-as-fuck guitars are here (as expected) but each track has its own special hook. Also worth mentioning is the abundant macabre scribbling on the cover/ full size six-page inner booklet by well known Spanish punk artist Guillem (who is also the bass player). This record rules! (MA)

(La Vida Es Un Mus)

ARCHAGATHUS / PIZZAHIFIVE – split EP

A truly rad split from two two-pieces united by a love of blunts and noise not music—you have to love any record that manages to stay this punk while also keeping it fucking grind. ARCHAGATHUS are hands down one of the sickest bands in today's fertile Canadian grind/violence scene, a mincing, crusty nightmare with vocals that alternate between oppressive death growls and some truly choice-tortured high-end filth. PIZZAHIFIVE bring a strong metallic grind influence into their modern powerviolence style, with shit-fi cymbals that sound like shards of glass in the best way possible and some of the stupidest/ most self-referential lyrics in HC/metal history (no small feat!): "There is no going back on the fact that you did this split. Hey Archagathus let's do a split! Archagathus let's do a fucking split." They can laugh all they want at getting me to sit through three minutes of the world's dumbest in-joke—hell, I'll even reference Dan Ryckman in this review, whoever the hell that is—because this record kills it, plain and simple. (WB)

(Adamant Blasts / Don't Fear The Night / Grindfather Productions / Fuck Off and DIY Tapes / Jennifer Grind / Mercy of Slumber / Opaqus / Rex Manor / To Live a Lie)

AUNT MARY / CHARRED REMAINS AKA MAN IS THE BASTARD – split 10"

For most punks, MAN IS THE BASTARD is one of those bands that you either get, or you hate. What else would you expect of a hardcore band that name-drops jazz fusion bands—"(Tony Williams) Strifetime"—and draws as much from CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND THE MAGIC BAND as MINOR THREAT or West Coast contemporaries CROSSED OUT and CAPITALIST CASUALTIES? With two basses, no guitars and some truly warped power electronics thrown in for good measure, M.I.T.B.'s epic discography remains a more or less singular statement in the annals of punx past, inspiring countless bands, almost none of which sound even remotely like them. This 10" is one of their earliest releases, a split with truly fucked-up Finnish outfit AUNT MARY, and their side presents a rudimentary take on their basic off-time, sludgy weirdness, culminating in the insanely catchy "H.S.M.P," notable as the song that introduced the term "powerviolence" to hundreds of grind nerds the world over. AUNT MARY's side is sonic terror on a whole other level, splicing together what sounds like hundreds of tape loops into a choppy, disorienting clusterfuck, something like the aural equivalent of huffing solvents. Overflowing with blasts, drones and back-masking galore, vocals are near-inaudible and function more as a layer of percussion than anything. It's quite amazing in its unrestrained sadism, and sitting through the whole thing is enough to make even the most intrepid heads want to, like, totally spew. Originally released as a 7", this repress has been upgraded to a whopping ten inch for all the audio nerds, fitting treatment for a classic such as this. (WB)

(Deep Six)

AVFALL – "Dish It Out" EP

Latest installment of Swedish influenced raw punk 'n' roll from this young Japanese band. These guys have a pretty interesting sound: the production is in line with recent noisy offerings from Japan and is a bit strange since the bass (which sounds fucking rad) seems to be coming from a completely different area than the rest of the band. The riffs are rocking and reminiscent of early SKITKIDS material. This is a good record and I definitely get what AVFALL is going for, but I feel like they could reach a new level of power if they cleaned things up and really pushed the killer riffs to the forefront. (KM)

(Hardcore Survives)

BAADER BRAINS – "New Era Hope Colony" LP

I have never heard PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK and this is my first time hearing BAADER BRAINS, so I have little to no frame of reference to the members' previous bands or efforts. That said, what we have here is a hardcore record that's not easily summed up, but is powerful and creative, both musically and artistically, and comes off as a concept record, but without being self-congratulatory or overindulgent. As its base, it's anthemic, high-energy hardcore with often unconventional riffs, unpredictable song structures and even less common instruments. One song sounds like early FUGAZI spliced with the BIG BOYS' "Sound On Sound," another uses horns and a laser sound, and there are plenty of gang vocals to go around, as well as a wide range of other hardcore influences, including BORN AGAINST and '90s emo, but the latter in definitely a good way. The songs are interspersed with samples and interludes of various sorts, such as voiceovers and mini-songs that I can't tell if they were found or created by the band, but either way, are a rare example of a band's use of such segues being essential to the overall presentation. I'd favorably compare BAADER BRAINS' use of in-between song samples to that of DILLINGER FOUR on their LPs, though here it's less humorous and more pointed. The overall theme of the record, if I understand it correctly, is a call for an end to the era where spectacles hold more worth than what they represent, with the brighter future being the New Era Hope Colony—this theme being represented in the lyrics, samples, artwork, and pseudo-propaganda call to action in the form of a letter that's included with the record. It's nice to see a band put this much effort and ambition into the complete presentation of a record, without it coming off as gimmicky or too "serious band" and to be able to incorporate elements that aren't usually thought of in the punk realm, without it coming off as pretentious, gratuitous placing of non-understood aesthetics. Now that I have been thoroughly impressed by this offering, I'll have to go back and see where they were coming from. (DG)

(Clean Plate / Ebullition / Empyre)

BACKLASH – "Realities of Life" 12"

Wear it on your sleeve Japanese, Burning Spirits influenced hardcore from Finland. There're two guitarists, but there's no *fucking guitar* in this seven-song record. Okay sure, there're really good, flailing solos and leads compressed into tinny buzzing, but there's *no fucking guitar*!!! Where's the heft? Where's the impact? The sound is totally hollowed out and weak where the guitar should dominate in tandem with vocals—and when those multiple vocals start at each other this just sounds overly chaotic and abysmal. Otherwise a solid enough stab at the classic Japanese hardcore sound, like a SELFISH record pitch shifted towards 78 RPM with Jack Control/ WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-style vocal mangling. Otherwise, hot musicianship that interprets the sound with both faithfulness and innovation, but the fact that there's *no fucking guitar* make what could possibly be a really raging record… completely limp. Cool cover as always by Sugi, of course! (KS)

(Kamaset Levyt / Tampere Hardcore Coalition)

BANDITAS – "Save the Rats" LP

JOEY RAMONE girl army form a band, armed with an avalanche of RONETTES and BUDDY HOLLY 45s, rudimentary and soulful, with a country/soul/punk harmony so your dad would probably like this if NPR played it. Cowpunk? Three-part harmonies and a sound that evokes later-era KINMAN brothers or MR. AIRPLANEMAN… The band look like RUNAWAYS-era tough girls, not that their appearance should indicate anything of course, but it's kind of cool hearing this sound when you are expecting something more LITA/ JETT. If you like new-era HOLLY GOLIGHTLY you should check this out. (LG)

(Hard to Kill / Ride the Snake)

THE BARBARAS – LP

Memphis wunderkind outfit finally finds its storied "lost" album released to a drooling public. While related outfits like KAZALOK and BOSTON CHINKS were more traditionally punk sounding, the BARBARAS deliver something far different and, if I may, of much more value. Put plainly, the BARBARAS specialized in out-there pop music for fun-focused weirdos. The band's

main strength, as I see it, is their ability to take classic influences like surf or girl groups or more orchestrated pop music and totally flip it into something entirely their own. In fact, one look at the photos included with the LP will show the band definitely existed in their own world, making their own racket, for their own kicks. That comes through big time on this album and it's a pleasure to join their circus. I'm absolutely certain that this barely skirts the punk-o-meter for warranting inclusion in these pages, but perhaps the more curious *MRR* readers will take a trip with the BARBARAS. I think it's worth it. (MC)
(Goner)

BEARTRAP — "Sleep Eradication" EP

Awesome, a one-sided 7" with eight killer fastcore songs that sound like they were recorded back to back in one take. If this band sucked, the format would still tickle me, but these dudes are pretty rad, fast and aggressive hardcore/PV to punch your fellow moshers to. I endorse this record. (BL)
(To Live a Lie)

BEL ARGOSY – "The Wreck of the Bel Argosy" EP

Well-executed pop-rock that worms its way into your skull. All four tunes are catchy as hell, bolstered by a mid-fi recording that reminds me a bit of the best MOTO. A pleasant surprise of an EP. (MC)
(self-released)

BELGRADO – "Panopticon/Vicious Circle"

BELGRADO is a powerful band based out of Barcelona. Punk has gotten a little goth-y over the past few years, but it's alright if you like echoplex filled guitar riffs. They have an anarcho post-punk feel like CRISIS with the backbone of SKELETAL FAMILY. BELGRADO has the same danceability of SEXBEAT, where you can't help but to shake a little when playing this EP. Reminiscent of SIEKIERA with her vocal's strong deliverance kept alive and reverbed by haunting, rolling drums, with the eerie feel of SPECIMEN. BELGRADO just did a West Coast tour with BELLICOSE MINDS and would go perfectly on a line up with ARTIC FLOWERS and MORAL HEX, which I believe became a reality during one of their shows. Everything about this band is done in such a deliberate and direct way that it is not mundane like some contemporary bands that jumped on the goth bandwagon. BELGRADO live is gripping and recorded, they have just as much fury as one's favorite punk band. Get this EP, have it burn its grooves into your mind and let the riffs haunt your head for days. Ha! (AE)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

BETTER TIMES — "Better Measures" EP

First off, this record kills. Super energetie straight edge youth crew in the vein of GORILLA BISCUITS and YOUTH OF TODAY with a rad take on "the scene," that resonated with me because of some dumb things in my life. I just watched a sprawling Internet drama unfold over the last few days in the little hardcore community I grew up in, where kids complain that the scene is dead and, after some bickering, some solid people step forward, and the dude from the well-known band from ten years ago meets and exchanges numbers with the younger version of himself, and everyone gets stoked on what the next generation might look like. It got pretty mushy and sentimental when people started reminiscing about salad days and someone quoted some OPERATION IVY lyrics from "Jaded" and then old timers sung the praises of the rad kids we watched grow up, and are now running the shows and doing the cool new bands, and at the end of it everybody felt like they should go to the next local show. It's one of those cool moments when you get stoked on DIY hardcore and youthful defiance and feel like we're in it together. That is what this band sounds like. The songs are on the faster side of midtempo, with a sort of hyperactive urgency to the music and the vocal delivery, without breaking into blasty fastcore, and there are clear indications of when a moshy breakdown is about to start. Tight musicianship and the riffs sound familiar without being generic. The lyrics are awesome: "We took back our scene and rose to the top, this unity and energy can never be stopped. From skateboard circle pits to benefit shows, new kids coming in and feeling at home. Better times call for better measures, and we're fuckin' sticking together. Shoulder to shoulder, eye to eye, Buffalo Style continues to rise." I believe it. (BL)
(Commitment)

BETTY MACHETE AND THE ANGRY COUGARS – "Don't Call the Cops/Book of Hate"

Two songs of female fronted angry, trashy, punk rock that probably would appeal to fans of ZEKE and TEXAS TERRI. Unfortunately I find these songs to be rather generically dull and would rather listen to other things. But hey, they did raise a $1,165 on Kickstarter to put this out so somebody was interested. (JF)
(self-released)

BEYOND PINK – "Pride and Prejudice" LP

Second LP for this all-girl hardcore punk band from Malmö, Sweden, out on one of the best feminist punk labels, Emancypunx records from Poland. I remember trading with Jenni Emancypunx for BEYOND PINK's first LP (*The New Black*) but it was sold out, so when this came in I was obviously excited. Thrashy, '80s-fused hardcore punk, with sing along choruses, slightly metallic breaks and pissed-off vocals. These five ladies give off some serious rage and play their style unapologetically, yet don't seem to take themselves too seriously and aren't afraid to show their feminine side either—in other words, all the things I haven't had the guts to do yet. At first glance (and hearing), a simple-minded nitwit would think this is the equivalent to 'fashion bro core'—it is in fact the very opposite. With tongue firmly in cheek and heart sewed on (colourful) sleeve, BEYOND PINK take a punch (proverbially, literally and musically) at all the things that need punching: idiots in the pit, sexist attitudes, 'trend punks' who think their clone punk outfit is a statement, people who bring dogs to shows, or their bedroom wall because their own brain is driving them insane. From their lyrics, album/track titles and attitude, one easily concludes that these girls have had to deal with their share of questioning—what female band doesn't, for fuck sake; when will it end? Yet I believe clear skies fear no thunder and it's bands like this that set apart the posers from those poking fun at posers and still managing to deceive said posers. This band will rub your own prejudices in your face and show off its colours with pride! At the end of the day it's all about attitude and there's a healthy amount of it here! (LA)
(Emancypunx)

BIBLE THUMPER – "Decimation" LP

What unholy (sorry I had to) music is this? Noisy, fast, ugly, chaotic rock that doesn't fit nicely into a punk genre. I can't even begin to describe what I'm hearing. Maybe something like KARP with vague hardcore leanings. Also like a band that part of KARP turned into, BIG BUSINESS,

BIBLE THUMPER is a duo with just bass, drums and vocals. BIBLE THUMPER hail from New Jersey and that might explain their lack of concern for your health. The lyrics come on a quarter of a nice large poster and seem to be of the twisted religious type: "Wasted all of your life. All of your life on a useless existence. Judgment. Wait for it." give you an idea. Damn this is good stuff. (MH)
(Human Trafficking)

BILL BONDSMEN – "Nineteen/Things Fall Apart"

New single from this Detroit band I've been hearing about for ages but never really got around to checking out. The A-side begins with a verse ripped straight out of a tense '90s rock playbook, but the chorus that follows is built around a really creepy guitar tone reminiscent of BAUHAUS or another Bat Cave act. The juxtaposition of these two seemingly incongruent sounds, it turns out, is really striking. The B-side throws me for yet another loop with off-the-wall vocals and more killer hooks and guitar effects. My overall impression is a band having lots of fun blending disparate sounds and defying easy expectations. Total A+. (JH)
(self-released / Fourteegee Profuctions)

BITS OF SHIT – "Cut Sleeves" LP

Raw garage punk with brash Australian vocals. Imagine a post-EDDY CURRENT take on muscular Melbourne rock like COLOURED BALLS mixed with X. Well-stocked with riffs and swagger. Apparently this bunch of sharps recently played down the street from my house, but since I never go out any more I missed them. My loss. (AM)
(Homeless)

BLACK BOOTS – EP

Not garage-new-wave, but garage rock with keyboards. Something to have a couple drinks and dance to. They're a band with plenty of energy that sounds like they could be a lot of fun live. They're the local band you might tap to open for the SPITS. The music is pretty straightforward garage rock with some cool keyboard parts. There are some dual male/female vocals that are sometimes shouted more than sung—but who says that's a bad thing? (P$)
(self-released)

BLANK PAGES – "Blind Faith/Good Things Never Last"

A ha, it continues to happen: all things dark have infiltrated the punk scene and everyone is revisiting their post-pun influences. This is catchy, sinister, guitar-driven post-punk from Berlin. It also brings to mind '80s outfits like JOY DIVISION or the FALL (mainly on guitars and vocals) and more recent guitar references would obviously be the WIPERS and the RED DONS. Now, I know some people find this exciting right now because they never listened to this sound when they were growing up, but I *still* find this sound exciting, precisely because I loved (dancing to) it all when I was young. So, now that I'm older, I'm more than happy to continue listening (and dancing) to this sound, this time reinvented by new blood. An infectious single I will play on many a rainy day. (LA)
(Hardware)

BLOODY HELLS – "Why Hasn't Anyone Killed You?" CD

Mid '80s type hardcore/punk with a little bit of NOFX mixed in. This reminds of early VANDALS or maybe the Nardcore bands from yesteryear. This is OK. From Canada, these guys go for the humor thing without getting too stupid. OK at best. (RL)
(self-released)

BOOMGATES – "Double Natural" LP

More EDDY CURRENT related Melbourne noise, this time from the softer side of the tracks. This LP comes to us on the heels of two delightful singles from BOOMGATES and continues in similar vein—jangly indie pop with vocals traded between boy and girl. It'll remind you of the likes of COMET GAIN or the GO BETWEENS, but there's a timeless modernity to the recordings and the vocals are uniquely theirs. The LP format allows for some more experimental stretches, really soft moments and even whistled hooks. It's definitely skirting the edge of tolerance for some of you dyed-in-the-wool *MRR* hardcores, but you lot have always got BITS OF SHIT. (AM)
(Bedroom Suck)

BORN LOOSE – LP

BORN LOOSE features the bleeding maniac singer from the CANDY SNATCHERS and a similar cast of backing bros. Whadaya get? Exactly what you expected: punk rawk that refuses to relent. Given the current musical climate, their willingness to rock comes off as refreshing rather than annoying. Sounds a lot slicker than I imagined too, which works to their benefit here. (MC)
(Drug Front)

BUCK BILOXI AND THE FUCKS – "Weirdos on the Street" EP

Classic, classless sound here: everything sounds busted to shit, including the singer, spitting sing-along chant fuckery at you across four expert D-U-M-B punk tunes. I mightily dig how they follow "Shut the Fuck Up" with "Shut the Hell Up", really gives you an idea of the smarts this lot is working with. The title track is pure divine intervention. Go-nowhere, zonked out punk rock that can only be described as *perfect*. Essential as fuck, dudes. (MC)
(Orgone Toilet)

BURNING SONS – "Reflective Confessions" EP

I was a little surprised to get a new release from Mystic records in the 21st century. At least these dudes look appropriately old. Side one is a pair of burly, driving, metallic tracks with shredded vocals. These songs are fine for fans of the genre, but otherwise non-descript. The flip is a single song, "The Other," with an extended intro and a swinging, headbanging, midtempo beat. If you're gonna drag shit out like this, it better be a gripping, killer track. Thankfully that is what BURNING SONS deliver. Fast guitar comes in just as the record ends—perhaps there was a problem with the pressing? I don't care 'causethis song is ruling. Worth it for the B-side. (JM)
(Mystic)

CALMA – "En Esta Tarde Gris" 10"

This Spanish five-piece have a huge, pounding, swinging sound. They nail these six tracks. The singer roars and the songs are very well put together. I'm particularly impressed they don't rely on being heavy but still have hella tension and power. If there had been a reviewer copy, I would've kept it for sure. Recommended. The only downside is it's a two-year old recording, so I'm not sure when or if we'll hear more. (JM)
(Amendment / Chat, no info)

CAPICITIES / COMA REGALIA – split EP

Time-machine core for those that didn't get enough screamo the first time around. I am definitely not scream-oriented, didn't get it the first time, don't get it now. CAPICITIES are very ornate and mathy screamo, COMA REGALIA sound like they wanna be one of those quiet/loud emo bands from Oberlin, paper envelope sleeves and Winnie the Pooh tattoos for all! (LG)
(Middle-Man)

THE CATLIN ELM / COMA REGALIA – split EP

Dust off your old issues of HeartattCk, open up your heart chakra and relish in these '90s influenced, post-hardcore vibes. If you like screamy emotive hardcore that isn't devoid of melody, this could be your jam. The CATLIN ELM side has some cool catchy parts and some understated melodic guitar lines. The COMA REGALIA side is a little less understated and a little more muscular. It reminds me of No Idea records bands in the early 2000s. A band like TRUE NORTH could be an easy sonic touchstone, but these guys (and the CATLIN ELM) have a little more of a propensity for sing-a-long chorus. (P$)
(Middle-Man)

CLIMAX – "No Time for Heroes" EP

We get four tracks of Czech fast hardcore punk with momentary nods to thrash and street punk from Prague. The music is well played and powerful with catchy straightforward riffage, chorus vocals, simple yet powerful rhythm section and a good front man with a scratchy and angry vocal style—I even enjoy the echo effect on some of his parts. The lyrics are sung in Czech with English translations in the liner notes and tackle the subjects of being true to yourself, social pressure to conform and the emptiness of consumerism. There are hints to sounds like later-POISON IDEA, LOUD PIPES and the like here. This isn't ground breaking, but it's good. This is the music that pumps you up, makes you reconnect with the creative power of destruction. Solid release with four good punk songs—the song "Born in Prison" is going on my next mix tape. (MB)
(Angry Voice / Cecek / Emergency / Filferro / PoGohai / Triste Bufon Anticompany / Tu Pa Tu Tu Pa / Voltage / Zdenek Lipovsky, no info)

CLOSURE / MOLOCH – split EP

A brutal team-up from a couple of UK bands that straddle the metal/hardcore fence, this split puts a twist on the classic doom band/grind band formula by having both bands go fucking slooooow when the chance strikes. MOLOCH are more firmly on the sludge/doom side of things, though their take is a bit crustier than the average EYEHATEGOD clone. Bottom line, it's supremely bleak and they do what they do well, continuing the style found on their earlier split with THOU. CLOSURE are doing more of a dark hardcore/power violence hybrid, but the tone and feel is totally doomed out with bass heavy, resin-thick production. The result is bone-crunchingly tough and menacing, but thankfully lacks the macho edge that poisons so much hardcore in this vein. I guess they'd already broken up by the time this came out, but it's a damn high note to end on. (WB)
(Feast of Tentacles / King of the Monsters)

CLOUD RAT / REPUBLIC OF DREAMS — split LP

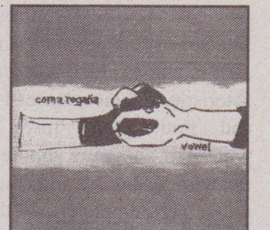
I'm only recently acquainted with CLOUD RAT, but have liked everything I've heard. This record keeps their halo polished with the intriguing blackened grind and self-aware, post-hardcore/screamo undertones thing they do, making them one of the more interesting hip and fast bands going on. This is a band that I want to see live to check if they live up to the recordings, because this shit is legit. The REPUBLIC OF DREAMS side is way more on the emotive hardcore side of the fence and probably too subtly nuanced for this hasher to fully "get," but I like it. It sounds kinda like COMADRE's first record, but without sing-a-long parts—all chaotic with spastic guitars and screamy, thrash-around-on-the-floor vocals. The drummer is all over the place and frequently sounds like he's doing something tricky and the song titles are long phrases like "Your Fahrenheit is My Celsius" and "Shit Hits the Fan, but I'm Still Not the Asshole." This band is a little artsy, but not in an objectionable way. (BL)
(50 Year Storm / IFB / React With Protest / Moment of Collapse)

COMA REGALIA / LAEIRS – split EP

Holy fuck, what year is this? These two bands play a similar style of emo hardcore. COMA REGALIA have one, or maybe two songs (not sure if that's just a long instrumental intro or not), anyway, it starts with a kind of pretty guitar, Midwest emo sort of thing with minimal percussion. They then break into a spastic, late '90s, East Coast style screamo but with weird, sung backing vocals. The last half of the song reaches a little further back to bands like CURRENT and INDIAN SUMMER, going more mid-tempo with some talking parts but it's still pretty heavy with screaming in the background. LAEIRS have two songs. While playing in the same vein, they're a little bit heavier and they stick more to the spastic side of things with a high-pitched screamer and some deeper growling in the background. It's not bad but might not quite live up to some of the old bands they are drawing their influences from. (PA)
(Middle-Man)

COMA REGALIA / VOWEL – split EP

Both bands on this split are some pretty dead-ahead, early 2000s emo. Did/do you have the *With Literacy and Justice For All* comp? Both these bands remind me of that record, of bands of that era and sound, as well as stuff that was on Level Plane. COMA REGALIA are slightly more straight ahead, but not much more than VOWEL, what with their violin player. As this is 2012 (making 1997 exactly fifteen years ago), you probably already know whether or not you care about stuff like this. None of these songs stuck with me, nor seemed to have any really good hooks to speak of, but a self-identified genera fan might find something meritorious about this split. (LP)
(Middle-Man)



COMMON ENEMY – "As the World Burns" CD

Vaguely political, weed-friendly party thrash. All bases are covered: it's fast as shit and the singer sounds like Tony Guardrail circa 2004. No solos and the approach is more street punk than heavy metal, but these Pennsylvania kids can still mosh you face off. And they like weed. (WN)
(Birdsout / Horror Business / Jailhouse / Learn To Trust / Overdose On Records / Solidaridad DIY / Teki,)

COMMON VISIONS – "Dangers of the Mouth" LP

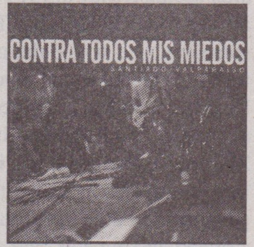
Musically, the primitive thump of COMMON VISIONS' rhythm section beneath dissonant, trebly guitar swipes and nasty leads, places this group in the tradition of the BIRTHDAY PARTY and SCRATCH ACID. With a positive caterwaul from primary female vocalist, the entire dirge is a festering carnival ride with malfunctioning straps and a sadistic operator. The aesthetic is realized, performances competent and vocals staggering, but most of the tracks seem slightly aimless. It's difficult to discern much of a thematic arc. The changes are stiff, leaving the seams of each song exposed and fraying. COMMON VISIONS have arranged a series of well-conceived and executed parts, but don't connect them with enough grace to make *Dangers of the Mouth* feel like an *album*. That being said, they are a notable installment of a grand tradition. (SL)
(Headless Press / self-released)

THE CONDORS – "3 Item Combo" CD

A L.A. band that is bringing the *MRR* goof term "Dad Rock" into the present day. Straight from the '80s NICK LOWE school of songwriting, the CONDORS' music is pleasant and mellow. It is power pop without the power. (CK)
(Vital Gesture)

CONTRA TODOS MIS MIEDOS – "Santiago/Valparaiso"

Huh, intriguing two-song EP from this Chilean neo/post-hardcore outfit, with songs inspired by the members' hometowns of Santiago and Valparaiso. Shit starts out heavy, but then meanders off into these proggy, almost psychedelic jazz rock interludes and then straight back into the heavy rawk. B-side is more straightforward heavy shit, with a super clean glossy production sheen. This copy is on orange wax with a download code. (GB)
(Amendment)

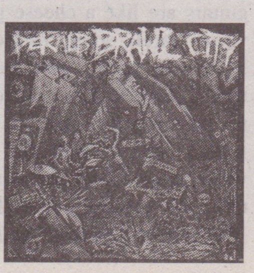


CRACKS & SCARS – "Stick to Your Guns" CD

Melodic street-punk/Oi! from Germany, with some burly shouted vocals thrown in to appeal to fans of clean cut modern hardcore. Pretty unremarkable stuff. (JH)
(Aggrobeat)

CRIMINAL CODE – "Hollowed" EP

The minute I first heard this band and set eyes on them live, I was sucked in by the black hole that is their sound—this band is fucking stellar. It's a rare thing to come across a band that exhumes such immense energy and understated brilliance. MY BLOODY VALENTINE got it right, SONIC YOUTH got it right, the WIPERS got it fucking right and



now CRIMINAL CODE push forward yet again. The sonic delivery on "Hollowed" is as striking as it is angst ridden and claustrophobic—a characteristic of their releases I find very appealing—and "Futile Days" fuses wall-of-sound guitars with their signature shouted vocals at the end of the world. Surging and constant, this EP feels familiar yet completely fresh. CRIMINAL CODE is like the obsession that keeps you sane: addictive. (LA)
(Deranged)

CRIMINAL CODE – "Sacred Hands/Distressed Dreams"
This is a great new record from Seattle post-punk outfit CRIMINAL CODE. Inspired by the same grey, rain-soaked skies as decades of Northwestern luminaries from the WIPERS all the way through to the ESTRANGED, here they serve up two new tracks: one on the faster, more punk side, the other a little heavier on the gothic effects, with elements of BAUHAUS or SAMHAIN. Pick this up along with their other new single on Deranged, lock yourself in your bedroom in your parents' house (painted black of course) and work on your devillock and eyeliner while smoking clove cigs. Cracking stuff, hope they come back here soon. (AM)
(Inimical)

CROOKED BANGS – LP
Three piece from Austin, who claim post-punk allegiances, but the music is total DEAD MOON / GUN CLUB style; you can imagine them forming after seeing X play in 1981 somehow? The guitars are urgent GREG SAGE/FRED COLE styled, but somehow as a whole the music has a more *rock* feel—it's a cool sound though. The main vocalist Leda has a really cool voice, it is as distinctive as say THALIA ZEDEK's—it reminds me of DANZIG too! I like this a lot, it's hard to play music as well traveled as this with style and power and personality. I also like it that the women play the stringed instruments and the guy plays drums. Not that it's that weird, but it's sort of a reversal to me!? Lyrics are in French and in English, and I can imagine dancing to this band in a sweaty basement *or* seeing that they are playing a SXSW showcase. They are a great band and I can imagine industry types taking note. (LG)
(Western Meds)

CURMUDGEON – "32411" EP
Whoa. The resurgence of powerviolence-inspired, face-melting hardcore is something that I welcome, but it's been a while since I've welcomed something this screaming into my life. The guitars are like a cheese grater on my face and vocals rarely sound *this* desperate…though the lyrics will quickly give meaning to that desperation. Their attack is precise and "Dysmorphic" is the most intense song I've heard at *MRR* HQ this month, with a swell that culminates in searing white noise. Don't sleep on this one, CURMUDGEON is a total killer. (WN)
(Bullshit Propaganda / To Live A Lie)

CURRICULUM MORTIS – "Sentencia de Muerte" LP
Damn, could this be any fucking cooler?! Originally released as a demo in 1988, *Sentencia de Muerte* is SLAYER-worshipping Peruvian metalpunk of the highest order, one of those bands where you have to instantly wonder why they're not a household name by now. With an awesomely blown-out guitar tone that's somewhere between DISCLOSE and Mexican psych masters KALEIDOSCOPE, CURRICULUM MORTIS go straight for the jugular with fast, anthemic riffs, twisted vocal snarls and the occasional crawling breakdown. If you can't handle an absurd guitar solo or seven then this might not be for you, but the rest of us can enjoy what is hands-down one of the most fun records I've heard in ages; seriously, I'd trade a thousand generic thrash revival bands for one CURRICULUM MORTIS any day. Those of you who worship at the altar of SACRILEGE—and ultra lo-fi morbidity in general—do not sleep on this. (WB)
(Ultra Sonido)

DÅRLIGT SELSKAB – 12"
Almost everything about this Danish band's record is great. The packaging is exemplary; the cover is screened, the inserts look fantastic and there's a rad foldout poster depicting a bunch of punks fighting monsters in suits. The lyrics are über-political and well thought out. However, the music is street punk of the most boring variety. It's flat, polished and the vocalist has an annoying, semi-snotty voice that is up way too high in the mix. Good frames can't save bad paintings. (KM)
(self-released)

D-CLONE – "Creation and Destroy" LP
At this point it oughtn't be news to anyone with a working set of ears that D-CLONE are one of the best fucking bands going these days, but between their recent destruction of the US East Coast and this LP…wow. They've always been a remarkably high-energy band, both live and on record, but this new LP is the definitive translation of their ridiculously high-energy approach onto wax. Besides the fact that every track flies out of the speakers like the band's lives depend on making your living room feel like the mosh pit of a sweaty Nagoya gig, D-CLONE have stepped up their songwriting again, bringing unmistakable vocal breaks, catchy riffs and memorable drum fills into every single song on this LP. While a lot of bands (perhaps too many) have attempted to carry the mantle of DISCLOSE when it comes to blown-out D-beat hardcore, D-CLONE have not only filled that role better than anyone, but struck out with their own incredibly insistent style. Perhaps I'm not the most impartial observer, but I really have to insist that this LP is easily one of the best of the year and I'll even forgive them for recycling the song "Weekend Punk" from the split with SYSTEM FUCKER, both because it's an awesome song and they substantially re-worked it for this release. I'm not naive enough about my taste to suggest that this LP is a must-have for everyone, but if you have the slightest interest in the crasher crust/D-beat/noize core scene, this is an absolute must-have. (AU)
(540)

DEATH ROW – "100%" EP
This is New York style hardcore from a Warsaw band. It's music to mosh to and do other supposedly manly things. Chugging, fast songs with plenty of breakdowns and gang vocals. The lyrics are in English and pretty typical of the style: unity, common goals, being pissed, being betrayed by a friend and then one about going out on the town and partying (yeah, not so typical). Unfortunately, the record also comes with a one page zine done by the label, which is mostly just an interview with one of the vocalists from BLOODSTAINED, where, among other offensive things, he says, "The best sentence about hardcore I've ever heard says: 'Positive is for your HIV test, not for hardcore.'" (PA)
(Ratel)

DHARMA DOGS – "Drown" EP
DHARMA DOGS do what I can only describe as an arty, slightly angular post-grunge. But that even makes me cringe. With toned down vocals this could have appeared on the *Sub Pop 200* comp. It's dirty and I feel dirty after listening. I hear a little SCRATCH ACID, but more so this reminds me of an obscure Texas band from the early 2000s; THIS NOW. More rock than punk, however this sort of sound has always grabbed my ear. A solid release from this Wisconsin band. (MH)
(Kitschy Manitou)

DIÄT – "Pick a Line/No Accent"
DIÄT adheres to the post-punk formula with such tight, punchy performances and carefully cultivated tones that the two sides bear repeated listening. What's immediately captivating is the live feel of the recording. If there is a guitar overdub, I can't distinguish it. It sounds like one player deftly weaving from fierce down-strokes into moody leads with grace and tenacity. The monotonous vocals are expected, but the hushed and tense repetition of "gotta pick a line" on the A-side is particularly effective in its unnerving redundancy. (SL)
(Iron Lung)

DIDDUMS – "On the Radio/Fools Paradise"
DIDDUMS deliver two very catchy power pop ditties here that really remind me of the UNDERTONES. The vocalist even has that warbled voice thing that Feargal Sharkey could do. Beyond that, this is straightforward rock'n'roll with extremely catchy hooks. Guitar, bass, drums. That's all a man needs. Sign me up. (KK)
(Distilled)

DISCO//OSLO – LP
Sometimes a band can be so normal that it's hard to say anything about them at all—not that it's bad, just not memorable. It's melodic punk,

sort of catchy, kind of poppy but generally driving and with elements of hardcore. It's musically in the vein of stuff like MASSHYSTERI, though a little heavier, but it also has a weird, almost Fat Wreck Chords feel. The vocals are sung in German but have very kindly been translated into both French and English for the insert. (PA)
(Antikörper Export / Damaged Device / Kidnap Music / Les Nains Aussi / Pumpkin)

DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE – "Nightmare Visions" 12"
Raging eight-song 12" of obvious DISCHARGE influence, but the severity of gnarled vocal shouts and thundering constant drum pounding actually seems to pin this closer to EXTREME NOISE TERROR's flirtations with the DISCHARGE sound, both within ENT and their projects like DISGUST and DEATHDEALERS, in as much as the songs themselves and the choice to present this sound in a super loud and burly recording that focuses clarity on the relentless drumbeat—a modern (well, '90s onward) recording choice, distinct from DISCHARGE's flat recordings. This Norwegian band never gets so mangled as to be interpreted as grind, but instead is just merciless, titanic pounding of D-beat at high speed replete, with some great echo-y, haunting guitar solos. Lyrics are exactly what you'd expect and exactly what you'd want. Burly! (KS)
(Dishonorable Record Company)

DON GARNELLI – "Grindcore/Death" EP
A square one-sided lathe cut EP. Each one of the 22 songs was done by hand on a 1940s record lathe. DON GARNELLI plays an unholy combination of noise and grindcore. The grindcore tracks are short and noisy and the noise tracks are low-register rumbles and drones. Six of the ten tracks are less than 30 seconds long. Because of the nature of lathe-cut record fidelity—which includes static and noisier playback on most turntables—it appears the noise from the music and the quality of the format were meant to go together. To be honest, I'm not sure which is noise made from the record playback and which is noise DON GARNELLI made. DON GARNELLI is Will Fastcore from To Live a Lie records; he's also had something to do with NO COMPLY. Fun stuff. (MH)
(self-released)

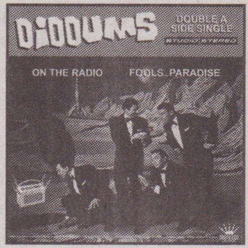
DRY HEAVES – "Medicated Youth" EP
Holy shit this is good. DRY HEAVES remind me a lot of fellow countrymen from the now defunct SHITTY LIMITS. Playing a fast old hardcore punk sound with odes to MINOR THREAT and the ADOLESCENTS, yet still keeping in a modern DIY feel, DRY HEAVES deliver one great 7". All the classic subjects are tackled here: people who talk too much; kids being drugged by their parents so they are normal; and the song "Graft" is the classic ode of not wanting to get a regular job like society tells ya. Oh yeah, this record rocks. (JF)
(Common Thread / Zandor)

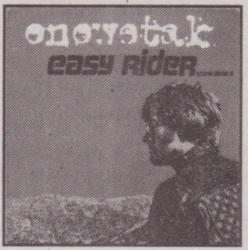
DYSFUNCTIONAL YOUTH / THE EARBLEEDS – split EP
The EARBLEEDS play mid-tempo pogo punk with hooks and that's dripping with rage, without the cartoon fashion bullshit. This style is out of vogue presently, with all its former adherents probably pretending that they were listening to CONFUSE at age fourteen, but that just makes this band that much more sincere and refreshing right now. DYSFUNCTIONAL YOUTH are dudes who are now married and have youth of their own, but were evidently around in the '90s and would open for the CASUALTIES and such, when they were still playing ABC No Rio. It's not made clear whether these are old or new tracks, but they play a similar UK punk style as the EARBLEEDS, albeit a bit faster, a bit less powerful and less pissed-off-teenager and more English-band-from-the-pubs.
According to their website, they "support the troops" or something. (DG)
(self-released)

EETS FEATS – "Ghost Slicks/Where's the Water At?"
Yes, I like the flexi disc. This one is bouncing the needle up and down on the *MRR* turntable. Does that makes this sound more reverby? EETS FEATS are a reverb drenched moderne garage rock band from San Antonio, TX. There are simplistic guitar riffs and sing-spoken vocals. It sounds nice and all, but there is way too much of this style music floating around these days. It is starting to all sound the same. I do like the flexi disc though. (CK)
(Rotted Tooth)

ELEPHANT RIFLE – "Party Child" LP
ELEPHANT RIFLE is from Reno, NV and plays some ugly noise rock. Even the cover art is ugly (in a good way). It looks like it was drawn by an angry eight-year-old. Think UNSANE or OXBOW. The opening track, "Rib-eye for the Dead Guy" is not exactly like the rest of the record. It's more melodic, while still remaining noise rock. The guitar is catchy, which reminds me of early SMASHING PUMPKINS or TORCHE. Oh don't run away screaming, the track is still ugly. "Slow Learner" is an amphetamine-fueled rocker that had me headbanging. "Your Mother was Delightful" is slow, noisy and menacing. Humaniterrorist is the first punk-ish label I've seen that raised money for a release (this release) on Kickstarter. Looks like they raised over $2000 from 66 people to put this out. And check this release out you should. (MH)
(Humaniterrorist / Satan's Pimp)

ENEWETAK – "Easy Rider Sessions Volume III" EP
Weirdest fucking record! Has *Easy Rider* ripped art and motorcycle culture written all over it, so I was stoked expecting some badass rocker tunes. The intro to the A-side has this stoner BLACK SABBATH and SLEEP vibe with some ELECTRIC WIZARD thrown in. But then the vocals come into play and there's this total late '90s sound. But wait—this record continues to get more curious! The vocals add desperation to a type of music that usually has more of a good time feel. The early psychedelic stoner vibes get smashed by the second track on the A-side—song two reminds me of SKELETON WITCH, with an epic metal crust vibe and evil vocals. We then flip the record and we get more rocker tunes in the vein of LECHEROUS GAZE, but with those crust vocals again from the first song and break down moments. Quite a curious band! Still deciding whether it goes into the keep or sell pile, as I really like my bands to have a more succinct sound. Get this if you dig these genres all together—like a peanut butter and pickle sandwich. It's not bad, just different! Totally worth getting due to the fucking sick rocker guitar on the B-side that is drool worthy. This record may leave the listener with a sense of slight disorientation and confusion. Apparently this band formed as a grindcore band in 1994, hence the residual weird moments. Glad you're growing out of that phase! Hopefully *Easy Rider*





Sessions Volume IV with put a death to the grind and let your good 'old rocker souls shine! Ride on. (AE)
(King of the Monsters)

ESKORIA – "Discografia 1986-1987" 2xLP
Two LPs filled with the sounds of mid-'80s punk from Mallorca, Spain...can I get a "fuck yeah?" This is crunchy, driving and melodic yet punk as fuck guitar, with interesting solos and cool leads, straight ahead drumming and bass with some off kilter timing changes, gravelly vocals with hate and plenty of attitude, chorus vocals and political yet underivative lyrics. The speed ranges from mid to fast tempo. The songs are similar, but different enough to be good on their own. I have no problem listening to both of these records back to back. If you are into Spanish punk, you will like this, but honestly, this is punk at its best. The gatefold packaging contains a ton of color photos, but the dust sleeves are the goldmine here. All the lyrics are found here along with a written piece by the singer Rafa giving us the torrid, yet active history of the band, focusing on the motivation of the bands and the scene that was happening at the time. It's a very insightful piece for any Spanish punk enthusiast ending on a positive note, which is not always the case in punks of the past. Also here are flyers and artwork, but the best—pages from *Insurrecto* fanzine, which are just fucking kick ass. This music was recorded over 25 years ago—the sound makes you want to get up and *do* something. This record allows you to listen to the sounds of four guys dealing with social and political struggles while dealing with their own demons. Honest, angry music with a sad yet hopeful feel—this rules (MB
(Metadona)

EX-CULT – "M.P.D./No Fun on the Beaches"
Two song 45 surf-twinged proto punk stylings from Memphis's EX-CULT (previously SEX CULT). This record contains one original and one CHOSEN FEW cover, but in all reality just feels there. This is neither bad nor great, but one of those 45 that will be played twice and then filed away for eternity. (JF)
(Goner)

EXUSAMWA – "Excusez-Moi!" LP
Before I begin, it must be noted that almost the entirety of the packaging for this record makes up the components of a board game based around the climbing of Mont Blanc whilst avoiding a yeti. So much work has clearly gone into this aspect of the final product, that to merely review the music would do injustice to the entirety of the record. Naturally, I assumed that with such an intense and unified concept presented in the sleeve and inserts alone, the music would be also wrapped up in the game somehow. Interestingly this is not so, as far as I can tell. Indeed, the record has so little of a unifying train of thought that the listener is often left puzzled. The music contained herein most closely resembling punk is heavy, fast paced, noisy rock type stuff, with some synth interjections and proggy riff progressions, as well as vocals pitch-shifted to cartoonish high frequencies. Many other songs could be characterized as "a bunch of blips and bloops strung together." Usually, I only go in on stuff like this when it's so deranged that it scares me, but this has its own appeal, as neither too scary, nor too cute or too seriously fucked. Middle ground in an endeavor such as this is not usually advisable or easy to walk, but I think this does it well. Perhaps this will be "love it or hate it" for people, but I recommend grabbing this record if you come across it, if only to be confused. P.S.: Members of FAT DAY (info courtesy of Jeff Mason). (LP)
(100% Breakfast)

FAST ASLEEP – LP
After a couple of years lurking in the periphery of the Bay Area, Santa Cruz's FAST ASLEEP have finally cranked out their first slab of wax. Twelve songs, twelve inches of total bulldozer hardcore, raspy vocals on the very edge of collapse and crushing slowdowns providing a respite from the seemingly relentless barrage of fastcore drums backing a gnarly wave of crushing hardcore. The dudes making these sounds are older than most (and have a litany of past bands notched into their belts), but their total attack shows zero signs of mellowing. Full of spite and frustration but hanging on to a last sliver of hope, the lyrics are every bit as important to this attack, and as uncompromising as the music is, the words put this debut *way* over the top. (WN)
(Deep Six)

FATAL FIGURES – "Caterwaul" LP
There is pain in this music—or maybe some demons needed to be released. Either way, FATAL FIGURES is loud, aggressive and messy with a catchy garage blues vibe buried beneath all that distortion. Wild and frantic with a twisted sense of humor. Features x-members of the BLOWTOPS. (CK)
(Big Neck)

FERAL FUTURE – "Come Out Swinging" LP
This sound is deeply nineties, even picking up some sonic hallmarks of that time period, such as rap rock breakdowns that really, really should have been left behind. The vocals are like school yard chants peppered with fuck you's aimed at the norm storms and the guitar equally snarls along, with riffs that land somewhere between angular jerks and metal shredding. There is enough good here to maybe cringe through the bad, overall it's pretty raging. (MM)
(Western Medicals)

FRUSTRATION – "Paranoia and Regret" LP
Pessimistic and glum thrashing D-beat hardcore from Seattle's FRUSTRATION (great fucking name by the way, simple and effective). There is definitely a strong crust undercurrent to this band's songwriting, however all of their releases hold a more metal edge to their production, which I think sets this band apart from other similar outfits. The vocals are gruff and growling and get melodic à la LEATHERFACE or MÖTÖRHEAD, while still being completely pissed off in their political nature. This time the guitars seem to have more depth and density, the drumming sounds warmer (with crashing cymbals intact) and every sound seems to have more room to resonate. These ten tracks soaked in deeper with every listen, but I warn readers afraid of sharp edges to approach with care—this may be FRUSTRATION's most melodic release yet, but it still rips. Features members of STATE OF FEAR, BLACKOUT, COP ON FIRE and more. "All we could ask for is another turn around this sun." (LA)
(Inimical)

FURLONG / SICK CITY FOUR – split EP
This pairing would seem nonsensical if it weren't for that fact that I find myself totally underwhelmed by both bands equally. FURLONG plays basic hard rock with ineffective flourishes of electronics, feedback and diet weirdness. SICK CITY FOUR are another animal entirely. Does the word "flugelhorn" mean anything to you? Well, it's here in spades, along with a couple other horns. Jazzy, skronky, yes...but not fucked enough. No one would play this record more than once. (MC)
(Gubby)

GASH – "We Are Fuck You" EP
Philadelphia's GASH rip through some crazy powerviolence mixed with some straight ahead punk. The vocals are lo-fi and sound sung through a cheap microphone. Ha, just got to the end of Side A and it ends with a BLACK SABBATH riff and now that I've flipped the 7" over, Side B continues with what sounds like a similar SABBATH riff, but I think it's BUDGIE, before kicking into more speedy powerviolence. Not sure exactly what to make of this but I did enjoy it. (MH)
(Give Praise / Sit and Spin)

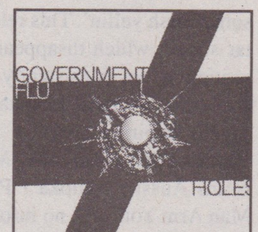
GHOSTWRITER – "Prayin' All the Time" LP
Dirty Roots Bluesy Country Rock 'N' Roll with all the proper shout outs to the one with horns. That's Satan for all you kiddies. It'll remind you of HAZIL ATKINS, THE CRAMPS, FLAT DUO JETS, GUN CLUB as well as the greats of country, bluegrass, and rockabilly from way back when. He does a CHARLIE LOUVIN song who him and his brother are quite familiar with the reality of selling your soul to the big red dude, From what I can gather this is pretty much a one man band. The vocals are perfect like gargling razor blades with bourbon, Great shit. (RO)
(End Of the West)

GOOCH PALMS – "R U 4 Sirius" EP
Wow, this is like super-cool. It's sort of stilted and electronic and it seems like the band almost goes out of its way to remove the catchiness, but they can't do it. It's so catchy that the band can't remove the catchiness. That probably doesn't make any sense, but it should. But what kind of music is it? It's punky electronic space music.

These guys have clearly listened to more than one DEVO record in their time. Oh, shit and now they're body-slamming me with female vocals. I'm done. I'm hooked. (KK)
(Anti-Fade)

GOVERNMENT FLU – "Holes" EP

Here's a great, short blast of Polish hardcore from GOVERNMENT FLU. Side A contains the song "Shadows"—a raging hardcore number bookended with breakdowns. Side B kicks off with a thrashier track called "Holes" and then they plow through an excellent cover of an ABADDON song. I personally prefer a few more tracks for my buck, but I know many prefer a nice package, which is definitely what you get with this one. The cover is a very thick, nicely printed cardstock with a bullet-hole-through-glass in the center—like, it actually has a hole in it, going all the way through the back. Very solid, great effort here. (MA)
(Yama Dori)



GOVERNMENT FLU – "Singles Collection" LP

This LP collects this Polish band's vinyl output through 2011—the *Demo 2008*, *Fuck Poetics* and *Like Letters* EPs, and their tracks from the *Warsaw is Burning* comp 7". The tracks have been remastered, and the *Demo 2008* recordings benefit the most, with a sharper sound and more high end. The band plays a straightforward, mostly fast hardcore style, and they got better as they've gone along. The *Warsaw is Burning* songs are an improvement on the demo, and the *Like Letters* EP is the winner here. Points are deducted for songs about unsuccessful relationships. If you've heard the early stuff and liked it, you'll dig this LP for sure, but if this is your intro to the band, I'd try *Like Letters* first. (JM)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie / Refuse)

HAISTELIJAT "Pakkomielle" EP

Fast as fuck Finnish hardcore with weird parts that definitely separates this band from other current bands playing this similar style. I dig it. The cover is very unassuming, I would have never expected this to be what lay in store... Jesus, this thing gets better and weirder the more I listen. Is this the Finnish equivalent of BRAIN TUMORS? Half these songs definitely made me ask that question to myself. Then again, it's hard not to think of APPENDIX while listening to this 7". Either way, it's fucking killer. Get this. (KR)
(Joteskii Groteskii / Nuuhkaja)

HARD TO BREATHE – "Grey Sky Above Our Eyes" EP

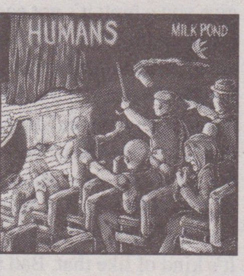
Melodic, straight hardcore from Warszawa, Poland. The thoughtful lyrics, bleak and sad artwork and complementary booklet with black and white abstract photos of urban landscapes all give off a clear message: this is passionate hardcore, with emotionally charged song-writing; the kind you find in every city because every city has (even a handful of) passionate, dedicated people involved in the local HC/punk scene. "We've never felt like we are wasting our time" is a pretty palpable example of what's going on here and if you like the sound of MODERN LIFE IS WAR, ENDSTAND or European hardcore from the '00s, you should check this out. (LA)
(022, no info / Elephant Skin)

HASSLER – "Asphyxiate" EP

OK OK OK, I know everyone and their mom is playing "disturbed" US-styled hardcore these days, but holy fucking shit balls HASSLER is on top! This is a Toronto, Canada four-piece of obviously disturbed individuals. No time to fuck around here, just straight up fuck you, mad-as-hell, fast-as-fuck, driving, classic-sounding hardcore with a touch of Japanese influence. The rhythm section gangs up on you. The drums are metered with some razor sharp precision fills, but just ridiculous in their pummeling—as is the bass. The guitar is slightly distorted yet clean, fast, tight with relentless riffage and feedback in just the right spots, rounded out by very few simple and noisy solos. The vocals are glass-gargling tough guy with a few moments of speaking/yelling parts—best vocals. If I had huevos, I'd wanna sound like this. The song "Pig Pen" is very reminiscent of that oldie but goodie, "What Ever I Do." Makes me wanna tear my face off 'cause it pretty much captures what I think about my current city, but what the fuck, right? I know that the guys in this band are no strangers to hardcore, having been in some rather renown bands in the past, but whatever you think you know about this genre, throw it away—this is a perfect balance of early sound hardcore and some of its interpretations from across the ocean (def Japan), yet distinctly modern and fresh. So fucking good. The cover art rules, with a black pen scribbling of a fucked up urban scene. The lyrics are hateful and simple, but not dumb. Man, I gotta see this band live and will be running out to get whatever they put out next. I recant—not all Canadians are nice. Get this shit. (MB)
(Schizophrenic)

HATESTORY – "Lovestory" CD

Polish darkwave with female vocals. I am not really into this genre so I feel guilty reviewing this, I do not do the spiral dance in the bat cave, although I love the song "Dark Entries" by BAUHAUS, and I am pretty sure this band does too. I know that many reading this live and die for goth tinged new wave, and want to slither to sounds that would have emerged from CHRISTIAN DEATH/45 GRAVE obsessed Polish goths in 2003! You could totally have slithered to these sounds in the glory days of the Limelight. This CD will be a welcome addition to your collection, stark female vocals over flanged guitars, well-constructed songs that have drive and atmosphere. I can see a room of spiderwebbed ladies starting their crawl across the green tinged room to this beat. (LG)
(Home, no info)



HATESTORY – "Lovestory" CD

Poland needs no introductions when it comes to gothy coldwave post-punk. I first discovered this band at the end of the B-side on the *Warsaw Hardcore Punk Attack Vol.2* compilation. They were the only post-punk band on the whole comp and their submission ("Wrony Na Sniegu" / "Crows in the Snow") is on this CD and it's as spine chilling as it was that first time. The SIOUXIE AND THE BANSHEES influence on the vocals is vast and the rest of the tracks don't seem to shake the BANSHEE spell, nor do they echo like "Crows in the Snow" but I ain't complaining. Seven tracks recorded between 2004 and 2010, but this could just as easily have been from the early '80s. Worth a listen and I hope this band expands their own sound and rises above their own influences. (LA)
(Home, no info)

HAYMARKET – "Friendly Advice to the Poor" LP

This HAYMARKET is from northwestern France. Their lyrics are (mostly) in French and the English translations provided are right on, decrying capital, war,and the loss of revolutionary fervor. Their music has a mix of the bouncy and the driving and angry, with some baritone singing and

some harsh yellin'. This release is hurt by the guitar sound, which disappears at times. The songwriting is not consistently strong. There's some cool shit here, more hits than misses, and the message is inspiring. (JM)
(General Strike, no info / Mass Productions / Les Nains Aussi / Maloka / Perce-oreille / Workin' Man Arm Yourself, no info)

HEAVY TIMES – flexi
Later period RAMONES, '60s influenced, muscular pop stylings. They're farming the later era RAMONES influence however, so you won't find the speedy downstrokes. So it's all about melody. Is it there? It is. Especially on the first song of the two songs on this one-sided flexi, but both songs are totally solid. (P$)
(Rotted Tooth)

HUMANS – "Milk Pond" EP
Indiana weirdos playing noodling, mathy hardcore, reminiscent of later FLAG or VICTIMS FAMILY. Technically proficient, with a heavy "no rules we write songs how we want to write 'em" vibe that is missing from most punk these days, but the result is a pretty harsh toke for these ears and they never seem to go anywhere. Perhaps I'm closed minded? I don't like RUSH either. (WN)
(Glory Hole)

IMPO & THE TENTS – "Pop Secret" EP
Okay, here's the deal, IMPO & THE TENTS, do you know how hard it is to find a record by IMPO & THE TENTS when the band name is nowhere on the pic sleeve or the record itself? I'll give you a hint: it's not easy. My ranting aside, this is one catchy disc. I'm not surprised, as these cats have hit my radar previously. It's punky and poppy. It's got a catchy guitar riff running through it and it's got a keyboard chasing after it. It's cute. I know that punk shouldn't be cute, but sometimes you need to open your mind, punk. This reminds me of the TOY DOLLS, without sounding anything like the TOY DOLLS. Oh, and the REZILLOS. It's kind of like that. Bad ass. (KK)
(Alleycat)

INFINITE VOID – LP
Awesome genre-busting debut outta Melbourne, Australia! INFINITE VOID is a four-piece that pairs up a tenebrous, melodic post-punk sound (chorus pedal and all) with a scuzzy, early '90s NME twist on things, bringing up memories of Lora Macfarlane from NINETYNINE and SLEATER-KINNEY. Fuck the rules, this is what it means to "revive" a sound and make it your own. So good! (FF)
(Poison City)

THE IN-SECT – "I Can See My Love/Over Under Sideways Down"
While this is not the MASTERS APPRENTICES debut single that also arrived for review this month (best B-side ever?), this is still a cool little release for garage-hounds. The A-side is no top-tier stomper but it's catchy and reasonably tough for the day, featuring a burly bass, a strong lead guitar and energetic drumming. On the B-side you get a spirited rendition of the classic YARDBIRDS tune, which according to the liner notes, was substituted here for a tamer original, as is often the case with these '60s singles. Probably not essential for the casual garage fan, but worth checking out for completists and fans of Oz rock. Also, the IN-SECT logo looks more than a little like the INFEST logo. (JH)
(Ugly Pop)

INVIERNO – "El Tiempo lo Probará" LP
This is a Chilean band reviving Mid-West emo. Let's not argue about the necessity of doing such a thing; let's just say that if you argue for it, then this record is a pretty good one. It is in all aspects dead on CHRISTIE FRONT DRIVE, MINERAL, etc., except that the vocals are sung in Spanish. (PA)
(Amendment)

IRON FIST – "Die Wasted on Doomsday" EP
Do you like MOTÖRHEAD? INEPSY? ANNIHILATION TIME? Beer drinking and hell-raising? I'm not going to say that this release is particularly mind-blowing, but it is what you want out of a self-proclaimed "heavy punk rock'n'roll" band. These guys are proud members of Metal Punk Death Squad and their name is a MOTÖRHEAD reference—that probably gives you just a slight hint of what you're in for with this. (AE)
(Muerte Negra Discos)

JACKALS – "Everyday Fabric" EP
Really fukkn mean hardcore from England. The slower bits are just screaming for a menacing, face-drooling disdain in your direction, but when JACKALS speed up you are well advised to step aside and let them go. A whirlwind of low-end torment, discordant guitars blasted high in the mix and dual vocals doing their best to out-anger each other. "Dead Patriots" is an absolute burner, likely my song of the month. This is a determined outfit, determined to waste you. (WN)
(Boslevan / Parade Of Spectres)

JEALOUS COWARDS – "Jajje Bula" EP
I don't know what it is about Sweden and Denmark producing so much lo-fi, garage-y hardcore, but they sure are good at this stuff. And this EP, while inconsistent, is no exception. Yeah, it sounds quite a bit like REGULATIONS, who are pretty much at the top of the heap as far as this sound goes, and the songwriting could use some work at times, but this EP is more than worth a spin. There's also an undercurrent of early emo/ Revolution Summer on a couple of the tracks which, whether intentional or not, I hope they will continue to pursue. (JH)
(Instigate)

KITCHEN'S FLOOR – "Bitter Defeat/Down"
I really liked the early works of this act/human/band, but each incarnation is wildly different, so if you loved one era, another may totally throw you for a loop. Or vice versa. There are none of the ugly guitars poured over scrappy pop songs, or pointed venom of the previous sound ideas and it seems disdainful and desolate, sort of recorded in the next room, a sense of foreboding, removal and loss hovering over the proceedings. It's got a dark early '80s art post-something feel, but it's not a put on or an approximation, it's a brutal listen, dirgy and unrelenting. (LG)
(Negative Guestlist)

KEPONE – LP
In case you were wondering when KEPONE's 1997 CD-only album was going to get a vinyl reissue, the wait is over. OK, maybe that sounds a little bit dicky. This is a labor of love for someone, presumably someone French. If you weren't familiar, this Richmond, VA band played thick driving noise-rock with elements of NOMEANSNO, SHELLAC and more straightforward stuff like the MONOMEN. That sort of stuff was ten-a-penny in the '90s—they practically gave those records out free when you bought a gas-station jacket. Why this is getting reissued now is anyone's guess, but if you were a fan of the band and collect vinyl, this is your lucky day. (AM)
(Modern City)

K-JELL – "People Like Us in a Pretty Pink World" CD
So, as far as I can tell (funny names with lots of umlauts and stuff, recorded in Norway), this is a Norwegian four piece; typical two guitars/bass/ drums pop-punk line-up. And indeed, the first 2/3rds of this long player sound like a shiny Scandinavian (or so) pop-punk effort. The APERS hit Norway. Not quite TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET, but methinks they'd be flattered to appear so. Towards the end, the disc suddenly gets going. A couple of early VIBRATORS-eque hits take it up a notch and then a dark/driving final track, sung in Norwegian tops it all off. I'd ditch the Betty-Boop imagery and pop gloss and stick with the hard stuff. (RK)
(October Party)

KRAMER – "Here We Go" EP
This is a straightforward rock outfit out of Tacoma Washington. They play a brand of music you will find in every single town across America (—but one I typically associate with Reno). It's 1976 suit-and-tie punk, with a subtle nod to garage and surf. Lyrically they make a beginners attempt at being political "Kill the IRS" and at humor "Crocs" and plenty of stuff in between. The music is solid, but feels uninspired. Perhaps it's beginning jitters and they will soon forge a sound that is fresh and inventive. They are definitely good enough at their instruments to create something supremely worthwhile in the future. (FS)
(self-released)

LATE AUGUST / MR. CLIT AND THE PINK CIGARETTES – split EP
LATE AUGUST starts this split out with some of the most incredibly generic sludgy grind that I have heard in a long time. The drums sort of sound like the drums did on the most recent XBRAINIAX LP, which is good, but not even

brutal drum sound can make up for tremendously boring lyrics and an overall very thin sound—partially owing to the lack of a bass guitar on the recording. Points do go to LATE AUGUST, however, for including an insert with their lyrics and some modicum of band info (although without contact or record speed, *booo*!), which MR. CLIT AND THE PINK CIGARETTES deigned not to for this release (booo harder). Perhaps, however, the lack of lyrics, song insight or info is blessing in disguise, what with one of their two tracks being called "Cum Friends." Yeech. While the music is stylistically quite different—this time being straight ahead punk with a super blown-out vocal and guitar affectation, giving the songs a garage (circa 2007) feel—it still fails to make any interesting choices in the songwriting. All of this amounts to one big heaping pile of boring record. (LP)
(Blokhed Music, no info)

LECHEROUS GAZE – "Born on a River" 12"

When ANNIHILATION TIME folded, the boys formed LECHEROUS GAZE. Though the only one missing is their old singer, LECHEROUS GAZE has a different vibe entirely. Gone are the FLAG and BL'AST influences—'70s rock and proto-metal are the name of the game here. After a slew of short-lived singers, it seems they've finally settled on one who fits the bill. The vocals are snotty and full of attitude and damn, he really knows how to sing. This mini-LP features four original tracks and an ARTHUR LEE tune, "Feathered Fish," all of which they pull off in fine form. This record won't satisfy anyone looking to circle pit, but I sure am glad they've stuck to their guns and continue to play the music they wanna hear. (JH)
(Annihilate!)

THE LEGS – "AAAA the New Memphis Legs" LP

ERIC FRIEDL OBLIVIAN may not get as much recognition for his post-OBLIVIANS output as his more lauded bandmates, but he really seems to have been the most fun of the three to play music with in the those days. Who didn't play with him? And was it ever not a great experience? First there was BAD TIMES with JAY REATARD and KING LOUIE who recorded an album in 1998 that would be released in 2001. Then there was the LEGS with JAMES ARTHUR of GOLDEN BOYS, FIREWORKS, NECESSARY EVILS, etc. and FOREST HEWES of NECKBONES. Recorded in 2000 in a living room, this is a collection of trashy, fun, garage punk party songs. This is what it sounds like when talented people get together for the sole purpose of making a bunch of noise. Sure there was drinking and other nonsense going on as well, but the music that resulted from the collaboration was simply cool. Glad they were smart enough to get it down on tape. (CK)
(Goner)

LENTIC WATERS / PLANKS – split LP

A collaboration between two bands that have recently garnered some serious attention in the German hardcore scene, this record highlights the confluence of neocrust, screamo and post-metal that has come to define an insular subgenre of modern hardcore familiar to fans of bands like PERTH EXPRESS. Even with a heaping dose of droning blast beats, LENTIC WATERS have a very emotive—and at-times a bit mathy—style. They may get quite metallic at times, but the overall feeling is more tortured existentialism than bloodthirsty hordes, and there's a whole mess of pretty parts that on that whole didn't really do it for me. The PLANKS side is much more to my liking, weaving between atmospheric black metal and epic crust in the style of NUX VOMICA and FALL OF EFRAFA. The vocal delivery reminds me of PROTESTANT and for the most part is quite effective, but I just can't get down with the recent trend of bands doing hardcore vocals in black metal, sorry. That said, there's some awesomely gothy clean vocals that pop up from time to time and they even manage to slip a dance beat or two in there without it feeling disruptive. All in all, a very solid effort and worth checking out for fans of this style. (WB)
(Apocaplexy / IFB / React With Protest)

LIFECHAIN – "3 Track Flexi" flexi

Epic cocaine frenzy guitar reminiscent of spending loud, hot, sweaty nights losing it to good Japanese punk records—they boast a ruthless Texas punk sound although the band is based in Florida. This band features members of HOLY MOUNTAIN and ASSHOLE PARADE. This three-track flexi contains guest guitar leads by Zac Tew of WORLD BURNS TO DEATH, KEG CHARGE and SMASH DETOX. LIFECHAIN is an epic Anglicized Burning Spirits hardcore punk band with amazing guitar tracks on this flexi. The art for this release is very well done and contains a sick severed ear rosary by Alex Warhead. Limited to 250. (AE)
(Financial Ruin)

THE MAJESTIC – CD

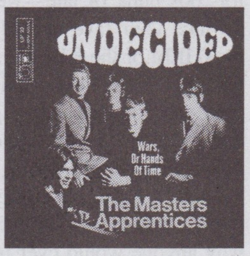
Fuck my life. This packaging is gonna give me a seizure. I think these guys are from Indonesia (hard to tell). They play a CLASH brand of punk…well if you added some solid keyboard leads to the mix, which these guys do. Their sound is as wild as their packaging. Sometimes it's too much, and at other times the chaos is perfect. This is a great party band. I bet these guys destroy in Indonesia! (FS)
(Home, no info)

MALPRACTICE INSURANCE / NASHGUL – split EP

I love the name MALPRACTICE INSURANCE for a band, it fucking cracks me up! But it makes sense as the lyrics are all about medical fuck-ups. What is great is that there are lyrics included to drive the theme; because the trade-off monster growls to scratchy high-pitched pterodactyl screeches makes the lyrics indiscernible, making the band name lost on people. This is an L.A. two-piece churning out some metallic grind to mince with a great full sound with some interesting and creative yet impeccable timing. They do an AGATHOCLES cover, so you know what this is gonna sound like. The liner notes have a photo of the drummer in OR Scrubs and a stethoscope…kinda reminds me of what IRON LUNG did when they first started out. Spain's NASHGUL delivers three seamless songs on their side with the same flavor as their pervious releases—fast hardcore beats cut with metallic, sometimes chug-y verses into grind. The vocals are demonicly alright and the lyrics are mostly in Spanish, "Atrapados por el enemigo invisible en un labertino de tecnocracia abysmal." That's some dark shit… If you are into this sorta stuff—ROT, UNHOLY GRAVE—you will be into this. Cool artwork. I have to say though, MALPRACTICE INSURANCE is rad. (MB)
(To Live a Lie / Food Stamp / World Won't Listen)

MAN HANDS – CD

Counting former REATARD Steve Sleaze as a member, this Tucson quartet delivers mean-spirited, straight-ahead punk, not surprisingly. Ahead-of-the-beat, closed high-hat eighth notes abound beneath jagged guitar riffs and vocals that alternate between a male and female singer. The lat-



ter of which carries pitch well enough to pepper certain choruses with hooks, but ferocity is much more of an objective with MAN HANDS than pop. The album is recorded sparsely, which posits the performers as underdogs. As in, they haven't the wattage, effects or production to upstage the richer punks, but manage to regardless. (SL)
(self-released, no info)

MARCEL DUCHAMP – "Contra Nosotros Mismos" LP

Abrupt, thrashy, political hardcore from this defunct(?) Chilean band. Think LOS CRUDOS meets COCHE BOMBA. Lyrics are very politically progressive, which makes sense since these guys are part of a collective in South America. I'm definitely more into the mid-paced songs where they settle into a nice groove, but some of the more upbeat numbers are excellent too. My only complaint is that this LP is way too long. There're 28 songs and I got tired of it halfway through. I don't want to understate the importance of this band however, since it seems like they were a central figure in Latino hardcore for a number of years. This record can be had for cheap, so pick it up if it sounds appealing to you. (KM)
(Masapunk / Les Nains Aussi / Vaillent Fred)

MASTERS APPRENTICES – "Undecided/ Wars or Hands of Time"

LOL. Reading the liners, it is amazing this Aussie '60s re-release ever came to be, the product of a late night drunken I-dare-you session. Kinda crazy, seems Ugly Pop has gone off the deep end for '60s punk of late—well no complaints here! So take your fave revved up UK '60s piss-take by THEM or the KINKS, and crank it up another ten notches (like every Australian band in history seems to do), and you might start to get an idea what to expect from "Undecided," shit is *punk as fukk—no joke*! The flip is a psych-tinged, moody head shaker, quite a comfy come down from the utterly ballistic A-Side, though I can't imagine why anyone would ever feel the need to flip this one over. I guess all parties need to end. (GB)
(Ugly Pop)

MFP – "Drifter" EP

Sometimes music can just feel "dirty." It can be the vocals, the lyrics, the tones, or any number of other things, but it's something that's kind of hard to explain. This MFP 7" is one of those records. The ugly guitar tone is a big part of it, but so are the vocals and lyrics, that more often than not are barked from the perspective of the "not-well," or the "about-to-lose-it," with a good dash of regular old FTW. The overall result here is a thudding, scraping, kick-to-the-head dose of hardcore, and while spinning this, I'm picturing in my mind the Hells Angels stabbing that dude at Altamont. It's *that* kinda raw. (JU)
(Painkiller)

NAOMI PUNK – "Eon Of Pain/Linoleum Tryst"

This is plodding—almost, but not actually, tribal at times—DIY grunge, with catchy vocals that bring some melody to the dirge quality these jams have. The songs are well written and recorded in the state of Washington, so you can slowly lurch and lunge to the jams with a can of Rainier ale in your hands. (P$)
(Cruising USA)

NATURAL LAW – "Cheap Blood" EP

After two stellar records, Hardware records is putting NATURAL LAW's demo to vinyl. While the band got exponentially better from this already-good starting point, it's interesting to go back and hear that starting point. For fans of their first 7", it's a similar albeit not-quite-as-developed sound, just as dark, brooding and abrasive hardcore, but with simpler riffs, and without the Dischord-to-Brooklyn melodic sensibility that I feel characterizes their vinyl output. The desperate vocals are cackling and earnest at the same time and the recording is delightfully rough, with the vocals slightly buried. Awaiting their next record, which from what I understand is on the way. (DG)
(Hardware)

NEEDFUL THINGS / ROSKOPP – split EP

Czech Republic's NEEDFUL THINGS deliver precise, consistent blasts of rapid fire, machine-gun style snare drum blasting, that are, well, sort of accompanied by metallic sludgy guitars, and serve as a conduit for PHOBIA-styled screamed and growled vocals over the top. These three pretty-pro sounding tracks date back to 2010 and, with the rough edges mixed out, they have a machine like impact that is simultaneously powerfully overwhelming, but also like hearing someone madly type on a typewriter. On the flip, ROSKOPP hail from Colorado—one of America's grindcore strongholds—and emit a refreshingly lower-fi dose of seven tracks of blast beats, gurgled and screeched vocals, lumbering riffs. There's the same severity but with way more looseness in both the delivery and recording, which then seems like an exuberant gift back from fans of grindcore, copying and making music they love, and maybe that just sounds a little more fun (or something that would've been sandwiched on a *Bllleeeeaaauuurrrrgghh!–A Music War* 7" comp in the '90s). Maybe the contrast between the two bands makes them more complementary than if the bands sounded exactly the same. Overall both sides are totally sick, so grind freaks should grab this. (KS)
(Give Praise / Nuclear Ass / Psychocontrol / To Live A Lie)

NEW CATASTROPHES – "Aim for the Heart" CD

Pop punk from the Bay Area that borders on indie rock at times. This is a little thin sounding and the vocals have a wimpy quality. Along the way of Plan-It-X stuff. Material wise this is decent so although this certainly isn't top notch for this genre, this isn't a bad start for a new band. (RL)
(Bitchin' Grooves / Meepmeep Barkbark Music, no info)

NO BAILS – "Sound Proof Room" EP

Barely hangin' in there goofy-boy core from Kalamazoo MI, seems like something that would have come free with *Big Brother* magazine in 1993. Ostensibly this is mutie KBD skate rock put forth by seeming stoners, armed with truly inept wah wah pedal guitar solos on the title cut, which shouldn't have been the A-side. The B-side is where the action is; it's truly moronic in a most compelling manner. If you told me AFTERBIRTH were in a skate rock band and then played me this, I would believe you. I don't even know how to write about it. If you have ever enjoyed music made by Allessandro Grabbie this will suit your stereo nicely… The A-side is truly wretched, I don't understand its evil purpose—it feels like the ingrates who hang out in the 7-11 car park by my house started a band after doing too much PCP. I can't figure this out. Then the "Werthers Original" song on the B-side is like a brain eating parasite, where it's impossible to ignore—it's amazing, or is it terrible!? I feel like this record made me dumber and I am not sure if I enjoyed it or not. The band's website is sorta amazing, www.nobails.com, I think I am converted! (LG)
(Orgone Toilet)

NO MAN'S LAND – "The Best of 1994-2012" CD

One of Indonesia's longest running Oi! band has released a retrospective of their career. Strong, passionate tunes ring out on this disc that should please fans of streetpunk/Oi! bands like the TEMPLARS or OPRESSED. This is not a discography though, but rather songs the band chose to rerecord from various periods of their career. Funny thing, is why they don't take a political stand per se, they do seem to sing about a lot of contemporary issues (as well as sport a Love Music Hate Fascism logo on the back artwork) for a self-proclaimed nonpolitical band. A solid release for a band nearing the two-decade mark. (JF)
(Aggrobeat Music)

NO MORE ART – "Tough to Breathe/False Confessions"

It gets difficult to retain the excitement for a scene/sound when you notice pronounced trends and unwavering similarities—one example being the current crop of Swedish bands mirroring the sound of MASSHYSTERI. What was once new and exciting, almost feels like a product by this time. The sound flaunts its inspiration very directly and even the aesthetic is predictable. Three dudes in leather jackets, with a lady singer. But, all grumpy pessimism aside, it should be clearly stated that this record is undeniably *awesome*! Both songs are as catchy as they are timeless. They are rich with killer guitar riffs and the songs are perfectly crafted. Some bands are awesome because they are trying to create something new, others are great because know the sound they want to emulate and recreate it flawlessly. NO MORE ART is the latter and they rule at what they do. (FS)
(Deranged)

NO SIR, I WON'T – "More Politicians/No Party System"

You know that dreary, Crass records, 1-2 1-2, anarcho pogo beat? Well turn down the dreary, keep the anger high, have catchy, multi-part songs one can feel great screaming along with, and you've got Boston, USA's NO SIR, I WON'T. While I'm not particularly fond of the template they're utilizing, both these songs are total keepers, burning with hate for the state and Obama's ever-extending wars. Get this. (JM)
(Destroy Me)

OBNOX – "Rojo" LP

This appears to be the very difficult and esoteric home recording project of a duo with a plethora of instruments at their disposal and a penchant for noise. Saxophones, guitar soloing, tape-collages, aspects of musique concrète are all barely discernible amidst the saturated textures of guitar feedback, manipulated vocals and punchy drums. I imagine the demos of NEON BLUD played through a meat grinder might resemble this, but there's otherwise too much distortion to really establish any context for OBNOX's aspirations. I would like to watch the groups' process, although imagining it might be more amusing. Perhaps it's: play the drums, enter noise, add more, twist the knobs, tear the potentiometers off the mixing console and use field recordings from patients at a methadone clinic as vocal tracks. *Rojo* is recommended for readers who enjoy standing in the hallway of thin-walled, eclectic rehearsal spaces for the length of entire albums. I know you're reading. (SL)
(Permanent)

OS ESTUDANTES – "Pedras Portuguesas na sua Cabeca" LP

The first song starts off with a bang and had me fooled into thinking this would be a raging, full-throttle LP. Sadly, while the energy and riff writing is still there, any potential speed and power is spent by the end of the first song, and this song's great sinister vocals seem to be completely absent from the rest of the record. I'd compare it to early CAREER SUICIDE meets early DOUBLE NEGATIVE or something, but the rest of the songs are more melodic and sometimes irreverent hardcore, that's interesting in the riff-writing department, but doesn't really go anywhere as songs or as a full record. It oddly reminds me of VITAMIN X at their most straightforward, fused with DEAD KENNEDYS at their most dark, with a quite piercing and loud bass tone, which could be interesting if done well, but it falls flat here. (DG)
(Läjä)

PERMANENT RUIN – "Hell is Real" EP

PERMANENT RUIN is the Bay Area's greatest musical treasure. They have a drummer that never fucking stops, guitar and bass players that traverse their respective fretboards from nut to body with seemingly relative ease, and a vocalist that gives it her all, 100% of the time, even when she's sick as a dog and can barely speak, and they are hands down the most consistent, *intense*, mind-warping, thundering and *crushing* band that has graced my presence often over the last year, and just seeing their name on a flyer with any band, is grounds enough for me to (want to make an effort to) go. The songs on this 7" are a perfect window into the PERM RU aura, and a prime example of how they can command and truly own, blast beats, slow stomps and mid-paced forward pushes without losing one bit of power, pressure, or presence, and to top it all off, they sound like *no* other band. Get into it, or lose. (JU)
(Adelante Discos)

THE PODS – CD

It's like dirty punk written by siblings who happen to be EMILY'S SASSY LIME and the CURE (early to mid era) and they spend time bedroom dancing to late '90s pop punk, trying to sing pretty into hairbrushes, playing Ouija bored, sneaking out and skateboarding, probably getting into a few fights (with each other and other people). Or when we were adolescents, my friend and I would get really dressed up and then go to hardcore shows and rage in the pit. Also, maybe some FRUMPIES and some NIRVANA and maybe even a little CRAMPS. The lyrics stay on the more silly side a little but it's better to be goofy than take yourself too seriously. Did I mention double guitars??? (MM)
(self-released, no info)

THE POOR LUCKIES – EP

Way too cock rock for me. When they get fast they're almost there. There're these horrible breakdown parts where they just completely ruin it. I hate to say it but the singer sounds like the OFFSPRING douchebag at times. Maybe this shit will fly live but I doubt it. It's just getting worse and worse. Keep it up. You're local so I have a soft spot for you. (RO)
(Reverberation)

PREGNANCY SCARES – "Facelift" EP

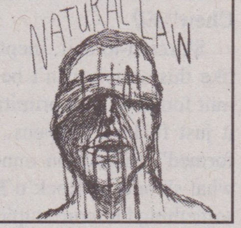
Chopped up stop and start guitars that bring to mind early '90s HC, sorta almost MUKILTEO FAIRIES along side something like MURDER CITY DEVILS. It's flailing and chaotic and reminds me of ANTIOCH ARROW, with parts that bring to mind a HC band attempting the chaos of the BIRTHDAY PARTY, but you know, coming from it with a punk angle, rather than a goth one. It's propulsive, angular, fuck-you music for people that like hardcore with a damaged art school rage. (LG)
(Deranged)

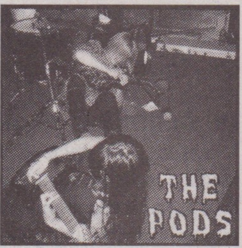
PROTESTANT – "Reclamation" 12"

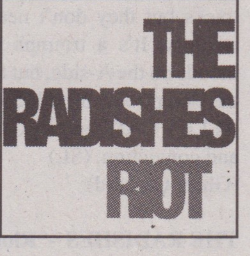
The torch bearers of anthemic US crust return with what might be their finest effort to date. The five songs on *Reclamation* will bore right into you, soaring melodies with vocals focused on finding meaning. "Unbecoming" can be held as the very model for epic crust, a morose but forceful mid-tempo brood that leads into "Salad Days," a lament that will hit the over-30 crowd straight in the chest (the over-40s even more so). PROTESTANT are full on intensity and never let the melody detract from their power; they haven't released a clunker yet but this time they have outdone themselves. (WN)
(Chaos Rurale / Halo Of Flies)

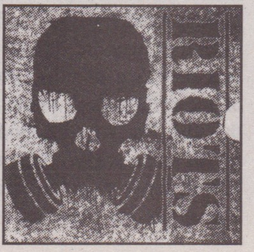
PROTOMARTYR – "No Passion All Technique" LP

This is a bit of a departure from the more straight ahead up-beat poppier moments of the *Çolpi Proibiti* EP. This record still has some FALL post-punk stylings, but the record as a whole has veered more towards the post-garage pop of a band like TYVEK (of which this band features a member). There are some awesome parts in awesome songs ("Wine Of Ape"). This doesn't quite have the gravitational pull of the aforementioned EP, which is one of my favorite records that came out this year, but it's cool and the songs are interesting. If you like garage rock more than post punk this could most definitely be your jam. (P$)
(Urinal Cake)









PUSSY DOGS – "Bite Off More Than You Can Chew" EP

Skuzzed-to-shit, inept, brilliant punk bullshit like this simply can't be forced. It's a character trait found only in primitive asshole geniuses and it just fucking happens. Shittily recorded, "performed" without an ounce of talent, butchering what should be Rock'n'Roll and ending up with something far more stupid and awesome than anyone ever intended. "Bite Off More Than You Can Chew" is a modern-day obscurity with a magic level debut comparable to the outta-nowhere, micro-press, world-beaters by NIX or BEDPANS… only more fucked! The highly questionable lyrics only sweeten the deal for me ("I only wanna inch my worm into the hole where your noise comes through" is but one example of this band out-Proustin' Proust). The end-of-take congratulatory banter inexplicably pressed on the record? Wearing kunckleless gloves and spikes in the bathtub? PUSSY DOGS: you've done it. You're punk. Please break up immediately, let your legend take shape. Where the fuck can I buy this??? Along with BUCK BILOXI AND THE FUCKS, PUSSY DOGS offer hope. Punk is back! (MC)
(Piss Drink)

QUAILBONES – "Crane Wilbur" EP

On the first track of this EP, QUAILBONES manage to make handclaps and lackadaisical, upbeat guitar leads sound tough. Like the sole power pop collector in any given city that looks like he can scrap, QUAILBONES manage to juxtapose relatively upbeat punk with a flippant attitude and switchblade swagger. Cheekiness pervades the tracks but they don't nearly descend into novel territory. It's a triumph of seemingly disparate moods on the A-side, but the flip resolutely recalls the downtrodden gothic punk of groups like the ALLEY CATS and LEGAL WEAPON with skill and conviction. (SL)
(Ghost Orchard)

THE RADISHES –"Riot" CD

This band has one of the stupidest and lousiest album covers I've seen, but I am surprised by some of it. At they're best (first song) they sound like classic era DWARVES. They do a too-slow cover of "Bloodstains". Then it just gets so fucking bad that I broke the CD in half. (RO)
(Standoffish, no info)

RATFACE – "Bleak Futures/Chaos Never Die"

Humble true punx at their finest! No bullshit glory seeking here—these guys aren't spending all their time studding their jackets and charging their hair. This is the real deal through and through, although there is glue huffing and cider involved indeed as they are self-identified raw punx. There is a real love of noisy chaos punk in the hearts of these Pittsburgh punks that shines through on this EP. The vocals sound like the deranged war cry of some crazy bomber charging into battle to kill all those who threaten the punk way of life. The lyrics are profound—see RATFACE demos for a prime example of the intelligence that was so covert with '80s UK anarcho and chaos punk. If this guy wasn't a punk for life, he'd be a literary legend linguistically blowing our minds. This is less rock'n'roll than their previous demos and first EP, although you can still hear the love of late '70s punk in the guitar on the B-Side. There is definitely more noise chaos times here as kicked started with the A-Side that is totally like SO WHAT mixed with the heavily bass pogability of CHAOS UK. A-Side = total noise attack insanity. RAT FACE has a bleeding ear on their B-Side that has a MÖRPHEME mixed with ANTI-CIMEX sound with their residual rocker vibe underlying it all. This whole short and sweet two-song record is noisy, raw, and pogoable. It's like watching a band that plays long enough to fulfill that punk hunger but not so long you get bored. I hate long sets—they're not punk! Punk is short, sweet, and loud like this here EP. Oh yeah, and it's punk to be deaf, so play this loud! Crash the pose, motherfuckers! The chaos never dies! (AE)
(Sit & Spin)

RIOTS – CD

This winsome Norwegian quartet has the good sense to thank original UK SUBS guitarist Nicky Garratt. Not quite sure what he had a hand in on this effort, but his sound is all over it. Catchy, gritty, driving punk, à la SUBS, and even more, the first ANTI-FLAG LP, which Mr. G. produced (and originally released on his New Red Archives label). Lots of great hooks, sing-along choruses and politics in all the right (i.e. left) places. Not just rioting, but picketing too! Most excellent. (RK)
(self-released)

RIPPER – "Death Rider/Never Enough"

Time and time again punks (?) will go down that path called MÖTÖRpunk. This is yet another attempt, with nothing much to add to the style. The clear, melodic solo at the end of the B-side had be nodding up and down, but frankly the sound on the drums and guitars is too clean and bar-rocky for my taste. There does seem to be a layer of fuzz over it all, and the vocals are gruff in a MÖTÖRHEAD/HIGH ON FIRE/OZZY kind of way, but it all comes off as sounding more staged than organic. Perhaps this is what they were going for; either way I find it a bit one-dimensional, if not generic. (LA)
(Blackwater)

THE RIPPERS – "Better the Devil You Know" LP

The RIPPERS outgun the vast majority of like-minded bands by the sheer force and speed of their performance. While the tunes employ all of the most tried, true and often tired aspects of '60s-inspired garage punk, at least there's enough energy present here to make the record worthwhile. Die-hard fans of the genre will be impressed, but casual bystanders are advised to skip the records and see the band live, as that's where this band truly nails it. (MC)
(Slovenly)

ROMERO'S NATION – CD

This album is awesome if you like sixth-rate MISFITS rip-off bands with incredibly dumb lyrics written in broken English (these guys are Russian) and song titles like "Girl With Teddy Bear In Hands" and "Hey Satan You Pussy." Intolerable. I can't believe four different labels saw fit to release this garbage. (KM)
(Contra Light / Rise and Fall / Rumble Fish / They Live)

SASS DRAGONS – "New Kids on the Bong" LP

Okay, we're 30 seconds into the first song and I'm wondering how long this is going to last. This is not a good sign. This is sort of poppy hardcore, the same way the DESCENDENTS were poppy hardcore. In fact they remind me a ton of the DESCENDENTS, both musically and lyrically. It's mid-tempo hardcore, with a catchy element. And the lyrics are mostly about girls and fucking girls. Make no mistake about it, this is no *Milo Goes to College*. These generalizations are not true across the board, but they're true. (For example, there's also a WEEZER element to them.) My guess is that theses guys and this record have a ton of fans out there. Me? I'm kind of lukewarm. (KK)
(It's Alive / No Breaks)

SEPTEMBER BEGINS – "Welcome to California" CD

Arguably, all creative efforts are self-indulgent, right? They're for the producer first, the audience second (if at all). All fair enough. The problems start when it's stuck out there for the rest of the world to have a listen. I guess some stuff is best kept in the closet, or at least the bedroom (or practice space or whatever). SEPTEMBER BEGINS seems to be a solo effort. And pretty ghastly it is too. I'm not a fan of auto-tuners, but in this case, it'd be a blessed relief. At its best (not saying much), there's a riff or two that bring to mind early FIFTEEN. Typically, it reeks of mid-'90s indie-rock. The worst of singer/songwriter neurotic wankery. The final nail in the coffin is a twenty-minute last track, of spoken word/poetry. Fucking dismal. (RK)
(self-released)

SEVERANCE PACKAGE – "What's Yr Function?" CD

A trio from Chico who do the punk thing with alternating guy and girl lead vocals. Sound wise this reminds of 45 GRAVE and PIERCED ARROWS. A six-song CD EP, this is OK for what it is. (RL)
(Mess Me Up)

SHOCKWAVES – "Street Punk" EP

Well, the title says it all; this is a street punk record. Mid tempo, sing a long, upbeat tunes for punks who want to hold their beers in the air and chant about working class heroes. I like grit to my music and this is squeaky clean. It's actually surprising this would be submitted for review, 'cause it sounds almost mainstream. From Nafarroa, Basque country. (KR)
(Spirit of the Streets)

SILENT ORDER – "Survive the Darkness" EP

This is some fucking meaty, noisy hardcore that has feet planted firmly in both the stench and crasher scenes. The excellent little metallic guitar flourishes à la SACRILEGE really sold me on this band, but the unhinged vocals and copious gang backing vocals are definitely out of the DECIEVING SOCIETY side of things while the just-this-side of blasting drumming recalls the excellent DROPEND demo from a year or two ago. There's so much raw energy and aggression present in this recording that I can only assume this band slays live. I have to admit that the slightly generic crusty presentation of the record did not fill me with hope, but it turns out to be a swank package (mini-poster, patch and download card!) and the content is much better than one might assume at first glance. A strong first release from a band I hope to hear more of. (AU)
(Drug Front)

SIOUX CITY PETE – "Genocide Blues" LP

One man and his guitar sing the blues. The guitar slides and the man howls. The vocal style is deep, dark and possessed sounding; the guitar playing is rather mundane. In the middle of side two of this record a woman Amanda Palmer does a very long spoken word political piece about a conservative candidate. She is reading an article from the *Seattle Weekly*. Not sure if that is supposed to be ironic or not so I have to assume it isn't. Strange. (CK)
(Hipster Death / Youth Camp)

SOD HAULER – LP

Probably the thing I like most about hearing bands like this is that SLEEP is at least getting their due as an incredible and influential band outside of the insular world of sludge. The guitar style on this record draws pretty heavily on SLEEP, but the band has a much more alt-rock feel, due to more subdued fuzz tones with a straightforward bluesy song structure. The vocals are pretty goofy-sounding with soulful stoner crooning and occasional harmonization. The lyrics are half drug humor and half moody, dark musings about the hopeless nature of the human condition, etc… It's too pop sensible and ironically sophisticated for me, or whatever; the band is from Seattle. I heard that weed is legal in Washington now, so I hope that helps these dudes out. (BL)
(Inimical)

SOGGY – "Slog" 2xLP

After releasing a collection of SOGGY tracks in 2008, Memoire Neuve have managed two more full lengths of lost material from France's SOGGY—not bad for a band who managed to release only one 45 during their brief run. STOOGES meets NWOBHM with heaps of attitude, like a punk PENTAGRAM speeding through riffs faster than they can chop up new lines, these tracks are culled from several studio recordings that sound different enough that the result is almost like a mix tape—except for Beb's moaning vocals hovering constantly in the mix. Ultra primitive, proto biker punk from France is probably not a subgenre that will appeal to many of you, and the live LP is really rough (as in "diehards only" sound quality), but as a document this is awesome, and folks looking for a ripping metal punk reissue will be stoked. (WN)
(Memoire Neuve)

SOLID ATTITUDE – "BB Gun Picnic" LP

Jesus Fucking Christ (no offense), this shit is sick! OK, OK, let's get real, the lead-off track is a fucking killer, not what I expected from the fourth rate, full color, glossy psychedelic, shitgaze cover art. These dipshits are from somewhere in Iowa (is there *anywhere* in Iowa?). They got a great shitcan shambling DIY recording, and when they get it right they get it fucking perfect, over the top punk rawk damage, like SWELL MAPS or all that Aussie '80s smarmy psychedelic noise punk shit. But as an LP, well how many bands can even pull that shit off? Easily some of the best new songs I've heard all year. Limited to 300 copies, you have mere seconds to decide… now off to listen to that first track again. *Shit*! (GB)
(Rotted Tooth)

SOUTHERN COMFORT – "Silver and Gold/Don't Cry No Tears"

This rules! Dreamy, bedroom girl sound, a NEIL YOUNG cover crooned out by NICO and SYBILLE BAIER over JAMC'd guitars, actually crooned by members of STRAIGHT ARROWS/CIRCLE PIT and RATSAK. More city sounds from the Australian underground… The guitar sound is hazy but unsettling, a landscape of something you can't quite see. Limited to 265 so good luck getting one! I tried and failed. (LG)
(Black Petal)

THE SPACE PADLOCKS – "Automatic Waterloo" EP

This records starts off right with this agro, punchy, catchy guitar riff. What a great sound! I love it. The SPACE PADLOCKS has an interesting post-punkish goth thing mixed with a slight Madchester sound. It is distorted yet dreamy. The songs are kind of long and get a bit monotonous, but they still have a weirdness to them that keeps me listening. (CK)
(Close Up)

SPIRIT OF DANGER – "Spirit of Danger" EP

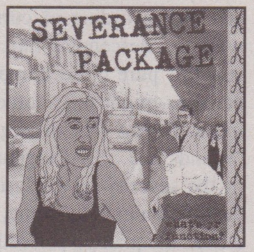
More shitty, full color glossy montage cover art; definitely gonna hate this. Huh, what? This doesn't suck? First track is strangely infectious punky dirge, great thuggish yet ringing guitar sound/recording, with a horror punk/rocker vibe. Rest of the songs are more standard aggro punk rock with a shitgaze bent. I can imagine them opening for some HoZac lineup and going over reasonably well. They seem to have all the right parts in place, just need something to stand out more and make the songs more memorable. Limited to 350 copies with download code. (GB)
(Narrow Vision)

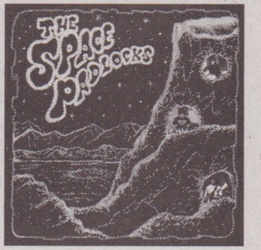
THE STAGS – EP

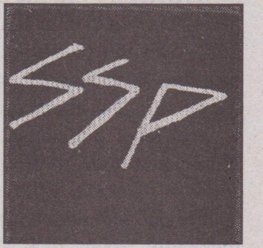
Country punk'n'roll along the lines of NINE POUND HAMMER with female back up vox. It's rockin' but a little to tired and generic to these ears. Maybe I'm too jaded but this kinda shit has been done to death by much more original folks. Maybe it'll hit you better but I'm yawning. (RO)
(Drug Front)

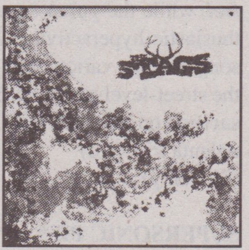
STRANGE FACTORY – "Fukushima Nightmare" EP

Completely raging four-song EP of boisterous Japanese crust, actually from Tsunami-devastated and irradiated Fukushima, Japan. This three-piece's second EP is reminiscent of the Japanese hardcore crust sound of the 1990s, which skates vaguely off the same guitar-driven, DISCHARGE-interpretation that starts as far back as early Japanese band the CLAY, but grimes up with '90s distortion à la the standard bearers of this style, like BATTLE OF DISARM or HUMPTY DUMPTY. This however benefits from the far more severe









and pro recording of current Japanese bands—while not descending into the current trend of abstract or pure noise. Simple assignation or comparisons might miss some of the more complex musical turns that distinguish this EP beyond a "sounds like…". As urgent, screaming vocals that fit the severity of the lyrical subject matter (the destruction in Fukushima, atomic power and economic inequality) perfectly, making this EP top shelf. (KS)
(Hardcore Survives)

STREET DOGS – "GOP/Not Without a Purpose"
This cover of MENACE's "GLC", reworked to lambast the US Republican party, was originally pressed to flexis and passed out at Republican campaign events prior to the November 2012 election. In these days of so-called "conservative punks," "punk libertarians," hoary old right-wing ideas masquerading as patriotism and bands who would rather sit on the fence than alienate potential fans, I admire and commend the STREET DOGS for making a firm statement of where they stand: against the right. That said, the record remains about as potent a political statement against the Republicans as it was against the Greater London Council; i.e. not very. I have a soft spot for this band and therefore enjoyed this record, but it's not likely to change many Republican minds. Maybe it did though, the GOP lost the election after all! (AM)
(Pirates Press)

SUBSONICS – "In the Black Spot" LP
SUBSONICS' vocalist delivers like he's strutting down the boulevard with a limp cigarette dangling from his lips' corner and his last dime happily spent on cheap speed a block before. He's a street-level troubadour. The slight croon and ceaseless attitude in his vocals recall LOU REED at times (particularly in "Lime-Lime"), but REED is only one influence in what likely also includes rockabilly, roots rock'n'roll and other 1970s city rock. The rhythm section lays down basic rock grooves executed with supreme attention to *feel,* while the guitar squanks and solos with enthusiastic hyperactivity. With a great amount of song-writing variety and unique hooks between the street-level narrative, SUBSONICS resolutely succeed on this fifth full-length offering from the Atlanta trio. (SL)
(Slovenly)

SUPERSONIC PISS – "Ten Elements of Rock and Roll" EP
Weird, noise/hardcore with blast beats from Iowa City. There are some crazy things going on here, pulling from lots of influences—I hear some MELT BANANA, XBXRX, grungy shit, hardcore, prog (cringe), noisy math with some nods to sludgy almost ambient sounds. The music is driving enough to keep the momentum, and while some of this sounds sloppy or falling apart, there is an undercurrent of order pulling this along. The songs are not a happy mistake, they sound like the insanity of scientific minds. This is definitely unique—the vocals are throaty and mean, the guitars climb. The bass is solid, driving, complimenting the weirdo guitar well and the drums change tempo like a humming bird when prompted. While I have a love-hate relationship with the term "female-fronted" because it has been ruined by the '90s and the subsequent dipshits that derive negative meaning from it, this band is indeed "female-fronted" which to me is usually a positive in hardcore. This is not some sort of "let's play for the boys-girls-punks," it sounds more like a bunch of pissed off fuck ups expressing some nerd rage. I definitely want to see this live. Rubbery packaging with name screened on front and sewn/surged sides. I want lyrics! (MB)
(Youth Camp)

SURF NAZIS MUST DIE – "Surf Heil! Demo 2002" EP
Crazy good hardcore from 2002 that reminds me of how much I enjoyed the turn that part of the HC scene took at the turn of the century. You know when bands like LIFE'S HALT, WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? and SCHOLASTIC DETH took a lot of the macho out of the scene. SURF NAZIS MUST DIE was around for one EP and various comp appearances before breaking up in 2003. This record is the vinyl release of their initial demo. The music is fast, fast thrashy hardcore with those high pitched manic vocals that I love to hear. Lyrics are all about hating everything—and I mean everything, this ain't posi core, that is for sure. A great reissue. (JF)
(Hardware)

SVART STÄDHJÄLP – "Under All Kritik" EP
Well this is something a bit different—a Swedish band going for a totally American hardcore sound. The good news is, it fucking works. This band sounds like they had a passing interest in '83-style Swedish punk, but once they heard *This Is Boston Not L.A.* they found the sound they were really into. It's like the FREEZE meets the SUICIDE FILE. It's speedy, but there's also a melodic nature to some of the riffs, and even a couple breakdowns. Short, fast and loud with a lot of stops and starts and perfectly delivered vocals with a strained quality to them. I missed the first EP by these guys, but I'll definitely be keeping tabs on them from here on out. (KM)
(Halvfigur)

TALKY TINA – CD
Power pop stuff with a little dash of garage from the South Bay. A bit of a mix with some slow songs and '90s style alt rock tossed in. Not exactly your skinny tie pop and probably for PIXIES as well as PLIMSOULS fans. This does have some songs that are keepers here. (RL)
(Scary)

THE TANGLED LINES – "Stacy" LP
I know it's satire, but the girly-girl factor of this record's artwork is the visual equivalent of mainlining flower-scented high fructose corn syrup, presumably with a pink syringe or lipstick applicator. I'd describe the music as sped-up modern youth crew with unnecessary leads thrown in every now and again (think MELT BANANA covering GORILLA BISCUITS as a baseline frame of reference). The theme of the record is supposedly the struggles and eventual revolt of a suburban mall girl named Stacy, but this is reflected more in the artwork than in the music or lyrics, which are definitely intelligent and a step above the standard posi-core fare, including at least one song that calls for a rejection of gender confines. (DG)
(Refuse)

TERVEET KÄDET – "Musta Hetki" LP
As you already know, TERVEET KÄDET were the *first* hardcore punk band of Finland, and also one of the best. They are playing the upcoming punk festival Chaos in Tejas 2013, and based on this record, I can say with certainty that their set should not disappoint. There's something to be said about a band that never breaks up, especially a band that never breaks up and still has so much energy and aggression. Although they had some drastic changes in sound in the mid to late '80s, this record stays true to fast hardcore. I admit, at first listen I could not figure out what speed the record was supposed to be played on—it's really fucking fast. Laja's vocals are more high-pitched, but not in the shitty way John Brannon's vocals are now, in a way that makes me feel confident they will be great live. I give this record a thumbs-up, because it sounds sick and because TERVEET KÄDET are still good... after all these years! (KR)
(Longplay Music)

TOTAL TRASH – "Josef K" EP
This band is totally ripping off 86 MENTALITY. The guitar tone and song structures are practically identical. The only difference is that 86 had a menacing vocalist that added a truly tough quality to their Oi!-influenced hardcore, while the vocalist of this band delivers his lyrics through a series of non-threatening barks. Deranged has been putting out a ton of great records recently, this however, is not one of them. (KM)
(Deranged)

TOY LOVE – "Live at the Glue Pot 1980" 2xLP
Man, TOY LOVE is one of those bands old men are always going on and off about endlessly. Like, oh yeah, they are one of the Top 10 bands in musical history, Chris Knox, blah blah. And like all these forgotten neverwere bands who never released the perfect record they should have, and only exist in the ether, these fat old men are just counting down the days where said band finally gets their recognition, and they get to have their ole "*see, I told you so*" moment. I guess that's about to happen. Like this press release says, they are getting into the New Zealand Music Hall Of Fame (O*h wow, big whoop*). So whadabout TOY LOVE then? Well, as a punk fan (ha ha), these

guys never were the punkest group. There are a few killer punk tracks to be found amid the four sides of the two LPs, but I think maybe they were a bit smart for their own good (I certainly am). This 1980 recording catches them as they were leaving behind their juvenile punk roots and moving into the post-punk/indie territories that Chris Knox would eventually gain critical acclaim. I guess I'm poo-pooing a bit more than I should, but I suspect the critics will universally laud this thing, why not? There are some great, *great* songs here, actually some of the best "punk" songs from New Zealand I have ever heard. As a whole it's pretty meandering and a struggle for me to sit through. Someone should make a "TOY LOVE punk hits" mix tape from the comp and it would quite likely be *the best New Zealand punk album that never was*, but until then I'm gonna sit here and whine about it. (GB)
(Goner)

TV SMITH – "Lucky Us: Unreleased Songs and Demos Vol 2 1983-1986" CD

The ADVERTS made two of the most idiosyncratic LPs of classic British punk, emphasis on the word British. I see TV SMITH as a songwriter in the same manner that I see Dave and Ray of the KINKS, summing up the indignities and nasty realities of British Life, transforming it into art. This collection features TV's distinctive voice and songwriting, the music is very post-ENO '80s art pop, a punk trying to find his way in a new musical landscape, and I would say if you are looking for the "Great British Mistake" part five you will not find it here. It's an interesting listen I guess a lot of this was written when TV was considering giving up on music totally in the face of New Romantic indifference... He is great songwriter, but I think most of the people reading this would much rather listen to *Cast of Thousands* or *Crossing the Dead Sea* than this collection of strange pop artifacts from the decade that taste forgot. For die hard maniacs only. I know you're out there... I am interested in hearing the first volume. I guess Kelly from GIRLSCHOOL solos on one of the songs! (LG)
(Boss Tuneage)

TZN-XENNA – "Ścierwo" EP

This classic Polish hardcore band from the '80s is back with four great new tracks. Apparently two are brand new, and two are old songs, freshly recorded and previously unreleased. I'm usually apprehensive about reunion stuff, but this is so great! Plenty of great hooks, great musicianship and the same great vocal delivery as the old stuff—this melodic Euro-hardcore fan is sold! Lyrics printed in Polish and English inside. Looking forward to hearing more! (MA)
(Refuse)

UNKNOWN TO GOD – "Black Heart Parasite" EP

Threaded with squealing rock'n'roll guitar leads and punctuated with even more piercing solos, six tracks of thick, dense hardcore from Sydney, Australia with sandpaper growled vocals that bellow and slather in long howls. There's a momentous Burning Spirits/DEATHSIDE influence undercurrent to the songs but the delivery's brute handling. The vocal cadence and breakdowns also points somewhere in the direction of early SICK OF IT ALL. Curiously, the artwork is covered in Japanese Oni demons, which set up a slight contrast with the religiously defiant band name, lyrics battle war, information overload, capitalism. Ex-members of SUBVERSION and NOISAM X. Solid EP! (KS)
(self-released)

UNREST — "Lake of Misery" LP

This debut record is a pretty honest-sounding take on classic Scandi D-beat bands like SKITSYSTEM and the WOLFPACK/BRIGADE milieu, but with grind parts. It's a fairly brutal-sounding collection of tunes; although the production is a little polished for my taste in the genre—kind of like that last DISFEAR record—so maybe it is true to the genre's current form. The guitars play mostly punk-ish chord progressions and, really, the only times the band sounds particularly metal are during the few grind blasts and a couple solos. The tone is heavy and would be blasted out if the recording weren't so crisp. I keep thinking that I want to hear what these guys sound like in a basement instead of a stadium. The songs are put together well; I especially liked the first few, which are generally gnarly and aggressive, but later in the record there are some samples and melodic parts to give it more atmosphere. (BL)
(Per Koro)

USELESS CHILDREN – "Post Ending//Pre Completion" LP

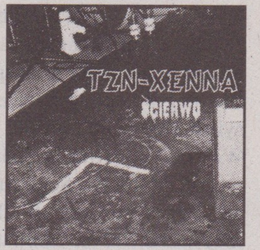
Hardcore covered in a layer of psychedelic doom that rains down as cold and epic, but laden in chaos. It does feel kind of cheesy at points, maybe overwrought and too slick, like really rockin' out. However, the cheese is pretty overpowered by overly delayed vocals, UNWOUND riffs, NEUROSIS pummeling and EYEHATEGOD sludge. For the most part it's an expansive and limitless landscape hallucinating the horror of existence, a way of looking at death but at the same time being death itself and all the terror of knowing what you are and desperately wanting to escape from who you are. (MM)
(Iron Lung)

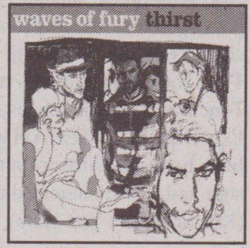
VAPAA MAA – "Musta Hetket" EP

Whoa, I really like how this record started out, really grabs a hold of me like a really solid Midwest hardcore band would, but with the underlying Scandi elements I always desire in a band. I actually really like the record, however there are a few parts in here I kinda cringe at. Like, the parts where their voices are harmonized in some not-so-appealing hooks. 95% of this record is fucking killer and catchy as hell, all the little details are great and it's very apparent these dudes know how to write and play this style well. And I can always appreciate a Finnish band playing punk inspired by American hardcore. (KR)
(self-released)

VENDETTA – "Fight" EP

Ha, this is an easy one. I've been rocking this EP since I picked it up and it just fucking kills. It starts out as speedy UK82 style in the vein of their first EP, but by the time the title track rolls around they're throwing classic-rock licks into the mix. Then the B-side rolls around and things get real goofy as the driving hardcore blends seamlessly with garage riffs and eventually a full-on reggae/psych freakout meltdown. These guys blew me away with their DEAD BOYS swagger on the last EP, and incredibly this one is even more assured and inventive. Track B-2 is titled in Japanese, but whatever it's called it's easily one of my favorite punk songs of the year. This is a brilliant young band and (not surprisingly) another fantastic release by one of the best labels going. (AU)
(Hardcore Survives)





WAVES OF FURY – "Thirst" CD

This English band has a big sound. There's piano and horns overpowering the guitars and drums. The singer makes his voice all sultry and drags out syllables enough to make you know he means it. WAVES OF FURY are going for a bit of the Stax records-Memphis Sound thing. They'd probably get there if they cut off all ties to the modern garage sound and the alternative rock scene. (CK)
(Alive)

WEED – "Gun Control" EP

This is a record where it takes you a minute to get won over. On first drop of the unsuspecting needle you're hit with this fuzzed out '90s indie sound and you can't really tell what they are going for, but by the time you catch the groove of the first song, you are totally into it. It's like if you were *really* high and listening to your favorite '90s indie band under water. They work hard as hell to work the melodies and it pays off. As previously mentioned, these guys have a groove, which you don't find too often in underground rock bands. This shit makes me feel high just listening to it. I couldn't imagine a more appropriate name for this band. (FS)
(Cruising USA)

WHITE WASH – "Bend" EP

Here's a four track EP from a new band featuring members of Winnipeg's BORN BAD and UNDER PRESSURE. While those bands played a more straightforward brand of hardcore, WHITE WASH crosses into a noisier, more rocking realm. Side A is pretty standard as far as fast hardcore goes, whereas the flip features plenty of tempo changes, guitar noodling and angular textures. This doesn't stands out much from the obvious Touch and Go influences, or from current bands like DOUBLE NEGATIVE that really blur the lines between hardcore and noisy rock, but it's a start and I'd be interested to see what's next. (JH)
(Kill Someone You Hate)

WHY THE WIRES – "All These Dead Astronauts" LP

This is a mixture of mid to late '90s musical styles that sat on the fringes of punk. The basic rock instrument section of the band takes on elements of slowcore, mathy indie/emo and what we'll call post Revolution Summer (JUNE OF 44, etc.). The vocals, which aren't a big part of the record, are generally sung in a gruff, almost alt-country style that doesn't always flow well with the music. The real catch is the saxophone and accordion (way more saxophone), that are used constantly throughout the songs. The initial "this is interesting" notion wears off pretty quickly and it starts to sound like someone recorded music for you, that you might have wanted to hear over a smooth jazz cassette, and somehow just the sax bled through. (PA)
(Rorschach)

WOOLEN KITS – "Four Girls" CD

You know the term indie "college rock" played by college kids? Well, this is post-grad rock, played by full-blown adults, apparently still stuck in their adolescence (?). This is called *Four Girls* because four of the ten tracks here have girl names and talk about, well, girls. The rest are about loving, losing, moving away, begging someone to stay and all that other emotive crap you should be over by the time you're out of college, but I guess these guys are still mulling over that stuff, hence my term "post-grad rock." Musically, at times it sounds like the fucking DANDY WARHOLS covering the VELVET UNDERGROUND or the SMITHS, and the guitars can get catchy, but it's all ultimately overpowered by a '90s Prozac-fused boredom that plagued so much songwriting of the time. This goes by pretty unremarkably and the few times it does catch my attention it's because of repeated vocals singing "oooooh, you're so coooold, tell me baby when did you get so oooold" or "I'm so bad on the phone when I'm all alone, everything that I do comes back to youuuu" or something equally whiny and generic. I don't know how Cheryl, Sandra, Susannah and Shelley feel, but this doesn't impress me. For fans of TOYS THAT KILL? (LA)
(Trouble in Mind)

YES MISTRESS – "Gunna Get Arrested/Self-Inflicted"

Rarely can bands capture the sound, the energy and the spirit of punk rock that came out in 1977. If this one doesn't hit it, it comes goddamn close. "Gunna get arrested, but that's okay, at least I get three meals a day." Genius. This is Top 10 of 2012 material. I keep listening to the A-side over and over again. I can't get my arms to flip it over. Do yourself a favor and go out in search of this one. (B-side is also awesome.) (KK)
(No Front Teeth)

ZATSUON – "Violent Noiz Life" EP

C'mon record assigners, really? Did the label slip you a twenty to assign this to me? Of course I love this fucking thing! Yeah, it's a slavish recreation of the GLOOM sound and aesthetic, but it's so fucking well done that doesn't even matter. Besides, GLOOM is gone and the world needs more crasher, especially when it's done this well. Really and truly these are excellent songs in their own right—this is very well written and beneath the surface noize the band it tight as hell (as you have to be to pull of music this chaotic). The drummer's skill at performing CONFUSE-esque fills wins him a gold star and extra credit has to go to whoever recorded this, as the drums sound *amazing*. The ratty bass and guitar tones are captured perfectly and the vocal is fully present without being the least bit overbearing. You like GLOOM, right? You like COLLAPSE SOCIETY? You like this. (AU)
(Distort Reality)

V/A – "DeKalb Brawl City" CD

All over the place, DIY sampler compilation with a bunch of bands, some of which you maybe know, some maybe you don't. The insert says, "Although this is a Don't Panic release, it was really a group effort from all the hardworking musicians on here!" So, who's on it: HASTA LUMBAGO, TURBO VAMPS, SICK/TIRED, GONZO VIOLENCE, MINIMUM WAGE ASSASINS, MZRCDXVL, the RALES and BAPTISM, to name but a few of the seventeen bands on this CD. There's street punk, grindcore, horrorbilly, straight hardcore, powerviolence, punk rawk, drum machine core, folk played live, noise, Oi!, death metal, punkrock and spoken screamo (!?)—in other words, a little something for everybody who wants to know what's going on in DeKalb, IL right now. Comes with cool cover artwork. (LA)
(Don't Panic)

V/A – "Gonerfest Sampler" EP

This is a four-track 7" of groups who graced the stages of this year's Gonerfest in Memphis, Tennessee. MOVING FINGER performs straight-ahead, fierce garage rock and left the mistakes in—presumably because it subscribes to the debatable adage that energy matters most. EX-CULT jives in the garage as well, but the vocalist makes pilgrimages to the UK and the instrumentalists' record collections are peppered with temperamental post-punk. TOXIE is up next. The female fronted garage-pop group flirts with the variety of reverb-laden, beach side vocals that makes easy fodder in 2012. Only, this particular song is actually gorgeous and compelling, luckily matching the style with substance. Finally, NOTS close out the record with a song in a similar vocal vain to TOXIE, only underpinned with a grittier backbeat and harsh bridge. TOXIE and NOTS: pick your queen. (SL)
(Goner)

V/A – "La Lucha Continua!!!" LP

Man, just when I think I've heard everything out there by all my favorite foreign bands, something like this shows up in the review bin and reminds me that there are loads of small-run cassettes floating around out there to be discovered. Music blogs have been a good source for discovering a lot of this stuff the last few years, but it's cool to have something for the vinyl junkies. This one is limited to 320 and contains semi-decent quality live sets from Barcelona's ODIO SOCIAL, ANTI-DOGMATIKSS and AUTODEFENSA. The release thoroughly presents all original artwork from the "NDF" fanzine initially accompanying this cassette, but the material doesn't really seem essential to me. For completists only. (MA)
(Vomitopunkrock)

V/A – "Red, White And Blue: Which One Are You?" 2xEP

Four song, four band double 45 featuring HARRINGTON SAINTS, OLD FIRM CASUALS, ARGY BARGY and BOOZE & GLORY. All the bands do a good job of the modern Oi! sound and sing about the boys, the boots, the beer (well, OFC don't drink so their song is all about Doc Martin justice). This is a record and all, but when it's a double 45 with just one song each, shouldn't all the songs be new and not already released, like the HARRINGTON SAINTS song is? (JF)
(Pirate Press)

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Amendment: www.amendment-records.com, amendmentrecords@gmail.com
Angry Voice: www.punkdistro.de
Annihilate!: www.lecherousgaze.com
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Antikörper Export: www.antikoerper-expoet.de
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Bedroom Suck: PO Box 130, Ashgrove Qld 4060, AUSTRALIA, www.bedromsuckrecords.com
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Dårligt Selskab: www.daarligt-selskab.dk
Deep Six: PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510, www.deepsixrecords.com
Deranged: www.derangedrecords.com
Destroy Me: www.destroymerecords.blogspot.com
Dishonorable Record Company: Postboks 49, Valerenga, 0626 Oslo, NORWAY vex.rex@hotmail.com
Distilled: www.distilledrecords.com
Distort Reality: www.distortreality.storenvy.com
Don Garnelli: www.dg.tolivealie.com
Don't Fear The Night: dftn@live.ca, www.dontfearthenight.blogspot.com
Don't Panic it's a Distro: www.dontpanicitsadistro.bandcamp.com
Drug Front: www.drugfrontrecords.com
Dysfunctional Youth: www.dysfunctionalyouth.com
Earbleeds: www.myspace.com/theearbleeds
Ebullition: www.ebullition.com
Elephant Skin: www.elephantskinrecords.com
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Halvfigur: svartstadhjalp@gmail.com
Hard to Kill: www.reverbnation.com/hard2killrecords
Hardcore Survives: www.hardcore-survives.com
Hardware: www.hardware-records.com
Headless Press: www.headlesspress.com
Hipster Death: hipsterdeath.blogspot.com
Homeless: www.bitsofshit.wordpress.com
Horror Business: c/o David Zolda, Am Kapellenknapp 13, 59379 Selm, GERMANY, www.horrorbiz.de
Human Trafficking: www.humantrafficking.bigcartel.com
Humaniterrorist: www.humaniterrorist.tumblr.com
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Kamaset Levyt: Lisakintie 18, 37560 Lempaala, FINLAND
Kidnap Music: Luisenstrasse 49, 66606 St. Wendel, GERMANY, www.kidnapmusic.de
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Mess Me Up: www.mmurecords.tumblr.com
Metadona: www.metadonarecords.com
Middle-Man: middlemanrecords.bandcamp.com, www.middlemanrecords.storenvy.com
Modern City: 270 Rue De Créqui, 69007 Lyon, FRANCE, www.moderncityrecords.net
Moment of Collapse: www.momentofcollapse.com
Muerte Negra Discos: www.mndiscos.com
Mystic: www.mysticrecordshq.com
Les Nains Aussi: www.lustucrust.org/lesnainsaussi_infos.html
Narrow Vision: www.spiritofdanger.bandcamp.com
Negative Guestlist: negativeguestlist.blogspot.com
Nikt Nic Nie Wie: PO Box 53, 34-400 Nowy Targ, POLAND, www.nnnw.pl
No Breaks: www.nobreaksrecords.com
No Front Teeth: PO Box 27070, London, N2 QZP, UK, www.nofrontteeth.co.uk
Nuclear Ass: www.myspace.com/nuclearassrecords
October Party: www.myspace.com/kjellband
Odd Box: www.oddboxrecords.com
Opaqus Rex: www.opaqustapes.blogspot.com
Orgone Toilet: www.orgonetoilet.com
Overdose On: www.overdoseonrecords.com
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PoGohai: pogohai-records.blogspot.com
Poison City: www.poisoncityrecords.com
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Rise and Fall: www.rafrecords.blogspot.com
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Vital Gesture: PO Box 41264, Los Angeles, CA 90041
Voltage: www.voltage-shop.com
Vomitopunkrock: www.punkke.blogspot.com.es
Warsaw Pact: www.warsawpact.bandcamp.com
Western Medicals: www.westernmeds.com
World Won't Listen: wwlisten@gmail.com
Yama Dori: Maciej Szymonowicz, PO Box 1373, 20-950 Lublin 15, POLAND
Youth Camp: youth_camp@yahoo.com, youthcamprecords.blogspot.com
Zandor: us.myspace.com/zandorrecords

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Matt Badenhop, Justin Briggs, Robert Collins, Amelia Eakins, Juliana Ferreira, Layla Gibbon and Jeremy Meier.

BLACK LOVE – Post emo for a modern age? Mid-tempo, meandering guitars, gruff melodic vocals akin to HOT WATER MUSIC…this is a touch more metallic (mostly the burning '70s butt rock guitar leads) and it seems like the vocals and drums are trying to make the switch from hardcore to indie rock with some frustration. This is competent, but I would say BLACK LOVE hasn't quite found their identity yet. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, www.blacklovemtl.bandcamp.com)

BLACK PIRANHA – Pas Propre, Propre Canadians taking synth-punk out of the dark and introspective goth realms and shoving it down the collective throat of hardcore. The first thing you do when you push play is take note because this doesn't sound like anything you've heard before, and then by the time "Baloney et Fugazi" starts you are either sold or confused (I was the former). Fast and infectious, dance friendly at times, but other moments owe more to the electronic/grind weirdness of PSUDOKU, and an intensity level always pegged in the red. Male/female two-piece alternating vocals and synth/noise/drum machine duties, this one came out of nowhere and I'm totally hooked. (Robert) (13-song cassette, no lyrics, www.talkingskull.bigcartel.com)

BRAINOIL – *Death of This Dry Season* – Oakland, CA is good at producing crusty stoner sludge metal bands. BRAINOIL are in the same camp as their elders NOOTHGRUSH. If you like bands like NOOTHGRUSH and CORRUPTED, you'll like BRAINOIL. This is BRAINOIL's *Death of This Dry Season* LP on cassette. Tank Crimes put it out on cassette. Thanks, Scotty. Now we can take this in the car and not just on our turntable! (Amelia) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, PO Box 3495, Oakland, CA 94609, scotty@tankcrimes.com)

BRIMSTONE HOWL – A collection on cassette of all of this Nebraska band's 45 vinyl based output. Nihilistic guitar brutes utilize a chord or two and a drumbeat to maintain the thuggish ape outlook necessary for survival in current climes. If you drive a trans am and like to eat donuts while listening to LINK WRAY and basking in disdainful gazes from authoritative types this cassette will set you right. A legal high for those with no experience necessary. Don't overthink it. Someone will legislate against your kind. (Layla) (15-song cassette, no lyrics, $7ppd USA international email, www.rainyroadrecords.com, Rainy Road records, 1111 N 13th St, Suite 118, Omaha, NE 68102)

BURNING LEATHER – *Daylight Nights* – These guys have been around for a few years. Portland's answer to the "Motorcharge" craze. They have seen a few lineup changes and we see their strongest work on this recording. All-star band with members from every band to ever come out of Portland. Not really, but damn near all of them! Not really much more to say. Very solid songs and great production. If you have not heard them yet then something is wrong. Get out from under that rock! Overall great release. (Jeremy) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, www.motorpunkrecords.bigcartel.com)

CATHOLIC GUILT – *Leather Jackets Only* – Experimental noise that I seriously cannot understand anyone enjoying. I have no clue how to describe this. (Matt) (?-song cassette, lyrics included, 4148 Connecticut, St. Louis, MO 63116)

CISMA – Rad blown out punk from the fucking Canary Islands! So cool, raw and bloody like the best proto-DESTRUIDO Spanish punk. Comes with a rad tiny info sheet detailing band history/politics/scene stuff as well as a fold out lyric sheet… Really cool/well thought out package! I wish all bands put this much work into their tapes. The sound is primitive and powerful, it washes over you and makes you feel part of something. Rudimentary yet thoughtful, savage yet earnest, the way punk was meant to be, that eternal sound of fucking shit up and making things better at the same time. Fuck! So good. A little Google research revealed this features the genius Teo of OTAN/FIRMEZA 10, so, yeah no duh that this is amazing, but it blew my brains out before that detail was revealed! Get it or regret it. (Layla) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, 5 international, 3.85 in Spain, bastardosucio@hotmail.com)

COMA – Fuck yeah, one of my favorite and rarely-seen locals finally has a recording out. If you are looking for a darker, mid-paced hardcore unit that blurs the lines between the DISCHARGE camps and the "now" sounds of mosh-y-USA-2012, look no further than this absolutely killer Oakland band. Personally, I can't wait for more. (Justin) (6-song cassette, lyrics included. www.comaoakland1.bandcamp.com, coma.oakland1@gmail.com)

DHARMA DOGS – *Drown with Moon Rocks and Speed* – Guitar-centric, noisy, post-hardcore along the lines of MUDHONEY or DINOSAUR JR., but with more than enough genuine hatred in the vocals to perk up this punk's ears. One song sounds like CRAZY HORSE, but then they come out with barrels blazing and deliver filthy mid tempo punk dirges with layers of mean guitars. I'm into both approaches. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, Chris J., N4182 Rory Rd., Poynette, WI 53955, thedharmadogs@gmail.com)

DISPLEASURE – Amazing live band, had a savage RUDIMENTARY PENI attack, with an eloquent death merchant on vox who was out for blood in a most real manner. Sadly broken up due to drummer relocation I believe, but this tape will soothe the wounds of your sadness, although not quite what I remember seeing them deliver live, it's still something you gotta check out just so you can see what can be achieved by vicious ladies and queers with intent! So good, snarling guitars, even meaner shouts from the mysterious E.Conner on vox, the dull throb on the rhythm section will remind you of things you thought you could leave behind, in short this is a tape that demands your total attention. This tape is on cut-up-tapes.tumblr.com but it appears to be sold out! You can download it still via the highly recommended Terminal Escape blog. (Layla) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, www.cut-up-tapes.tumblr.com, Diane 3855 Martin Luther King Jr. Way, Oakland, CA 94609)

DREAMS IN HELL – Today is Halloween, so this demo is really appropriated for the day. They play a death rock sound, reminding me of that TSOL phase. All art is typical death rock stuff—bats, skulls, and stuff—and the recording is pretty decent. Couldn't find on the insert where they are from. (Juliana) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, chiroptophilia@gmail.com)

DR. EVILLETOWN – *Dirt* – Very unsettling and strange experimental electronic stuff. The songs are short and structured enough to keep me from tuning out, and some of it is pretty neat sounding. If you like weird electronic hipster projects donned with weird drawings and lacking in info or track listings, ya might wanna check this out. Also, you can buy a T-shirt from the label's website for 30 bucks. WTF? (Matt) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, brainplanrecords.blogspot.com)

FUCKTARD / TOTAL ANARCHY – FUCKTARD sound like a cross between CRUCIFUCKS and DEAD KENNEDYS. I like TOTAL ANARCHY and not just because their name is really punk. They are from Indonesia and are really raw sounding in that desperate '80s hardcore punk kind of way. (Amelia) (14-song cassette, eight FUCKTARD songs and six TOTAL ANARCHY songs, no lyrics, Resurrection records, www.getresurrected.com)

FUCKTARD / TOTAL ANARCHY – Bay Area's FUCKTARD are a blend of aggressive punk and goofy sarcastic jams like "Jesus Was a Punk." It's played well and varied in sound, but falls a

bit too far on the wacky side for me, as indicated by the band name. TOTAL ANARCHY is metal tinged thrash from Indonesia with a poppy snare, burly hollered vocals and squealing wah-wah solos. Neither side of this tape is blowing my mind, but it ain't bad either. (Matt) (14-song cassette, no lyrics, Resurrection records, www.get resurrected.com)

FUTURE COP – Ugly, lo-fi, scrappy and trashy hardcore. The tunes are mostly fast thrashings, occasionally nodding to blast, with tasteful mid-paced ragers thrown in at times. Look forward to more from this clan. "Purge the pose," indeed. (Justin) (6-song cassette, lyrics included. futurecops2099@gmail.com, www.futurecops.bandcamp.com)

GAG – It's hard to give a non-biased review to this demo since I am doing a record for this band, but since I am the godfather of nonplus, I think that in itself might be the best review I could give anything—literally putting money where my mouth is. Olympia's GAG drops four tracks of bruising, sluggish, mid-paced, hate-filled, reverbed tantrums against the fuzz, and all that is "good," here. Keep your eyes peeled for a re-recorded version of this demo on a 7" from a label that I can't remember and then a flexi on Perennial in the near future. (Justin) (4-song cassette, no lyrics included. whitewards@gmail.com)

GENTLEMEN – Sex Tape – Ugly rock from Australia. Think FEEDTIME for an old comparison, USELESS CHILDREN or SLICES for a modern one. Chaotic, really dirty and "I Wanna Be A Closer" is my favorite song of the day, though I can't imagine that GENTLEMEN would care. And that is why they are awesome. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, sects.tape@gmail.com)

GOO FISH – This rec just confirms my theses, which are: 1. People don't give a shit about CD-Rs anymore and 2. People give less than a shit about CD-Rs with crappy inserts, which is the case when you put a piece of white paper with the name of the songs in Times New Roman font. Their sound is not that bad, though—some '70s metal parts. But yeah, the recording doesn't help much either. (Juliana) (20-song CD-R, no lyrics, goofish14@hotmail.com)

HARSHIST – Female fronted art punk from Hawaii that pulls itself apart and puts itself back together again as it continues. Dubbed-out post punk sounds bringing to mind everything from VIVIENNE GOLDMAN, LIZZIE MERCIER DESCLOUX and even somewhat like early GO BETWEENS, if they had a shout-y girl singing. Seriously, everything will be a crazy dubbed-out part then suddenly it's sort of frantic post-punk doom, then space jams, I don't know. It's cool! Really interesting and fun, without being wacky or clown-like at all. Her vocals have fifty layers of reverb on them, lyrics are about radical female liberation from oppressive misogynistic tyranny... dub or die. (Layla) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, www.harshest.bandcamp.com)

HAND GRENADE JOB – Ultra minimal sounds from two Washington DC women. A restrained guitar tempts swells into airy walls of shoegaze distortion on the first track, but manages to hold fast while both vocals breathe life into one another. That guitar all but disappears after "Move Away" (one of the best love songs I've ever heard) and vocal arrangements take the lead, backed by innocent percussion and xylophones. Like the music, the lyrics are simple at first glance, but there are layers of meaning and intensity below the surface...this is shockingly deep. For dark night alone time listening. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, no contact)

INDEX – My favorite local band have a tape! Really good punk, reminiscent of early Swiss classix including LILLIPUT and TNT, aggressive, surly sounds for girls in leather jackets on skateboards. I have described this band in the past as SHAM 69 meets KLEENEX, it's shouty, anthemic, a bit off kilter but still straight forward punk rock that will pummel you for four days straight before you realize you have joined a new cult and renounced everything your parents taught you. Submit! (Layla) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, $4 in US, email for international rates wetryharder@gmail.com, www.cut-up-tapes.tumblr.com, Diane 3855 Martin Luther King Jr Way, Oakland, CA 94609)

IRON FIST – *Headbanger* – Nihilistic "D-beat Rock'n'Roll." This is not what you may think. No, it does not sound like INEPSY. These songs move at a quicker pace and are disgustingly ugly in a good way. Soiled with solos and catchy leads. From this tape alone I would say these guys are leaders of the pack for this style. Side "Keep on Headbanging" is a studio session. Side "Never Stop Rocking" is live, but still holds good quality. Vocals are a little high in the mix on the live side but overall it's good. (Jeremy) (13-song cassette, lyrics not included, www.motorpunkrecords.bigcartel.com)

LAWLESS – *Nite of the Wolf* – LAWLESS reigns supreme in the kingdom of crusty death metal. Nothing evokes my inner metal priestess like some fierce corpse paint, sexist lyrics, and grunted vocals. Ever flip through that book *Only Death is Real*? The HELLHAMMER book? These guys were resurrected from that era and randomly showed up in the Bay Area of California. Not as metal as Switzerland, but they had a true calling to deafen the masses here with their true blackened filth noise. If you have a copy of *Only Death is Real* on hand, turn to page 179. It's like they teleported from the dark years of 1981 to our modern land of California sun. The UV ray index here is not good for the metal pallor, but life is hard for the dying dead and LAWLESS was much needed in the Bay. This band is a lifestyle band with a cult following that quickly developed after their emergence, almost like a plague unleashed by Satan himself. LAWLESS are pure filth and evil. This tape was limited to 200 copies, so make haste with getting your hooves on it. As you trudge forth, make sure to burn a church or two. Bow to none! (Amelia) (3-song cassette, fold out mini insert, lyrics included, Blood Divine records, blooddivine@blooddivine.com, trades@blooddivine.com)

MEAN MAN'S DREAM – Man, this is fucking *awesome*... Five tunes that are mostly mid-paced, scrrrreaming, dynamic, heavy, and dare I say (a wee bit) emotive hardcore stabs from RELICS and VACCINE members. MEAN MAN'S DREAM does spend a little more time than I'd prefer milling about the same tempos, but the amount of technicality and invention going on in the riffs more than makes up for that. (Justin) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, ($6 US, $7 Canada and Mexico, $9.50 world, www.galambisrecords.webs.com)

MEDIA CONTROL – This is a band from San Diego. Their sound has interesting hardcore parts, mostly pop punk though, let's say a little bit RANCID. But the female singing is definitely the best element, bringing some freshness to the songs. (Juliana) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.reverbnation.com/mediacontrolsd)

METHADONE KITTY – First thing that called my attention was the Occupy references on the cover. Although there's no insert or lyrics, we can tell they have political lyrics, which is cool, but their sound is nothing but generic mid-tempo punk rock, maybe also with a too-clean recording? (Juliana) (13-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.methadonekitty.com)

MYSTIC INANE – Another tape from a broken up band, this one features Phil and Candice from NECRO HIPPIES and is of a similar style. In that Phil has an amazing voice, sorta like KIRK BRANDON but when he was in the PACK, mashed up with CHRIS THOMSON or any other nasal toned snot destruction force. He has a great voice at any rate. The music starts out pretty basic mid paced USHC and it's good, it is what it is, if it ain't broke, you know how it is... But then the songs that fuck with that formula, like "Mock" or "Deep Creep" which has a NO TREND feel, they demonstrate what this band is capable of... Or would have been capable of if they had stayed together. I mean, I like all of it, but the *good* songs are so good! Makes you want more from the rest, but in general this is pretty sick stuff. (Layla) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, $3, 223 Jane Place, New Orleans, LA 70119)

NEOMYTHICS – I just don't get why some bands send their stuff to *MRR*. This band is one of the cases, since I can't see any connection with punk at all. Their sound is just mainstream pop stuff. Think of bands like KINGS OF LEON. Yeah, that's right, that kind of pop. (Juliana) (12-song CD-R, no lyrics, clintweiler@gmail.com)

NO FUCKER – *Demos* – *The* band that single-handedly re-ignited the USA's full-on obsession with DISCHARGE and raw punk in general. I mean, by the time NO FUCKER existed, there were obviously true-blue DISCHARGE *fanatics* here, some for 22-plus years, there is no denying, but there is no mincing words when I say that, if it weren't for these Uticans, barely anyone would give a flying fuck about any of this shit at a level even close to where it has gone in the last five years, and the over saturation of "raw punk," would be a nice "what-if" episode of *The Twilight*

Zone. The NO FUCKER 7"s are two of the *best* DIS records, period, and *especially* in the history of US punk, and this set of demo reissues is a perfect view into where that sound came from. Recognize and acknowledge those that came before. (Justin) (8-song double-cassette set, lyrics included, no contact info.)

NOIR SONAR – I guess this band is from France. I just figured it out because of a French stamp on their letter, no mention on the insert. I always like to find out where a band is from, so this is just a tip. They define themselves as death rock metal stoner on their bio, but I don't know. OK, the singing reminds me of KILLING JOKE, but in general it's just some clean mainstream sounding hard rock. (Juliana) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, noirsonar.bandcamp.com)

NUDES – *s/t* and *Sister* – Two tapes of wonderfully desperate, frustrated, snotty hardcore from these Seattle Nut Hut dwellers—paranoid, wet, and on the defensive. At times the sound quality of the first demo can make it a chore to listen to, where the second "sounds" *much* better, but on both you can clearly tell that NUDES ability to craft classic, twitchy, off-axis hardcore is perfectly in tune. Great live band and there's a 7" coming soon. (Justin) (?-song cassette and 5-song cassette, lyrics included. 4733 Roosevelt Way NE, Seattle, WA 98105, US)

OBLIVIONATION –Three tracks of classic, speedy, pitbull-vocal'd, hardcore. Plain and simple, bare-bones, high-blood-pressure catharsis to a T. One half of this band has been in OUT COLD, and that alone *should* be enough to nudge you to run out and grab a copy, but seriously, this thing stands on its own. (Justin) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, www.weareoblivionation@gmail.com)

OBSESSOR – *In Fear of the End* – Super thrashy hardcore from Richmond, VA. Like a cross between SLAYER and CRO-MAGS. (Amelia) (2-song cassette, no lyrics, Tank Crimes, PO Box 3495 , Oakland, CA 94609 scotty@tankcrimes.com)

OBSESSOR – *Mental Hell* – Super thrashy hardcore from Richmond, VA. Like a cross between VENOM and any NYHC band that played the A7 reunion a few years back. (Amelia) (2-song cassette, no lyrics, % Tank Crimes, PO Box 3495, Oakland, CA 94609, scotty@tankcrimes.com)

OLD EXIT – *Sketchings of an Old Exit* – Deranged, out of tune, forgettable garage punk from Montclair, California. There are two different recording sessions here—one blown out and distorted, the other clean and sterile. But they sequenced the tracks alternating between the two recording qualities, making it an even more erratic and difficult listen. (Matt) (15-song CD-R, no lyrics, oldexit@hotmail.com)

PROKRASTINATION KLAN – Pretty straightforward, ugly punk from these four lazy punks from São Paulo, but sung in English. This demo drags a bit, but shows some promise. While there are garage elements in the production, hardcore tendencies keep things moving. Comes with a screened sticker with a picture of someone sleeping and lyrics from "Bad Example": "Everyone says I'm bad example/Cos I don't wake up early/ Always late, always wasted..." You can totally hear it in their sound! Good enough. (Matt) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.prokrastinationklan.bandcamp.com)

PROXY – Fans of UK82 look no further than this rabid pack of Montreal punx known as PROXY. I know there is at least one INEPSY member in the mix, which makes perfect sense, since there certainly is a touch of MOTÖRHEAD rearing head in the riffs, but when all is said and done, this demo is 100%-pure GBH, PARTISANS, Riot City, No Future, street punk with that unmistakable rockin' Montreal. Swagger/stumble. A top-ten-er of the year. (Justin) (9-song cassette, lyrics included)

RACCOON – Well, this wins the prize for most rudimentary sound of this round of demos! Really simple repetitive punk that I would compare to the band in *Ladies and Gentleman the Fabulous Stains*, except with a chipmunk KEITH MORRIS on vocals. No distortion at all, sounds like it was recorded by a tin can, and yes it's somewhat amazing, or terrible depending what your perspective is. Totally shitty and bizarre, I can't tell if they want to be CIRCLE JERKS or the ELECTRIC EELS, or if this is forced shit-fi, a put on, or what the deal is, it is amazing though and if you like ABGAS you will fucking love this. Sample lyric "They say it's going to be alright, but it's not." I am giving the other tape to Robert Collins for a full evaluation. (Layla) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, 351braccoon@gmail.com)

RUSSIAN TSARLAG – *Sleeping on Stage* – This is not punk or garage—why am I reviewing this? This is lo-fi poetry pretty boy pretentious art school nonsense. Stop wasting my time. Ugh... if I wanted to get this kind of pretention I'd just go to a "noise" show at Death by Audio. Gag me. (Amelia) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, Price Tapes, PO Box 3481, Providence, RI 02909, US)

THE SCANDALS – *Trenchknife* – Melodic punk with catchy choruses and radio friendly hooks. Well-performed and nostalgic lyrics about partying, relationships and the innocence of punk youth. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, www.thescandalsnj.com, www.baldylonghair.com)

SHAVED CHRIST – I am going through the hellhole that is my tape box and I can't tell if I have reviewed this already or not! If not, I am so sorry, as it appears it came out a looong ass time ago. Anyway, rad classic early FLAG worship from Athens, GA, good songwriting, solid HC for those that like it delivered in that manner. Nothing that's gonna make you look at the world in a different way, but I bet they are great live, and meat'n'potatoes hardcore makes the grass grow strong and long, so be it. May it continue! Lyrics are more teenage poetry than anything that came outta Keith Morris' mouth. "Incense covers the smell of piss / Sand, diamonds and stone cover rotting wood" is the most overwrought, the rest of it seems more like maniac basement dweller horror movie watcher core. (Layla) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, sharkear@hotmail.com)

SHOXX – This tape is hands-down one of the coolest, and most interesting releases I have heard this year. Cold, dark and desperate tunes with a sad discordant bent, completely unfamiliar and at the same time chock full of that mid-paced gut-slugging stomp that 2012 has been good for. This drummer dude is killing it. From front to back he is non-stop busy pounding. Gotttttdamnnn is this great. (Justin) ($5.50 ppd, 4-song cassette, no lyrics included, pollution.c6@gmail.com, % C6 450 Manhattan Ave., 5B, Brooklyn, NY 11222, US)

THE SHRILLS – *Pink Hotel EP* – Blown out, far out, in out, surf garage rock'n'roll from California. Reminiscent of JESUS & MARY CHAIN but are less art school and are more learning toward that psychedelic PINK REASON sound if PINK REASON did less hard drugs and got more sunshine. They're still reverbed and distorted in that underwater way things get at 3am after too much of whatever, but dreamy in a way that makes you wanna listen to this when you're all jazzed you just gave that cute guy or girl your digits. Yeah, go hold hands with this cassette. (Amelia) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, Resurrection records, www.getresurrected.com, ResurrectionRecords666@yahoo.com, theshrills@gmail.com)

SICK RATS – Instantly this brings to mind a mix of DEATH WISH KIDS and AREA 51. Manic, yet poppy and always punk. It's hard to pinpoint this sound—distorted, melodic, and well-written songs fronted by a very angry sounding woman. It really brings this to the next level. Ten songs. All good, but "Claws" and "Cop Stuff" really pull me in. Portland, Oregon seems to be coming back. The last couple years did not yield very many new bands but it's picking up again. SICK RATS demo...*good*. (Jeremy) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, 7063 NE Garfield Ave, Portland, OR 97211, US)

SPACE WOLVES – '80s UK indie/pop sounds, delivered with an attitude that reminds me of M.O.T.O., as difficult as that might be to justify. The vocals are sweet, the songs are short and to the point, the melodies are pleasing, and overall this is a very nice release. That is to say SPACE WOLVES are not mean or aggressive in any manner whatsoever, but I like the HOUSEMARTINS as much as the next guy, so that's cool by me. (Robert) (13-song cassette, no lyrics, UT records, 46 Livingston Pkwy, Amherst, NY 14226, nlr@ut-records.com)

SUFFER THE PAIN – *The Last Massacre* – This demo threw me for a loop. First song was very much in the realm of DISFEAR. Stadium D-Beat. In comes the second song, which has much more of a Swedish death metal feel to it. Seems to be the theme here. Six songs, some are much more D-Beat than others, but overall this seems like the beginning of a death metal band. I'm sure the next release will be straighter to the point and not toy

around with the punk side of things. I really like that these songs are short and to the point. FFO: metal punk with that trademark Swedish sound. (Jeremy) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, sufferthepain1988@gmail.com)

SWORD WIELDER – So I pop this thing into my CD drive, iTunes pops up, and the four track times are 7:06, 5:44, 3:44, and 9:34. Ah, crap. So SWORD WIELDER wields their crusty sword much in the same way that AMEBIX or AXEGRINDER would. The recording is very full and heavy sounding, the pace is tough and dirgy, and the vocals are of the burly and hollered variety. The fourth track (the 9:34 one) is called "With My Dying Breath I Curse this World…Another Sun Will Rise" and starts with a few verses of what could be straight from the *Game of Thrones* series. OK, I'm cracking up here, but the fact of the matter is—this band does this shit really well. (Matt) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, swordwielders@hotmail.com)

TOTAL TRASH – Really great raw primal rage served up fresh from the Midwest, early DIE KREUTZEN meets FLAG styled HC with aggro female vocals,and amazing GINN/"All White" styled guitar tricks. There's just a feeling of desperate times and unhinged power, it's totally amazing but so rudimentary and good… I wish it came with a lyric sheet because some of the song titles are a bit corny/ambiguous; "Eye Candy Girl" / "Lesbian Blow Job" could both be anti-girl bar rocker anthems… I mean, I am not saying they are by any means, just that I have no idea. Mysterious (girl) hardcore. Anyway, whatever get this so you can play it when you are driving to whatever locations you have to drive to, or listen to it on your walkman while skating to school / work / the grave yard. It's an essential new piece of Midwestern hardcore, the eternal sound of rage and disappointment. I am keeping the little note they sent with the tape forever, best drawings so send off for the tape already so you can get rad drawings and a tape you will play over and over and over. (Layla) (6-song cassette, $5?, www.totaltrash.bandcamp.com, Jessica Katz, 1906 3rd Ave, S. Minneapolis, MN 55404)

TROPICAL DEPRESSION – Drone-y, relentless, falling apart art punk from New Orleans, songs about being desperate and disenfranchised, about the politics of living in a post-Katrina NOLA, intoned over frantic shambled guitars and drums, a bass that keeps time… This is cool, totally worth checking out… (Layla) (5-song cassette, $4, No More Fiction Tapes, PO Box 792372, New Orleans, LA 70179)

UNCLE – *Primata* – Bass/drum duo from Prince Edward Island (look it up, it is very far from your house) that is equal parts MITB and NOMEANSNO—it's prog/powerviolence but UNCLE totally swing in a manner that few bands strapped with either moniker tend to. "Hunter/Gatherer" starts with a Small Parts…style instrumental missive and then launches into modern PV with alarming precision (it's the jam of the tape), and this model follows for the bulk of *Primata*. Solid and determined. (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd, yourdadsbrother@gmail.com)

VIOLENT OUTBURST – Total '82 NYC / A-7 / ABUSED styled hardcore from these Virginia men, with an ex-SOCIALCIDEr among the ranks. A classic, timeless style, done its due justice. There's not much more than that I should have to say. Ripping, brawny, muscular tunes. (Justin) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, tensionheadrecords@gmail.com, www.tensionheadrecords.bigcartel.com)

WET NURSE – *Daily Whatever* – Trio of women from Florida playing some tasteful, well-written pop punk tunes. It's nice and peppy and has lots of vocal harmonies. This appears to be a tape version of their new LP. Also the second copyrighted cassette I reviewed in a row. (Matt) (11-song cassette, no lyrics, www.wet-nurse.bandcamp.com)

WOOLWORM – *Believe In Ourselves* – That late '80s/early '90s indie/emo/college rock stuff I keep saying is coming back? Seriously, the shit is back. Vancouver's WOOLWORM temper those pre-commercial alternative rock sounds with an unabashed affinity for the WEAKERTHANS with sweet and innocent vocals (that bear more than a striking resemblance to John K.). Anyone even remotely intrigued by these comparisons will be quite pleased with the results, as the execution is perfectly acceptable. (Robert) (11-song cassette, no lyrics, cripplingdoubt.blogspot.com)

WORRIED MOTHERS – Lifeless indie rock from Omaha with experimental qualities. This bored me to tears. Sorry. (Matt) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, Rainy Road records, 1111 N 13th St, Suite 118, Omaha, NE 68102, US)

WRATHCÖBRA – *European Tour CD-R* – I want to start off by saying that Greg from Cobra Cabana records who released this suggested we here at *MRR* do a Pittsburgh scene report. That's *your* job. Your city has amazing bands and amazing punks. Go do a scene report on your city and your scene! Anyway, the WRATHCÖBRA CD-R is from their 2011 European tour. They are currently gearing up for another European tour in 2013. Why it was in the demo box to review over a year later is beyond me. Regardless, it's solid Eurocrust in the vein of an epic PROTESTANT-type band. This band has never gone on a US tour, but they are apparently all American and are a smash hit overseas. Also, the majority of the band has AMEBIX tattoos as I recently learned from my little brother Dominick, who just joined. Please give him all your old band shirts and feed him while he's in Europe. The CD-R contains both of their out of print LPs and is worth hunting down if this is your thing. (Amelia) (9-song CD-R, lyrics not included, 201 N. Fairmont Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15206, greg@cobracabanarecords.com)

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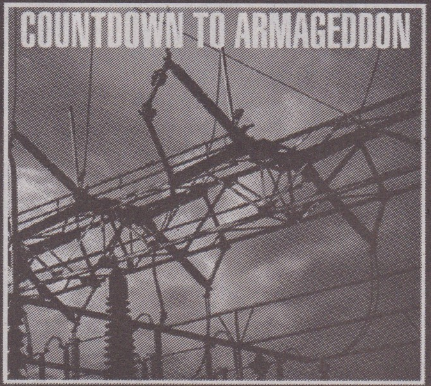

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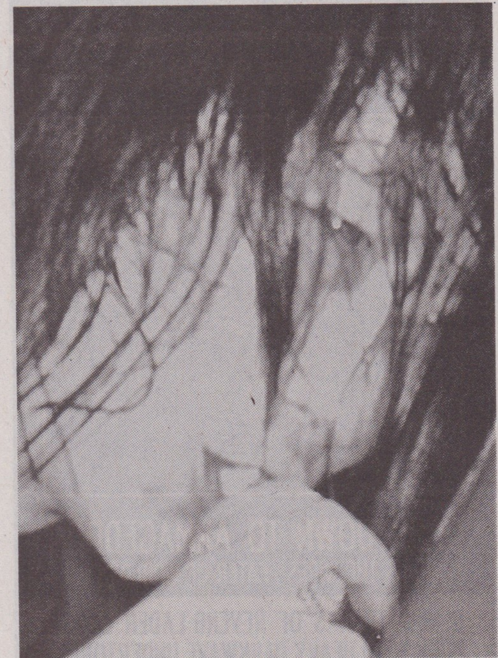

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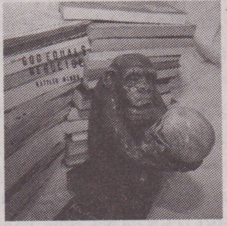

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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(EC) E.Conner
(AE) Amelia Eakins
(FF) Francesca Foglia
(DG) Dan Goetz
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DJ) Danny Gresham
(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LA) Lydia Phelps
(CR) Casey Ress

ABSOLUTELY ZIPPO: COLLECTIVE CHAOS #49 / $2 plus $1.70 for postage
8.5 x 11 – copied – 44 pgs
This is not nostalgia. This is history. Nostalgia is to look through the ephemera of the past and recall that the days before were so much better, that things mattered then, that what was happening was so much more vital than today. The music was louder, the shows crazier the repression and threats more menacing. No, this is not nostalgia. This is history. Over 20 years of flyers, collected by Eggplant, tell some of the stories of what happened in the East Bay in the late '80s all the way through the present. The nature of communities marked by transience, abandonment and "progress," leave us with little from which we can document what we did, where we succeeded and where we really screwed the pooch. As one of the nuclei around which punk developed in those years, Robert is in the unique position—and with a treasure trove of cut-n-paste, hand-drawn and artistically rendered flyers at his disposal—to publish and document that incredible history. If this were vinyl, records collectors would declare it the authoritative account of Bay Area punk and hoard their limited edition copies. If this were a collection from a different time or a different place, this would be a slickly produced omnibus edition with glossy reproductions of iconic posters. But this is the graphic history of East Bay punk as mediated by Eggplant and exists in the only way in which it can authentically transmit that history, with all of the slop and shoddy production that is in itself, emblematic of the communities that sprang up in the warehouses, shows and parties over nearly three decades. It's simply awesome and vital, thanks. (CR)
PO Box 4985 / Berkeley, CA 94704 / www.whoopdistro.org

AJATUKSEN VALO #3 / †?
6.5 x 8 – printed – 52 pgs – Finnish
This neat and well-designed little zine is from Finland and, like *Toinen Vaihtoehto,* it (mainly) features (Finnish/Scandi) hardcore and has a grey, cold aesthetic to it—I guess kind of like Finnish weather. I'm a fan of the genre, plus I enjoy the look/sound of the Finnish language, so I am the right target reader for this one. Well, sans actually understanding any of it, but that seems beside the point really because everything else is equally attractive. The execution of this looks pro, there's an assortment of bands interviewed (Blue Cross, Lapinpolthajat, A.R.G., Kylmä Sota, Risk, Necrolepsy), plus a Petrozavodsk scene report by Sanya Kushov of Antimelodix and the second part of the Faithful Breath story, now reincarnated as Risk. Along with the zine, Jouni, who did it, sent in a short letter (along with careful white-out corrections) for which he used a typewriter, so that's a plus in my book! All in all a cool zine which locals are surely proud of. (LA)
piparnakkeli.kamakarhu@gmail.com

ASEPTIC Vol. 1 / $3.50 ppd, wholesale rates available outside the US
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 20 pgs

Self described as "just another punk rag." This is a short and straightforward punk zine. The Nomad interview was not super enlightening. If you saw the interview done in *Your War* earlier this year, it was basically the same but interviewed a different member and asked more generic questions. The answers given by their singer were super humble and gave good insight into what the band is up to right now with other projects. Why Moderat Likvidation was interviewed, I have no idea. After their weird sexist stunt at A Varning fest in 2009 and proof that they had not aged well, I couldn't give a toss about their current take on what happened back in the day. They're the main reason why I refuse to see old bands that reunite and go on tour today. They played some decent shows and were not bad, but really should have kept the stage banter to a minimum. If you're a legend, stay that way—don't ruin my punk respect. The Lastly interview ruled—it was really short, to the point and fun. Those punks do not take themselves super seriously and love punk. The zine is also full of odd grammatical errors, which may be the fault of his mom for typing all the interviews as he thanks her for in the beginning of the zine. Is that a joke? Anyway, the zine is worth picking up just because the layout and art hit the nail on the head, in the vein of raw punk aesthetic and the Lastly interview was pure punk perfection. The layout is reminiscent of older issues of *Accept the Darkness*, but printed with better quality. If this was volume one, then volume two should be more solid. Onwards and upwards! (AE)
1230 Morrison Street Apt #402 / Portland, OR 97214 / asepticzine@gmail.com

BREAKFAST #2 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 52 pgs
This writer says goodbye to New Orleans for New York. Obviously heartstrings are still pulling, though. Beause every story in here is about the Big Easy even when he's in the Big Apple. A lovely love letter. Interviews with Brian Funck from Thou, about, among other things, Hitler, corporate sponsorship, sexual violence and of course New Orleans. Another interview with a young public defender of New Orleans and some really incredible spoof free school class descriptions. The only thing I hate about it is the color of the cover. Why read when it's red? (EC)
nathanbreakfast@gmail.com

BROKEN PENCIL #57 / $5.95
8.5 x 11 – printed – 72 pgs
Broken Pencil is a government arts grant sponsored publication from Canada that focuses on underground DIY media, such as zines. It has a *Portlandia* meets *Punk Planet* feel; enthusiastic, professional looking, like early *Bust* magazines maybe?! There's an article on zines in prison, an article of reviews of activists, artists and writers' prison made zines (i.e. zines they made while locked up), something on a small Canadian poetry press, Book Thug. There's a piece about a found collection of postcards from the century before last that somehow got back to the family they originated from, a bunch of art from different people.... Basically this is a

magazine more than a fanzine, but I am sure some of the people reading this will find a good read in here... (LG)
PO Box 203 Station P / Toronto, ON M5S 2S7 / Canada

DISTORTION FAITH #3 / $1.50 USD plus postage, trades welcome
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 36 pgs
This zine is a real punk gem in the shape of a cone stud! This is a really well done showcase of the international raw and crust punk scene today. This zine is printed nicely with a clear layout, crisp pictures and amazing interview questions, and a diverse but succinct spectrum of bands from across the world are included in this issue. The authors are obsessed with producing a top-notch zine and it shows. There's a solid mail order section contained in these pages, which is so much better than being just an internet distro! Bands and punks included in this issue are Makabert Fynd, Utanförskapet, Warvictims tour diary, Turist I Tillvaron, Kronofogden, Nüklē-?r Blast Suntan, D-Clone, Skizophrenia and Hondartzako Hondakinak. I loved D-Clone telling us to "destroy our fucking eardrums" and I'll end this review with that. Destroy your fucking eyes and minds and get this zine! (AE)
Källg. 24B / 671 30 Arvika / Sweden / distortionfaith@gmail.com

EXPEDITE DEATH #2 / $4.50
8.5 x 11 – copied – 12 pgs
What an awesome fucking zine from Florida, this is sick! This is simple, dismal-looking and all about the black as death Xerox cut and paste; every line placed with brutal care over the images and that slightly shinny texture paper gets after being photocopied—love it! This actually reminds me a bit of *No Exit* zine, which my friend Bak does, as it has a similar fuzzed out/up the (black)metal punx/more noise less music/doom aesthetic to it. This appears to be an interviews-only zine and that's fine with me, because there are some cool interviews in here! First off is a thoroughly absorbing interview with Doom, directly followed by an interview with Sore/Saw Throat. Readers in the know will of course find this exciting, as these bands share more than members; they also share a lot of common history in their notorious making of punk history. Up next are Visions of War from Belgium, who talk a bit about Eurofests and future plans and then—the highlight for me, as if Doom was not enough—Shitfucker. I had never heard of this band (Eurotrash discovers Detroit scum!) but their interview was both sensational and hilarious! Detroit sounds like my hometown and this band woke the dormant devil viper within me. Filthy, perverse D-beat distilled through black metal, booze and sexual deviancy. Apparently their shows "can be very violent, sometimes fights break out or people strip off their clothes and become mesmerized by the demon..." Sounds about right, as these guys are the ones who will crash your hipster folk fest, stab pumpkins on stage, throw the guts at your gear and scream hails to Satan on the mic (true story). Though I have not read the first issue of this sordidly good zine, if it's anything like this issue, I *will* seek it out! Up the Satan punx! (LA)
expeditedeath@hotmail.com / www.expeditedeath.blogspot.com

FEEDBACK #12 / $2
5.5 x 7 – copied – 48 pgs
This is a comic zine about shows the artist has attended. At first glance there is very little reviewing of the bands featured, but more description. It's the drawing in here keeps you reading, because even though his actual text seems like simple descriptions of the music he is hearing, the drawings fill in the blanks and cleverly critique the band by their depiction. It's funny, bright and posi while still laughing at every ridiculous nuance of every punk genre. While I do find this a fun read, the best parts in here are the weird episodes in between the shows in which the author takes mundane daily moments and shows us that life can be hilarious. The other great thing about this zine is the creator's willingness to attend all sorts of punk shows. This guy covers lots of shows of all genres here and the illustrations are well done, cartoon-y, but not cheesy. For as much as this guy pokes fun at bands, he can laugh at himself and is honest in his love of live shows. Cool zine, a good read and something that I especially think younger punks would benefit from. Sure punk is angry, but this is where we live...you might as well have some fun! (MB)
John Isaacson / PO Box 42041 / Portland OR 97242

GUIDE TO BEING ALONE / $4 US, $5 World
7.5 x 8 – copied – 18 pgs
Just like it says, this is a handy guide to battling post-relationship blues or even just learnin' to live with yourself. The advice is practical and reasonable, perhaps a little tame for the wilder asses out there. The formatting and layout are well done, with illustrations and clipped photos breaking up the handwritten text, resulting in an inviting and enjoyable read. The price is a little high, but there are color covers and such is the nature of self-publishing these days. (JM)
Vice Versa Press / 328 Clifford St. / Corpus Christi, TX 78404

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ANARCHTICA! / $3
5 x 8.5 – copied – 18 pgs
As someone who has never actually been to Chattanooga, I can only give an educated guess about what it's actually like there, but the picture I've painted in my mind looks exactly like what this zine entails. Anarchtica is a punk house in Chattanooga that has hosted tons of shows and is more often than not the starting point of some legendary booze-soaked tale some punx bring back from this small, but infamous punk scene. The house is ten years old now and shows no sign of stopping, and this zine is a compilation-style yearbook of sorts, as well as an affectionate tribute to the house's longest-running resident and party animal, Tom Foote. "The region" described for the curious, cemented in xerographic history for the nostalgic! (FF)
316 Delmont St. / Chattanooga, TN 37405

KOOGMO #3 / $1
8.5 x 11 – copied – 14 pgs
Hey punx! Do this guy a huge favor and send him a mixtape to the address below, because he writes *Koogmo* while listening to Grateful Dead podcasts?! That said, Anthony is a thoughtful weirdo who apparently just bought a small cabin and some land in Plano and this is what he's got to say. *Koogmo* is equal parts slice-o-life perzine, libertarian dad opinions, and practical homesteading advice, but with enough bitterness and cop hating to keep us rooting for him. Seriously though, this guy needs to listen to more AK-47. (FF)
Anthony Abelaye / PO Box 861294 / Plano, TX 75086

MIDDLE FINGER RESPONSE #1 / Free, trades welcome
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs
Not bad for a debut issue. The first installment of this cut and paste zine features a brief introduction by the mind behind it, and then segues into a painfully unfunny fake Q&A section. Luckily, things pick up when Mish Way of White Lung is interviewed. There are also short chats with Robert Lord, Sweden's Terrible Feelings and Empty Vessels. The talks aren't terribly interesting, but that's excusable since this is the guy's first go at making a zine. Also included are a couple recipes, a few record reviews and a *Cometbus* style Greyhound story. (KM)
MFR / 413 Bushwick Ave #3R / Brooklyn, NY 11206 /
www.middlefingerresponsesucks@gmail.com

NEON SKIHEADS IN ELECTRIC WHEELCHAIRS / HUF?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 96 pgs
This reminds me of the kind of art zine you

might pick up at (local boutique zine store) Needles and Pens for $5. Each page has a different drawing with a caption of various lengths—with one person supplying the illustration and the other adding the handwritten text, except for a few which are text only. Aesthetically, the drawings are crude, amateurish pen illustrations that put forth a lethargic feeling; they're monochromatic except for the use of blotches of dark grey, which usually but not always seem arbitrary in their placement. The subjects of each illustration are equally arbitrary and without an overarching theme or pattern, though many are cynical or seemingly esoteric, and others are funny, sad, stupid on purpose, or I-don't-fucking-know-what. It's definitely interesting and although it does blur together after, damn, near a hundred pages, I'll be hanging onto this zine for flyer-making material. (DG)
vargyai.viktor@gmail.com

ONE WAY TICKET TO CUBESVILLE #13 / £1
6 x 8.25 – printed – 36 pgs
If ya haven't read this zine before, start now. This is the education issue! Upon the first page turn, you see the table of contents in rhyme…you know this shit is serious. There are interviews with legends the Cravats, all-lady trio Nu Pogodi, a very interesting analysis of Pussy Riot, and vinyl, tape, CD, zine, film and book reviews. There are education-focused short interviews with Etai Keshiki, Geoffrey Oi!cott, the Domestics and ONT road. A full interview with Zack Furness editor of the book *Punkademics* (shitty book), a great long article speaking to two punks who are now academics writing and studying punk within academia. As a person who constantly slams and loathes "punkademics," I was interested in seeing another take on this very subject. There are different points of views here, but the convincing arguments here are the following: punk in academia is a way to hear lost narratives, highlighting perhaps an alternative to the ways we live our lives, reaching more people than just punks. And when it comes down to it, if we don't write and critique our own history, it is only a matter of time until other people will attempt to do it for us (which is definitely happening). Who better to write about punk through an academic lens then a punk? I understand the argument, but I am still wary. Regardless, I am glad that Richard Cubesville took this on and I am willing to bet he is gonna get a lot of orders from universities! Big ups to this issue! This is one of my favorite zines. The content is always quality, the writing is quality, it's a funny, honest and intelligent read, that shows that shit can be serious without taking itself seriously. Another great issue! (MB)
cubesville@hotmail.com

ONT' ROAD #18 / GO FUCK YOURSELF #3 / £1 / ?2 / $5
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 40 pgs
A split between two not-particularly-interesting travel zines based out of the UK.
Go Fuck Yourself is a cynical trip up and back down the US West Coast, with plenty of descriptive language, but ultimately tired stories of cigarettes, intoxication and the mornings after, Greyhound buses, cops, boring shows, dumbasses imposing their presence on you, eating junk, and palling around with someone who goes by the name, um, K-Girl. I might've found these kind of stories interesting before I'd done any traveling of my own, but there're a lot more interesting things to write about than getting drunk and looking for food. Why write about basically the same shit you may very well do at home? *Ont' Road* is a little better, with somewhat more compelling writing and stories that also include stints of touring, but ultimately comes off as more of a recounting of events, rather than a compelling narrative, or one that makes one wish they'd been along for the ride. Not to discount the experiences of the authors, but they just weren't that interesting to read. (DG)
Ont' Road: 14 Hessle Mount, Leeds, LS6 1EP, UK / *Go Fuck Yourself:*
thirteenthirtytwo@hotmail.com

PLASTIC BOMB #80 / ?3.50
8.5 x 11 – printed – 78 pgs
Receiving a foreign language zine like *Plastic Bomb* to review inevitably leaves me feeling nervous. Even if I'm familiar with the bands being interviewed or reviewed, I can't always infer the nature of the feature. As in, I can't necessarily tell if the publication is mocking or praising the bands. This issue of *Plastic Bomb* features Beyond Pink, City Rats, Verbal Abuse and many other groups. This is certain. I am also certain that the rag is laid out not dissimilarly from our own, only it features many more colorful advertisements. The advertisements also seem to focus more on fashion than the ads in *MRR.* The review section is staggeringly lengthy. (SL)
Postfach 100205 / D-47002 / Germany / www.plastic-bomb.de /
micha@plasticbomb.de

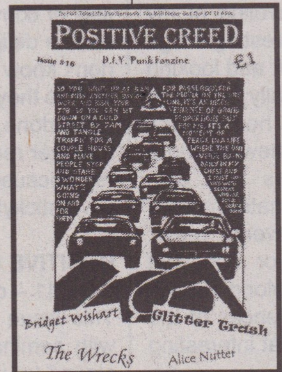
PONY FOR NOW / YOU split zine / £?
4 x 5.5 – copied – 16 pgs
This is supposedly a split zine, but it appears more like two zines about the same subject—a meeting of minds so to speak. The two minds are the writers behind *YOU* and *Pony For Now*, both Australian, one from Canberra and one from Melbourne. The two figured out the half-way point to meet and make a zine, which was Albury, which also turns out to be the hometown of the writer of *Pony For Now.* The *Pony For Now* side is some notes on the current, but mostly reminiscing of the past, of returning to a town after twenty years where everything is the same but has also changed dramatically; like everyone in the town is basically up to the same boredom killers, it's just in a different landscape. The intro to this side of the split talks about it being an exploration of meeting half way, but it's more like how the past fits into the present. The *YOU* side of the split is a long letter to the world telling the story of the trip, punctuated with lists of conversation topics, all mixed together in a delightful way. It's a good read, I just don't know if I would really call it a split zine. It's like they wrote the normal zine they would have done, they just happened to hang out together recently. But that detail doesn't matter, because it's good. (MM)
www.stickyinstitute.com

POSITIVE CREED # 16 / £1
8.5 x 11 – copied – 22 pgs
This issue is comprised of four interviews, with seminal female singers/musicians who played key roles in the development of several well-known performances and bands. The first is with Bridget Wishart who played on the Hawkwind album *Palace Springs.* Bridget is most known for starting her long running all female punk band Hippy Slags. The second is with the Wrecks whose talented vocalist Carol Hodge sang with Steve Ignorant for his "Last Supper" tour. The third interview is with Alice Nutter from Chumbawumba talking about her twenty-plus years creating music and her experiences. The final interview is a solid one with trans-frontwoman Jenna from Detroit Michigan's Glitter Trash. This issue is well put together, except for the "Top ten greatest punk front MEN" slapped in the middle of these amazing interviews with punk womyn. (DJ)
PO Box 777 / EX1 9TU / Exeter / UK /
robstone1977@gmail.com

ROCHESTER TEEN SET #20 / $1 US, $3 World, trades OK
4 x 5.5 – copied – 36 pgs
Number twenty in a series of self-published zine by a collective of teen punks out of small-town Rochester, New York. The theme of this issue is "fighting back", in a mental sense as well as the physical sense (when necessary). Kicking things off is a tribute/manifesto on the actor Andy Griffith and how he was very anti-establishment for his time. An interesting tale of a real teen

punk who played a teen biker punk in the new Batman blockbuster, and subsequently got the shit kicked out of him by police actors. Other musings include why hippies are irrelevant and stupid, indie wrestling shows gone bad, local deli openings, summertime love, and more. This zine is unique in that it is made for and by teens about the happenings of their local scene but is articulate and entertaining enough that anyone could read it. (DJ)
W. Carroll / 32 Edmonds #1 / Rochester, NY 14607 / rochesterteenset@hotmail.com

THE SCREEVER #2 / Free in the UK, $1 World
4 x 5.5 – copied – 40 pgs
This is a really well constructed little British zine. Unfortunately, I am in no way the target demographic for this type of stuff. This zine is definitely geared towards the Plan-it-X crowd, whom I generally can't stand, but I digress. There are puzzles, vegan recipes and reviews of bands I fucking hate (Tegan & Sara? Face To Face? Are you kidding me?). Additionally, there are interviews with folk punk singer/songwriters, a British collective that releases records and puts on shows, a guy that runs a straightedge clothing line, and Andrew from *Zine Arcade*. Not my thing at all, but a lot of time and care was definitely put into making this zine, so if it's your thing it's worth getting a copy. (KM)
www.thescreever.blogspot.co.uk / the_screever@hotmail.co.uk



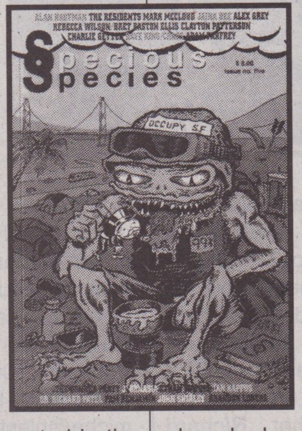
SPECIOUS SPECIES #5 / $8
5.5 x 8 – printed – 192 pgs
Color cover, square-bound, just about ad-free, seriously fucking packed with quality material, *Specious Species* has become a must-read for me. This issue's theme is "Madness and Evolution," in part inspired by the editor's internship at the Psych Ward at SF General Hospital. The interviews, mostly with writers and artists, are very well done—Alan Kaufman, Adam Parfrey (on the Process Church of Final Judgment), Ethan Waters (who co-wrote one of my favorite books, *Making Monsters*), ER psychiatrist and poetry editor Richard Patel, LSD Museum curator Mark McCloud, 16th and Mission Open Mic host Charlie Getter, Crass's graphic designer Dave King, art house proprietor Jaina Bee, and a long one I didn't read with the Residents (time constraints.) Selected works of P.K. Dick are examined, and the horrible story of the Donner Party is recounted. I'm leaving plenty of stuff out. I would pay $8 for this and look forward to #6. (JM)
3345 20th St. / San Francisco, CA 94110 / www.speciousspecies.net

SWEATING PEPPER / $2, †2
5 x 10 – copied – 14 pgs
Fold out zine from France all about the international punk community's experiences with hot sauce. Mostly Americans, with a Czech and Frenchie stuck in for good measure. I don't know, I like hot sauce, but I don't have a crazy fascination with it, so I read this, enjoyed it, then that was it. But maybe a foodie punk would wax rhapsodies over the tantalizing tongue burning morsels contained within!? Hmmm, at any rate, this zine is cheaper than a bottle of hot sauce from your local corner store, so check it out if you can't keep your hands off the hot stuff. (LG)
Gizozo c/o Thomas Ledin / 19 Montee Du Caroubier / 06240 Beausoleil / France

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #113 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
Twenty years and #113 issues. Who out there loves this magazine? What's in it for me? It's local flair. Provincial at its finest. Show reviews, interviews, record reviews and some political content too. Stay strong. Keep breathing. Drink water. We need it all. (EC)
PO Box 1444 / Columbia, MO 65205

TURNING THE TIDE Vol. 25 #4 / Free
11.5 x 17 – printed – 8 pgs
Turning the Tide is the long running newsletter from the anti-racist action network. This issue has some articles on the current state of the occupy movement and how it continues to be relevant, but mainly this issue contains resources, information on days of actions and suggestions of actions that anyone can participate in at anytime. (MM)
Anti-Racist Action Publishers / PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232

UNSINKABLE / $7.95
6 x 8 – printed – 64 pgs
Reasons why *Unsinkable* is a zine: It is by Robnoxious, it has an adventurous story mixed in with comics explaining how to build your own boat out of trash, and it is written by and for the punx (I think?). Reasons *Unsinkable* is a book: Microcosm published it, it came with a promo sheet, it is perfectly bound and costs $7.95 and it has a bar code and an ISBN number. Reasons you should read it: You are interested in the story of boating down the Missouri river on a homemade boat, you are curious about making a boat of your own, you love comics and Robnoxious' fantastic writing. Reasons you should not read this: It is billed as "How to Build Plywood Pontoons and Longtail Boat Motors Out of Scrap" and on the very first page it reads, "Having a friend with a welder and metal shop was very helpful." Reasons this annoys the shit out of me: The editing, formatting and overall comprehensiveness is unbelievably crude; I am interested in boats, I do have a friend with a metal shop, I live near water and this is *hardly* an actual guide on how to do it. (JB)
www.microcosmpublishing.com



VAMPIRIGAN (O VAMPIRO VEGAN) #1 / $?
6.75 x 10 – printed – 28 pgs – Portuguese
This is a cute comic book about a little vegan vampire by Victor Stephan of the illustrious band Os Estudantes! If you aren't familiar with Victor's art, I urge you to check out the video for Os Estudantes' song "A Vitima." This comic is self-released with chapters about the life and times of this poor little outcast including the origin of his veganism. I don't read Portuguese, but from what I can understand, the story is funny with some tongue in cheek moments. At the end of the comic there is a piece called "hell-o postcards gringos" with hilarious drawings interposed onto postcards of Rio de Janeiro. So hilarious! This follows the regular comic layout with drawings that are cartoon-y and fun. I really like this style and a vegan vampire going through some stages of self-discovery causing family quarrels, lack of social acceptance and the assertion of personal choices…a metaphor for punk perhaps? Cool stuff with great art! (MB)
victorstephan@hotmail.com / contato@victorstephan.com

YOUR WAR #5 / $3 ppd
5.5 x 11 – copied – 24 pgs.
Your War is a bare bones punk fanzine focused on raw punk and D-beat. This issue features an interview with noisy Swedish punk band Infernöh, an interview with the organizer of A Varning Festival in Montreal and a smattering of record reviews. The interviews are charming. The interviewer is clearly a fan of the interviewee's work and they carry a rapport together, but because of this, no particularly challenging or innovative questions are asked and the responses are suitably predictable. The record reviews section is, again, charming, but lacks the critical faculties that certain readers are seeking. The layout is minimal, but effective. It's clearly done by hand but there's little besides black text haphazardly glued to white paper. (SL)
310 Westover Blvd / Lynchburg, VA / 24502 / violentpartyva@yahoo.com

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Buzz or Howl

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selected discography:

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On tour? Record in Portland, Oregon!

Stan
512.947.0036

buzzorhowlstudios@gmail.com

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3:00PM
ALL-AGES $7

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NO DRUGS
NO STUPIDITY

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What the fuck you gawkin' at?
I may be the next coordinator of
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL!

mellakka

YOU HAVE AN EXTREME ATTENTION TO DETAIL YET HAVE PUNK LITERALLY RUNNING THROUGH YOUR VEINS, BUT YOU ARE A RESPONISIBLE AND CAPABLE PERSON WHO WRITES LIKE DARBY CRASH MEETS SAKEVI, WHOSE ENCYCLOPEDIC KNOWLEDGE OF PUNK, GARAGE AND HARDCORE NEVER FAILS TO BRUTALIZE YOUR COMPATRIOTS' BRAINS AND YOUR INCISIVE WIT AND TIRELESS WORK ETHIC ARE NOTORIOUS...

EMAIL MRR@MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
FOR AN APPLICATION!

Wrecker

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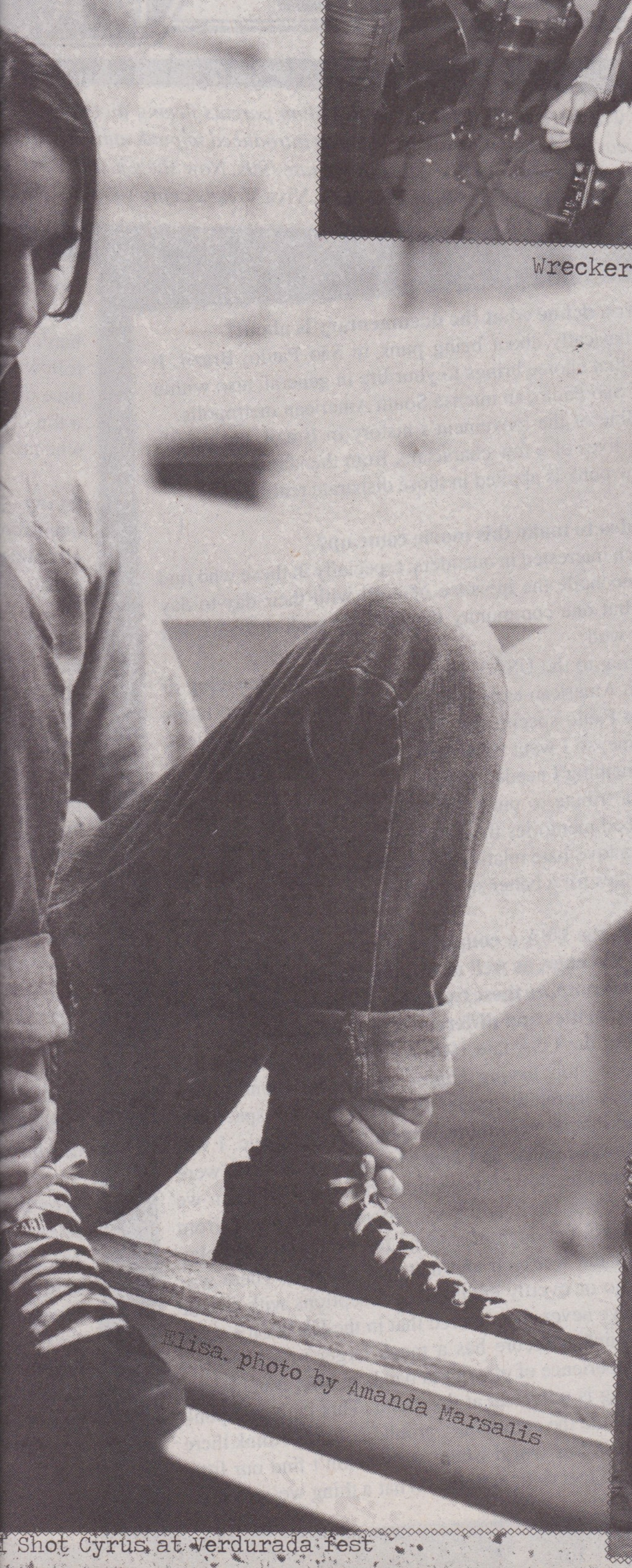

Elisa. photo by Amanda Marsalis

t Shot Cyrus at Verdurada fest

Children at a punk show, San Paulo